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THE
New Metamorphosis:
OR, THE
Pleasant Transformation:
BEING
The Golden Afs
OF
Lucius Apuleius of Medaura.

Alter'd and Improv'd to the Modern Times and
Manners; exposing the Secret Follies and Vices
of Maids, Wives, and Widows, Nuns, Fryars,
Jesuits: Statesmen, Courtiers, &c.

Written in *Italian* by *Carlo Monte Socio*, Fellow
of the Academy of the *Humoristi* in *Rome*,
and Translated from the *Vatican Manuscript*.

V O L. II.

— *Non deficit alter*
Aureus — Virgil *Æn.*

L O N D O N,

Printed for D. Brown, G. Sawbridge, E. Sanger, S. Brisco,
and F. Baker, 1709.

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T O

The Honourable

Henry St. John, Esq;

This Volume is likewise Humbly
Dedicated.

By his

most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

T O

The Honorable

Henry St. John, Esq;

This Volume is likewise humbly
Dedicated.

By his

most Humble

and Obedient Servant,

THE
L I F E
O F
A P U L E I U S.

THE following Discourse
being Founded on the
Works of *Lucius Apu-*
leius, I thought it would not be
Ingrateful to the Reader to give
him the Life of that Author,
before this Second Volume, in-
stead of a Preface. But the
Gentlemen of the Pen have ge-
nerally been so remote from
Action, that, their Lives affor'd
little of Fact to entertain. How-

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ever what I have been able to Collect I shall deliver.

The Place of the Birth of our *Apuleius* was of Considerable Reputation, for he was Born in *Medaura*, a City of *Africa*, situate in the Confines of *Numidia*, and *Getulia*, anciently in the Jurisdiction of King *Syphax*, and then under *Massinisa*, and was afterwards a very Noble Colony of the *Romans*. His Fathers Name was *Thesens*, a principal Man of the Place, had the honourable Employment of *Dumvir*, and past all the other honourable Posts of the Magistracy of that City. His Mothers Name was *Salvia*, deriving her self directly from that Eminent

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ment Philosopher of the *Cheronefus*, and his Grandson *Sextus*, who read Philosophy to the Emperor *Antoninus the Philosopher*, as *Capitolinus* assures us. The time of his Nativity is not very certain, tho' we make some probable Conjectures about it ; for we may draw Arguments of sufficient Force, that he flourished chiefly in the Reigns of *Antoninus Pius*, and his Brothers *M. Antoninus the Philosopher*, and *Lucius Aurelius Verus*. For he mentions *C. V. Lollianus Avitus*, who, as we have observ'd from *Ulpian*, and the same *Capitolinus*, was President of *Bitbynia* in the Reign of the two last Emperors I have nam'd, and that he

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he liv'd ev'n in the Time of *Per-*
tinax, being then a Man of *Con-*
sular Dignity. He also calls *Lol-*
lius Urbicus Prefect of the City;
who, the same Historian assures us,
was Lieutenant General to *Anto-*
ninus Pius, and in that Station
vanquish'd the *Britons*. He
likewise seems to make *Scipio Or-*
phitus President of *Africa*, whom
the same Author makes Prefect
of the City in the Reign of the
same *Antoninus Pius*, and after-
wards in the Reign of *Antoninus*
the Philosopher he was exalted to
many Honours and Dignities,
tho' he lay under the Suspicion
of being one of those, who had
a private and clandestine Affair
with *Faustina*, and who seems a-
bout

Apuleius.

bout that time to have past thro' his Consulship. And our *Civilian* gives us an Account of the Act of the Senate of the Time of *Marcus Aurelius* in the Consulship of *Orphitus* and *Rufus*, and call'd the *Orphistan* Act, from the Name of one of the Consuls. And *Ælius Lampridius*, tells us of *Orphitus*, who was Consul with *Maximus* and *Rufus*, likewise under the Emperor *Comodus*. It is true indeed, that there might in those times be more of the Name of *Orphitus*, than one, but this Place will not admit of a long Disquisition on that Head. For out of all this we only design to draw our Conjectures about the time of the Birth

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Birth of our *Apuleius*, that is, in the latter end of the Reign of *Adrian*, or very near it.

He was from his Childhood extreamly enclin'd to Learning, and Study was his delight, first at *Cartbage*, and afterwards in his Youth at *Athens*, where he attain'd all manner of Liberal Sciences; and where he was for the most part a Follower of the *Platonists*.

Whence being come to *Rome* he apply'd himself to the Study of the *Latin* Tongue, which he learnt with no small Difficulty, having no Master to give him any Instructions in it, as he himself tells

Apuleius.

tells us, in his Introduction to his *Golden Ass*, the Book from whence so much is taken of this New *Metamorphosis*, and on which the whole is built.

In *Rome* he also made such a Progress in the Civil Law, that he pleaded Causes in the *Forum* as an Advocate.

He was initiated in the Sacred Rites and Misteries of the Religion of the Times, in *Greece*; and he himself often informs us, that he was a Priest in the Province of *Africa*; which *St Austin* likewise observes; who tells us that he at that time exhibited such Entertainments, and gave
such

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such Presents as were usual on those occasions. About the same time his Statue in Brass was order'd by the Decree of the Senate, to be set up in *Carthage*.

He was a Man of a very considerable Estate, but his many Travels and great Application to his Studies, made him too negligent of his Affairs, not to have them embezled by Servants.

Pudentilla, his Wife, was of *Oca*, another City of *Africa*. She was a Woman of Years, and a Widow, having a Son by a former Husband call'd *Pontianus*, who died soon after her Marriage with *Apuleius*. Tho' she was some-

Apuleius.

something Aged, yet she was very Rich, bringing with her Forty hundred Thousand Sestertii, which makes 31250 Pounds Sterling, every thousand Sesters being 7*l.* 16*s.* 3*d.* She had been thirteen Years a Widow, when she married *Apuleius*.

This considerable Fortune by his Wife was the occasion of some Trouble to *Apuleius*, for it drew on the Accusation of *Sicinius Emylianus*, Brother to his Wife's former Husband, against him, before the Preconsul of *Africa*, *Claudius Maximus*, as guilty of the unlawful Practice of the Art of *Magic*. The Charge was that he had by Diabolical Charms

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Charms bewitch'd *Pudentilla*, a Lady something in Years, to be in Love with him, and to have Murder'd his Son-in-Law *Pontianus*.

But this malicious Prosecution gave occasion for him to defend himself before *Maximus*, in an Oration of a considerable length, which is yet extant, and bound up with his other Works. He there tells us that *Sicinius Aemilianus* for fear of being punish'd for a wrong and unjust Prosecution, had enter'd a Libel in the Name of *Sicinius Pudens*, the Son-in-Law of *Apuleius*, yet almost an Infant, which would not be admitted by *Maximus*,
but

Apuleius.

but he order'd to bring the Accusation in his own Name.

Apuleius in his Answer clears that Eastern Philosophy call'd *Magic*, from the ignorant Imputations of the Vulgar, and himself against the Insinuations of *Tonnonius Pudens*, the Advocate of the Plaintiff: whose Objections were so foolish and trifling, that they surprize the Reader with Wonder, that a Proconsul of *Africa* should have Patience to hear them. They Object that when he came to *Oca*, the Residence of *Pudentilla*, he had but one Servant; that afterwards he had three Freedmen at a time. Nay, they accuse him of having
his

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his Face clean, using a Looking-Glass, and the like trifles, which they suppos'd might Reflect on him, as deviating from the Duty of a Philosopher. They insinuated, that he gave a great Price for some certain Fishes; had given *Pudentilla* a sort of Fascinating Letter, and the like, which *Apuleius* with Ease and Address refutes, and exposes as highly Ridiculous in the Proof of his practising an unlawful *Magic*.

Tho' he has thus acquitted himself of the *Magic* laid to his Charge by *Sicinius Æmilianus*, yet says a certain Writer of his Life, he declares himself in his *Metamorphosis* more, than once to be

Apuleius.

be a mighty Lover of that Art. But this seems a very trifling Conclusion, which wou'd draw a Proof of a Reality and Opinion from a Book of Fancy, a Fable of Pleasure.

Apuleius in the Introduction of his *Golden Ass*, does not only tell you his great Inclinations to *Magic*, but ev'n his Credulity in its incredible Power. But this Author does not consider, that *Apuleius* being to write a Book of the Transformation of himself into an *Ass*, was oblig'd, as much, as possible to prepare the Credibility of the Fact by Relations of Wonders of this Nature done in *Thessaly*, always
B famous

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famous for *Witches*, and Magical Charms. In this he has follow'd *Lucian* in the Main, tho' he has heighten'd it by some particulars, which gives it the greater Air of Truth. Thus he listens with all the Attention, and the greatest Assurance of believing what *Aristomenes* tells of the extravagant Fate of his Friend *Socrates*; and justifies the Possibility of the Events, that happen'd to him by *Meroe*, by the Account of what he himself had seen a Jugler do publickly in the Streets at *Athens*. Because all this was necessary to prepossess the Reader in Favour of his own *Metamorphosis* into an Ass, by the Mistake of *Fotis* in the
Magical

Apuleius.

Magical Ointments of her Mistress *Pamphila*.

But continues my Author, he had the same Reputation in the Time of *Tertulian*, *St. Austin*, and others of the old Fathers of the Church; and that he was a Disciple of *Apollonius Tyanæus*, and other Masters in Magic, whose Miracles, the Heathens have pretended to have been greater, and more numerous, than those of our Lord, and Saviour.

This seems so far from being an Authority in this Case, that it is only built on the vulgar Opinion, which easily makes a Con-

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jurer of a Man of more, than ordinary Parts, and Learning ; who was noted for his Curious Enquiries into Nature, having examin'd the Writing of *Aristotle* by Experiments of his own, and wrote Books both in *Greek* and *Latin* on the Nature of Fish, and their several kinds, manner of Generation, and the like ; the Dissection of which gave the Ignorant occasion of thinking him a Magician, as the Dissection of other Animals had given the People of *Abdera* a Notion that *Democritus* was Mad.

It is no wonder, that if when he was alive these things gave Ground for a Publick Accusation ;

Apuleius.

tion; the Rumour might encrease and spread after his Death; from which the Fathers might borrow their Notion. Nay, when he came before *Claudius Maximus*, he plainly declares, that he does not Credit those common Notions of the Powers of *Magic*; and doubts even the Prognostications of the Prophetick Boys, whether in Nature possible or not. And this Passage in his Apology wou'd perswade me, that his being a Follower of *Apollonius*, is either a mistake in the Fathers, or that he did not follow him on Account of Wonders that he work'd; for the seeing such incredible things done by Art, cou'd have left no room for any doubt

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whether they cou'd be done or not. Besides, the *Platonists* had too Noble an Idea of God, to apply to the Devil for any thing, and *Apuleius* has not only wrote on the Platonic Philosophy but upon the Demon of *Socrates*, both which Tracts are still extant and bound up with his Works.

This is sufficient I hope to clear our Author from the Imputation of the *Black Art*, of which he only made use as a Machine to convey the Satire he design'd, with the greater Face of Probability.

From

Apuleius.

From *Apuleius* we gather more of his Cōtemporaries, for he mentions *Severianus* the Proconsul of *Africa*, and his Son *Honorius*, who was his Lieutenant; *Strabo Æmilianus* of *Numantia*, his Schoolfellow, to whom he seems to have Dedicated his Book; and the Poet *Clemens*, who wrote the Actions of *Alexander* the Great in Verse.

Apuleius wrote a great deal in Prose, and not a little in Verse, many things in *Greek*, and not fewer in *Latin*. The greatest part of which are perish'd by the Injury of Time. Those, which have reach'd out Time pretty entire, are these that follow.

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low. Eleven Books of the *Metamorphosis*, or the *Golden Ass*, the Ground Work of our present Entertainment. His *Apology* or *Oration about Magic*. His *Book of the World*. Five Books of the *Opinion of Plato*, or *Of Philosophy*. The first of *Natural Philosophy*; the second *Ethics*, and the third *Rational*. His *Book Of the God of Socrates*. His *Florida*. His sportive Verses Translated from *Theander*.

The following are those, only whose Names, and some few Fragments we cou'd get out of the Writings of the Old *Grammarians*.

Many

Apuleius.

Many Copies of Verses, among which there were not a few Amorous Epigrams, Epistles, a Book * *de Ludicris* : Of Proverbs, Of Trees ; Of Numbers ; Of the Commonwealth ; Table Talk ; Of Natural Questions, and of Medicinal ; Hermagoras 1. Hermagoras 2. A Translation of Plato's *Phædo*. An Epitome of History ; An Hymne and Dialogue on *Æsculapius*. His Oration on Account of the Statue, that was to be set up to him in *Oca*.

Thus much I had to say of this *Apuleius* who was Author of the *Metamorphosis*. I shall only add

* What these *Libri Ludicri* were, is yet undecided.

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for the Information of our little Critics, that *Apuleius* very well distinguish'd his Subject, and therefore adapted his Style to the Nature of that ; the Style of his *Golden Ass* is extremely Luxuriant, it being to Cloath the Child of Fancy, which is always gay and gaudy. But in his *Apology* he adapts it justly to the Bar. In his *Philosophical Works* it is proper for the Didactic, and in his *Florida* it is Concise and *Historic*, and I do not doubt but that he observ'd the same Beauty of Diction in all those Works of his, that are left. But our Modern Wits and Authors are generally so Judicious, as to keep the same invariable Style, let their Subject

Apuleius.

Subject be what it will ; and yet are so happy, as to get Reputation by their Ignorance, tho', indeed it must be own'd, that it is only among the Ignorant ; yet since that is a Party of Figure and Power, it proves a great Discouragement to Men of Art and Genius, that follow the Antients, Nature and Reason. But thus it will be till some Man of Capacity, and perfect in true Policy, shall rescue Learning and Merit from its Subjection to Fools ; but our *English* Statesmen have hitherto wanted Penetration enough to know the Advantage, that the Encouragement of the Politer Studies are to a State.

But

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But to return from this Digression. There was another *Apuleius* in the Time of *Tiberius*, his Cognomen was *Celsus*, a *Sicilian*, and an Eminent Physician, the Master of *Scribonius Largus*, and *Valens*, as the same *Scribonius* says in his Book of the *Composition of Medicines*, and *Marcellus Empiricus*, in the Reigns of *Theodosius*, and *Gratian* put him among the Latin Authors of Medicinal Discourses. There is a Treatise of *Herbs* ascrib'd to our *Apuleius*, and printed with his Works in the *Basil* Edition, which rather ought to be attributed to *Celsus* the Physician, before

Apuleius.

fore mention'd ; tho' the Style relish not of the purity of the *Augustean* Age, nor of the Copiousness of our *Apuleius*. As ill a Judgment do they make of the Style and the Thred of the Discourses of *Apuleius*, who wou'd Father on him, the Translation of the *Asclepius* of *Hermes Trismigistus*, when the Dicti- on of that Dialogue is the most silly and impertinent of any thing in the *Latin* Tongue.

I can not find any Light into the Manner and Time of his Death, nor any other Transactions of his Life, which cou'd not be many or considerable, since

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since he was entirely confin'd to
the pursuit of his Studies: **The**
Active, not Contemplative af-
fording Matter for History.

The End of the Life of Apuleius.

ERRATA of the Second Volume.

PAge 40. line 20. read *left*. 79. l. 3. del. *They*. 82. l. 16.
add *sends*. 87. l. 15. r. *Women are*. l. 22. r. *can*. l. 28.
del. to. 95. l. 12. r. *Or*. 106 l. 1. r. *Political*. 147. l. 18. r.
Shades. 208. l. 16. r. *unmov'd*. 226. l. 1. r. *Performance*.
238. l. 7. del. *That*. 245. l. 24. del. *not*. 261. l. 14. r. *so*.
262. l. 19. add *for*. 263. l. 1. add *of*. 266. l. 17. r. *di-*
spensed. 267. l. 2. r. *worst*. 270. l. 11. r. *countermines*. l.
ult. r. *out of*. 273. l. 20. r. *or*.

The lesser Faults are desir'd to be corrected by the Pen.

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The following is a list of the names of the persons who have been appointed to the various committees of the Board of Directors of the City of New York, for the year 1900:





THE
New Metamorphosis:
OR, THE
Pleasant Transformation.

The Fourth BOOK.

CHAP. I.

Of Fantasio's Escape from the Fryar's Convent, and the Danger he went through 'till he got into a Widow Lady's House. The Discourses of several Lady-Visitors, on the Duties, and Advantage of Widowhood, the extraordinary Conduct of several Widows, &c.

SUFFICIENTLY tir'd with a perpetual View of the Vices, and Follies of the Fryars, I consider'd with my self how I should make my Escape before the Provincial left Naples, dreading still my Journey to Rome, as if in this Disguise I were scarce secure from the Cardinal's Hate and Revenge. It happen'd, that I was left to the Care of a young Novice

A

of

of the Order, 'till the *Provincial's* Return from a Visit, he was gone to make to a Lady, and great Devote to his Order. I had not been long in his Cell, but a jolly brisk Father of about thirty five, came in to him, and having almost smother'd him with Kisses, threw him on the Bed, and pass'd to those Pleasures, the Arms of a Fair Lady could afford a vigorous Lover; for I soon found, this pretended Novice to be a young Woman maintain'd by some Fryars for their domestick Use, so to qualify their Lewdness as to make them able to carry a sanctimonious Phiz in the Eye of the World. This good Father having satisfy'd his Appetite, and something abated the Edge of his Vigour. he withdrew. Soon after another came in, about forty five, and passing the same Complements on the passive Novice, retir'd; but the Door was so well guarded, and taken Care of, that I could not get out; 'till at last came an old Father of Sixty, and hastening to his Journey's End, forgot to close the Door of the Cell, I took Occasion by the Forelock, remembering, even in my *Canine* State, that Time is an old Gentleman bald all behind; so slipping into the Gallery (it being now about the Evening Twilight) I pass'd out of the Convent, without any Difficulty, or Adventure. Being now at Liberty, and enlarg'd from that odious Prison, or Den of Hypocrisy, and Irreligion, I could not presently relish the Blessing I had obtain'd, by being infinitely
at

at a Loss, tho' in the open Streets, how to dispose of my self, or which Way to steer my Course. I soon found the Tenderness of my new Feet not well adapted to the sharp Roughness of the Pavements, and how far my uncertain Fate would carry me before I could find a Retreat, I could not yet tell. My Fears were ready to lay more troublesome, and terrible Considerations in the Way, by representing my Danger from the Assaults of my Brother Dogs, under which I had no Hopes of supporting my self, if with Life, at least not from Wounds of very uneasy Consequence. For Dogs, being domestick Animals, and very conversant with Men, seem to have contracted, that barbarous Disease of Nature from them of *worrying one another*.

WHILE these anxious Considerations kept me in Suspense not far from the Gate of the Convent, I perceiv'd by the Light of a *Flambeau* the *Provincial* himself making up to me : The *Rubicon* was past, and it was now too late to consult my Doubts and Fears any longer, unless I resolv'd again to return to that Hive of lecherous Drones. The Apprehension of which prevail'd over all others, and made me spring forward, and try the utmost Swiftmess of my Heels ; and the Fear of the *Provincial* was so strong in my Mind, that I had travers'd the best Part of the great City of *Naples*, before I durst stop to consider where to go, to

observe what Door was open of any considerable House, assuring my self of the better Esteem and better Fate in the *Palatio* of Quality, than in the *Casa's* of the Vulgar, where Dogs of Figure are never so welcome, as in the former. But hearing a great Noise of the Mob, and the snarling, barking, and fighting of several great Dogs; discarding my Delicacy, and turning down the next Street, I ran full speed into the first Door I saw open, without considering the Magnificence of the Structure.

BEING got into the Security of the House, as the Danger vanish'd my Courage return'd; yet panting, and out of Breath with the Fright, and Fatigue, I threw my self down at the Foot of the Stairs. 'Till being pretty well refresh'd, I ventur'd up with the next Lady, that mounted full of the Impertinence of Female Visitants; having observ'd three, or four go up before I concluded, that there was some good Cheer towards; which was a Thought of some Comfort to my hungry Appetite. For by the Absence of the *Provincial* all that Day from the Convent, and the more agreeable Business, which had wholly employ'd the Thoughts, and the Person of my *Female-Fryar* Guardian, and the Fatigue of my little Journey through such imminent Danger, and stronger Fears, my Stomach was very empty,

empty, and importun'd my Industry to appease its clamorous Demands.

MOUNTING up the Stairs I found the Apartments hung all in Black, which gave some Mortification to my eager Appetite, hoping but little Supply from this House of Tears, and Sorrow; which Thought had prevail'd on me to have sought out fresh Quarters, had not the Fear of encountering such terrible Adventures, as I had just pass'd with so much Apprehension, determin'd me to wait for some more lucky Event. Besides I began to reflect, that these *sable* Ornaments might only be the *decent* Hypocrisy of some joyful Heir, for the Death of a Miser of a Father, that had been so long the Check on his Pleasures, and the disgustful Bar to his Riot, that being now Master of his Wishes in Wealth, and Liberty, his Revels might prevent, and extinguish the Funeral Sorrows. Or they might be the outside Formalities of some happy Husband for the Departure of his Wife: A Loss, that generally brings no more Grief, than the first Glas of Wine at her Obsequies will carry down. For while Custom obliges him to pay a publick Grimace to his Wife's Family, and Memory, the Joy of his Liberty makes him offer the Libations of the Bottel to his own Satisfaction. At least, this is what I have observ'd through my long Perigrination in the Shape, which *Biancha Pamfili* gave me by

her Art to escape the Cardinal's Repentment, especially in the North-West Parts of *Europe*, as will be evident from the Sequel of my Travels.

OR perhaps, thought I, it may be some joyful Widow's Vizard to cover her Satisfaction for the Loss of her Lord and Tyrant, call'd a Husband, and so all this is only the gloomy Shadow, under which she with the more Ease is Mistress of her Pleasure. For how eager soever a Man, and Woman may be to come together, they are ten Times as eager for the happy Moment of Separation; and the first Transports and Joys in one another's Arms after the Sighs and Longings of a tedious Address, are less, than the Raptures of finding either in the cold Arms of Death after the more tedious Servitude of Matrimony; for it is the unhappy Fate of human Kind always to pursue that with eager Impatience, which we soon quit with Ease and Satisfaction.

IN these, and the like Thoughts I follow'd two Ladies into the *Sala Regia*, or Chamber of Reception, which I found set out in this following Manner. The Hangings, Sconces, Branches, Tables, Chairs and Couch were all as black as a starless Night. At the End of the Room, and farthest from the Glare of the magnificent Illuminations of the Chamber, on a Sable Couch sat a Lady reclining on her Arm in a languish-
ing

ing Posture, and often wiping, or seeming to wipe with her snowy Hand, and Handkerchief the imaginary Tears from her Eyes ; while a thick dusky Veil fell over her Face, and obscur'd the Beauty of those Eyes, which when discover'd shone in that Firmament of Jet, like two bright Planetary *Venus's* in a black Winter's Night. In a Semi-Circle before this Couch, sat first four Matron-like Ladies of a reverend Appearance, next them the two young Ladies whom I had follow'd, one about twenty two, who had now a second Husband, and another about twenty never yet marry'd, tho' agreeable enough to invite.

I PROMIS'D my self from a Company so peculiar, on so peculiar an Occasion as peculiar a Diversion. Laying therefore my self down in the midst of the Circle, and as near the disconsolate Mourner, as I could, in Appearance I compos'd my self to Repose ; but on the contrary, banishing that Canine Disease I listen'd with all the human Curiosity of Jealousy it self. When a grave and reverend Matron, who sat next the Couch soon began to banish Silence, which must always be extreamly short-liv'd in the Company of seven Women, and open'd in this Manner.

‘ THO’ the highest Good is to be desir’d by
‘ all People, that think right ; and by Consequence the Loss of that Good in the Death of
‘ a Friend so near, and dear to us, as a Husband,
‘ is to be deplor’d with Tears of Sincerity : Yet

‘ certainly it is but a great Folly to push this
‘ reasonable Grief beyond the Bounds of Reason,
‘ and chuse to enjoy no Good at all, when it is
‘ not in our Power to possess the *Highest*. Be-
‘ sides, my dear Lady, we too commonly injure
‘ the Memory, we pay our Lamentations to, by
‘ loading our fleeting Hours with the Unhappi-
‘ ness of a too anxious Sorrow for him, who
‘ when alive would have dy’d to deliver us even
‘ from the very Imagination of it.

‘ MONSIGNOR *Renate* was, indeed, a
‘ very tender Husband remitting much of that
‘ tyrannick Severity of Matrimony, which gene-
‘ rally renders it so tedious, and disagreeable to
‘ our Sex; yet, Madam, you disappoint his Aim
‘ in adding the Advantage of so considerable a
‘ Fortune to so much Beauty, if you waste your
‘ Days thus in Sorrow for a Loss, which cannot
‘ be retriev’d by all the Tears you shed, or those
‘ bootless Disquiets, which you vainly give your
‘ self in the Spring of your Age, when Life af-
‘ fords the highest Relish of the Goods of *For-*
‘ *tune*, and *Nature*. Do you imagine, that the
‘ Dead trouble themselves with our Thoughts
‘ about them, which they know no more, than
‘ our Actions. There is too great a Gulph be-
‘ twixt this Life, and the next, for any Commu-
‘ nication to be held, or any Spies to be main-
‘ tain’d, to give a Woman any Cause of con-
‘ straining her self to Formalities, that are Ene-
‘ mies to her Pleasures, and brighter Enjoyments.
‘ Woman

‘ Woman is made entirely for Pleasure, the foolish
‘ lish Pride of Man has excluded her from the
‘ Fatigue of Camps and Councils, confin’d her to
‘ the Alcove, and the Toylet, left nothing for
‘ the Object of her Thoughts but how to soften
‘ the tedious Time with Pleasure, and Satisfaction.
‘ You sin therefore, my Dear, against Nature,
‘ which bends with all its Force, to Indolence and
‘ Delight, and declines with its utmost Caution
‘ all those Anxieties, which are Foes to that Repose,
‘ and Ease, which is so necessary to our Satisfaction.
‘ How is it possible, that a Woman should seek Pain,
‘ and shun Pleasure? Pursue not, therefore, a Grief,
‘ that if real is a fatal Enemy to your Youth,
‘ your Beauty, and your Wealth; if false, an Hypocrisy
‘ of very little Use to your Reputation, or Enjoyments.
‘ ’Tis true, there are decent Forms to be observ’d;
‘ the World expects them from us; and the Week
‘ after the Husband dies, Tears may appear graceful
‘ in the Eyes of a young Widow, because the Shortness
‘ of the Time allows the Malicious to believe, that
‘ it is possible, they may be real; but after six Months
‘ Widowhood to be so outrageous a Mourner, shows
‘ at best but an Impotence of Passion unworthy of
‘ good Sense, or an Hypocrisy carry’d so far,
‘ as to be visible to all the World.

‘ TAKE not my friendly Liberty, my dear Lady
‘ amiss, since spoken out of a sincere Zeal for your
‘ Pleasure, and your Fame; for while
‘ we

‘ we endeavour to strain Nature beyond its genuine Extent, we often fall into Follies as surprizing and unaccountable. As will appear from the Story of a Relation of my own.

IN the City of *Nola* liv'd a Knight of an ancient Family, who having past the greatest Part of his Time in a single Life; in the Dotage of his Years fell in Love with my Cousin *Laodamia Pepestumo*, who as she wanted all the Smiles of Fortune, was infinitely rich in all those of Nature, that can be found in the Beauty of the Body. Her Shape was admirable, her Stature tall, her Eyes sprightly; her Hair of the purest Gold hung waving in wanton Curls down to her Waste; a modest Blush heighten'd the Charms of her Face, while a pleasing Smile discover'd within her Lips of Coral two Rows of pearly Teeth, as even as white. Her Voice was like that of the *Syrens*, none could avoid the Rock of Love, that suffer'd the harmonious Accents to enter their Ears. Nor was she barren in Wit, and good Sense; there was Musick in her Words, and the Muses, and the Graces danc'd to the Motion of her Tongue; for she never spoke but the Melody was too transporting to let any Hearer be indifferent.

THESE Perfections you may be assur'd drew many Admirers. But such are the base, and degenerate Principles of *Man*, that all the Charms of a Goddess were too weak to make her a
Wife

Wife while she wanted that golden Shower, that open'd the brazen Tower to *Jupiter* himself. So that had not the doting Years of the *Cavaliere Imperiale* quite lost the sordid Cunning of Man, she had been in very great Danger of a *Nunnery*, or the Infamy of an *old Maid*. But he being too old to hope to gratify his Avarice by Marriage, was resolv'd at least to gratify his Pleasure; and being perfectly ravish'd with her Beauties, to them surrender'd his Heart, and with that his Person, and Fortune. For marrying her, he settled a considerable Estate on her if she happen'd to outlive him, in his Life-Time commanding him, and his whole Fortune.

BUT the Disparity betwixt his Desire, and Capacity was so great, that in a little Time *Laodamia* became a rich young Widow. She prudently express'd all the Fondness of Love for her old dying Husband, watching with him whole Nights, nor leaving his Chamber all the Day, snatching only now and then, in Obedience to Nature, a short Slumber in a Chair by his Bed-side. Whether he was really so dear to her, or not, or whether she pay'd that constant Attendance to prevent the Insinuations of those by her Presence, whom her Absence might have encourag'd to have lessen'd her Fortune for the Encrease of their own, I will not pretend to determine. But her apparent Care, and Assiduity won his Heart so far, that what Provision he had already made for her seem'd too little

little for her Merits ; and therefore made considerable Additions to her Settlement.

THUS far her Concern was reasonable because it was politick, and produc'd that advantageous Effect, which she only could propose as the Aim of her Actions : But her Conduct after his Decease was so singular, and extravagant, that she justly merited the infamy, which she fell into.

THE Knight being now dead, she pretended to fall into so violent a Passion, as could not be assuag'd by all the Advice, and Comfort of Friends. She attempted to put an End to her Life, when Death had just put it in her Power to participate of all the Enjoyments of Life. Being disarm'd of all dangerous Weapons, she threw her self down by the dead Body of the *old Man*, and clasping him in her eager Arms, as if the Hypocrisy could yet be of Use to her with him, or that from her warm Embraces she could convey new Breath into him, or by her clamorous Griefs, recal that Soul, which was now fled out of the Reach of her Exclamations, and Power of her Charms.

IT was with all the Force imaginable, that after one whole Night spent in this Manner, she was dragg'd from so loathsom a Bed-fellow, protesting in a most frantick Manner, that she would not outlive him ; but would be interr'd
in

in the same Grave with the dear Lord of her Desires, and Source of her Happiness ; since the World had nothing now left in it worthy of her Thoughts, or capable of making Life tollerable to her.

BY the Authority of Parents spiritual, and temporal ; the Persuasions of Friends, and her own Weakness she was at last compell'd to another Bed, all in Tears, and rending the Air with Sighs, Groans, and Complaints. But while they took Care to watch her, they remov'd the Corps of her Husband to the Tomb of his Ancestors ; and in a few Days the excessive Rage of her Grief being somewhat abated by a real Illness, into which the over-acting her Part had now thrown her, by the Help of Physicians, the Comforts of her Relations, and her own Constitution she came to that Moderation in her Passion, and Health in her Body, as to be able to leave her Bed. But still kept up an obstinate State of Melancholy, and express'd so great an Aversion to all Mankind, that she turn'd away all her Male-Servants, and excluded her Females from approaching her Apartment, but when call'd by her self.

IN this Condition she remain'd for above a Month, refusing all Visits, and giving her self up to Prayer, and Reading, when the Intervals of her Sorrow would afford her this Relief.

SHE

SHE had a Maid call'd *Flora*, who was Daughter of a *Catchpole* of *Naples*, a Girl of some Wit, and of as good an Education, as the Substance of an old Aunt in *Nola*, could give her. The Condition of her Father was unknown in the Family, which made the easier Way for her Favour with her Mistress, which in the Life-Time of the old Knight, she had in an eminent Manner. But presuming on that, she had taken the Liberty to speak a little freely to her Lady against this Extremity of Melancholy to which she had given her self up ; and provok'd her so far by that Presumption, as to make her forbid her Sight, and give her Warning to quit her Service in a Month.

FLORA had a Brother, that was a Valet to an old Gentleman of a decay'd Fortune, who yet had the Vanity of keeping up the Figure of his Quality. This Valet's Name was *Tancredo* ; he was very handsom in his Person, and had a Volubility of Tongue, and a natural, and acquir'd Impudence sufficient for any Undertaking, that depended meerly on that.

FLORA reasonably imagin'd, that all this excessive Grief of her Lady was too affectedly violent to be real, and well grounded ; which made it possible, that by a subtil Device she might at once be reveng'd of her Mistress's unjust Anger, prefer her own Brother, and make her own Fortune. Laying therefore the Design,

sign, as she and her Brother could contrive it, they in a few Nights thus put it in Practice. *Tancredo* by his Sister's Help, and his own Stock furnishes himself with a handsom Suit of Officers Cloaths, and every Thing answerable to so honourable a Post. *Flora* having plac'd her self at the Door lets him into the House, and directs him to her Lady's Apartment; when drawing his Sword, and artfully putting on the Concern of a Person pursu'd, and in immediate Danger of Life he enters, and leaves the Success to his Impudence, and the Lady's *Capricio*.

LAODAMIA was then on her Couch with a Book in her Hand, and her Eyes thrown up to Heaven, as full of seeming Thought, as if the most sacred Contemplations had taken up her whole Mind. As soon, as she saw a very handsome young Fellow approach her in that Manner, she started up, and scream'd out aloud; he flew up to her, and casting himself at her Feet, begg'd her not to be frighted at so surprizing a View, and an Intrusion which Necessity had forc'd him to commit. He implor'd but so much Patience, as to hear his Condition, and then he would surrender himself up entirely to her Disposal; and put his Life immediately in her Hands. He spoke this with such an Emphasis of Fear and Concern, that he soon appeas'd her Rage, and Apprehension. *She bid him therefore put up his Sword, take a Chair, and in a few Words*

Words clear himself of that Impudence, he yet seem'd guilty of, in thrusting himself not only into her House, but into the Chamber of Retirement of a Lady of her Quality, which unless he sufficiently made out the Necessity, that compell'd him merited no less, than the Death he pretended to fly from.

HE immediately put up his Sword, but, the being again sat down on the Couch, he continu'd with one Knee fix'd to the Floor, and began in this Manner.

C H A P. II.

*The Story of Tancredo, and Olympia Mellini.
The Success of his Stratagem in marrying Laodamia.*

N^O, Madam, said he, I yet appear too criminal to leave this Posture of a Suppliant, let me, Madam, convince you of my Innocence by a Relation of my Misfortunes before I presume to look up to those Eyes, which like Lightning darted from the angry Face of Heaven have already almost struck me dead. However I hope, when you have heard my Story, Madam, as you have the most Beauty of your Sex, so you will have the most Generosity and Compassion, and not throw me out a hunted Victim to Murtherers, but afford your Protection to an unfortunate Gentleman, a Stranger

ger to this City, and whose Birth, and Quality may challenge some little Regard.

KNOW then, divine Lady, that I am by Birth a Roman, of the illustrious Family of the Marquis of *Ruspogli*, who is my Father, tho' too cruel, and barbarous to merit so tender a Name. There has been for some Generations an hereditary Hatred betwixt ours, and the Family of *Mellini*, which has often been extended to such Inhumanities, as I am asham'd to repeat, even in Respect to that Father, who no longer looks on me, as a Son, but as the most odious of Enemies, seeking by the Hands of Bravo's, the Life he gave me; because Love had extinguish'd that barbarous Thirst of Revenge, which had already been too fatal to our Family.

OLYMPIA *Mellini* was the most charming of the Sex, that I ever saw 'till this Moment, that Fortune has thrown me at your Feet. It was my Chance at Church one Day; ignorant of her Person and her Beauties, to kneel next to her, and making some gay and gallant Addresses to her I was a little surpriz'd at the Wit, and Sweetness of her Repartees.

I, EVER, condemn'd those Veils, Madam, 'till now (said I) for tho' they may sometimes provoke our Curiosity to a Disappointment, yet they infallibly very often secure the Heart from Beau-

ty, that might else be too dangerous to our Repose. So that I cannot but thank my Stars, Madam, for saving my Heart, at the Expence of my Curiosity. I am afraid (return'd the Lady) the Exchange is not so advantageous, as you may seem to believe; for I am confident it is with you, as with most of your Sex, who owe more Fatigue to their Curiosity, than Love. — As she said the Words, she took Occasion to throw so much of her Veil aside, as to discover a Face, and Bosom, that might vanquish an Anchorite.

I MADE her sensible of her Conquest, and press'd her to a Continuance of our Commerce, but was Thunder-struck to hear the Name of *Mellini*. I either had not in my Heart any of that unreasonable Hatred, that old Piques had so long maintain'd, or else her Eyes in a Moment banish'd even the very Memory of it. I durst not tell her my Name, for Fear, I had not had so good an Advocate in her Mind as she, I found, had in mine; and therefore assum'd the Title of Count *Capizzuchi* my School-fellow, so extremely like me in Person, Voice, Mien, and Humour, that we had often past for each other. I manag'd this Affair with that Success, that I soon found my self, as much Master of her Inclinations, as she was of mine; 'till the Commerce was become so tender, that it was impossible to part us, without our mutual Destruction. It was now come to this, that there was a Necessity of confessing my Family, but with this Assurance,

he might forgive, and if possible forget my monstrous Transgression.

BUT I was in Love, which banish'd Prudence from my Conduct, and put me on an obstinate Vindication of my Passion, the Merits of the Lady, and the Impossibility of my ceasing to love her. *I urg'd the Unreasonableness, and want of Christianity in such implacable Hatreds; that Providence thus seem'd to have mark'd out a Way to a happy Reconciliation of two Families of such Note and Dignity in Rome, which united would not only put an End to bloody Murthers, but gain an Authority much stronger and more powerful by so politick a Union.*

BUT this was to add Fuel to the Flame, to cast Oil and Sulphur into the Fire. He struck me, and forbid me his Presence, but order'd me to be confin'd for some Days to my Chamber, till he heard of the Enclosure of *Donna Olympia Mellini*. For her Mother had no sooner, by her Importunity, mov'd her Father in the Case, but he discover'd no less Fury, and Aversion to the Match, than my Father had done. But enquiring farther into the Matter, with some Address, and dissembled Calm, he found what Progress, I had made in her Heart, and therefore immediately sent her away, without allowing her the least Opportunity of sending me any Notice of her desperate Condition, to a Nunnery in *Florence*, where a Sister of hers was Abbess.

ALL

ALL I could learn when I was enlarg'd by my Father, was only, that she was sent away, but could not find out whither. It cost me much Industry, and a great deal of Money to make the Discovery; which yet only added to my Misery by the Knowledge of the Place of her Prison, and the Person of her Jailor.

I WILL not, Madam, repeat to you the perpetual Throws, and Pangs of my Soul, for the irrecoverable Loss of the Person, that only could make Life supportable. Despair threw me into a dangerous Fever, in which I had not the Comforts of a Father's Smiles, as never once coming near me during all my Sickness, being but too sensible of the hateful Cause of the Malady. But my Fate, that reserv'd me to greater Misfortunes, gave me Strength to vanquish this Disorder of my Blood: And the sanguine Complexion of my Temper still furnishing fresh Hopes from my Industry, and Passion, I thought nothing was impossible for me to effect for so glorious a Reward, as *Olympia Mellini*.

I GREW better every Day, and being now perfectly recover'd, I made it my Business to get what Jewels, and Money, I could, and to dispose of it in such Places, as might enable me best to employ it for my *Olympia's* Escape.

THE better to conceal my Designs from her Father and mine, I made publick Addresses to
B 3 another,

another, tho' by her Consent, she being my Confident in the Design, and which as I took Care to have it as much as possible nois'd about the City, so *Olympia's* Father took Care to inform his Daughter of it in all the aggravating Terms imaginable. This by Degrees lessen'd my Father's Resentment, and open'd his Purse. Having besides strain'd my Credit to the utmost, I was now furnish'd with sufficient Provision to make us live happily in an unknown Condition in a foreign Country. The Lady (by Consent) seeming now to reject my Suit, I obtain'd Leave of my Father to go to *Venice* to an Uncle of my Mothers, from whom I had no small Expectations of Interest, and with whom I pretended I should with the more Ease wear off a Passion, that this last Lady had rais'd in my Breast.

UNDER this Pretence I set out of *Rome*, and went two Day's Journey in the direct Road to *Loretto*. There was a Fryar, that had been my School-Fellow, who partly for old Acquaintance, and partly in Hopes to make me his Friend hereafter, and partly for the sake of a considerable present Bribe; furnish'd me not only with a Habit of the Order, but Letters of Recommendation to the Father-Confessor to this Nunnery of poor *Clares*, and to the Convent of Fryars in *Florence*,

BY this Means, in a little Time I got to the Sight of *Olympia*, and convey'd into her Hands

Hands a full Account of all, that I had done and suffer'd since our Separation ; not omitting my Pageant Amour the better to conceal my Designs ; begging her if she would have me support my Life a few Days longer, to give me Assurance of flying away with me to *Leghorn*, where we would take Shipping to some other Country more favourable to our Amour.

HAVING remov'd all her Doubts, the Time was agreed on, the Ladders provided, and she got into the Garden in order to make her Escape. By the Help of my Friends I convey'd her over the Walls to a private House in that City ; where she chang'd her Habit, and I mine ; and dressing her like a young *Benedictine* Novice, and my self like a Monk, we got on Horse-back, and riding all Night we made such Dispatch, that we arriv'd safe and undiscover'd at *Leghorn*.

A SERVANT, I had intrusted, had provided me a Retreat, where we retir'd to the most secret Part of the House, and chang'd once more our Habits, she to a young Cavalier, and I to that of a Merchant ; but neither of us ventur'd Abroad, but did all our Business by our Landlord, and my trusty Servant, as the getting of Shipping, and Provisions with the utmost Dispatch.

IN the mean Time having gotten this Opportunity

tunity of being alone, mutual Love taught us to employ it in all the innocent Endearments, that so much Passion could inspire. We immediately contracted our selves, as firmly as we could without a Priest; which made Way for those Freedoms, which could not be expected without such Security. But the little Liberties she allow'd me, only serv'd to raise my Desires of greater, which in Spight of her Reluctance, secure of such an Advocate within her, as her Heart, I forc'd from her, repeating my Assurances of confirming our mutual Happiness by the Forms of the Church, on the first Opportunity. Yet I could by no Means obtain the last Favour till all was accomplish'd, which by the Help of our Host we did the next Day, by the bribing an old Priest to administer the Sacrament in our Chamber.

'TIS impossible, Madam, to relate to you the Extasies of that Night. If you did ever *love*, Madam, if you have, Madam, ever been happy in the Object belov'd, you may easily guess what may flow from the Union of Souls, as well as Bodies. But alas! this Happiness was too extream to last! She was soon miss'd at the Nunnery, and publick Proclamation obtain'd for securing her where-ever found, and Rewards for the Discovery sufficient to bribe a mercenary Mind. There was so perfect a Description of her Person made, that it was impossible not to know her; and our treacherous Landlord pre-
tending

tending Piety to Religion, as if I had stolen a Nun from her Convent, betray'd us. Under Pretence, that the Ship was not ready he got Time to dispatch an Account of his Suspicion, that we were the Persons design'd in the Proclamation. My Man discover'd the Treachery but the Moment, they were putting it in Execution. He had only Time to run up Stairs, and let us know, that the House was surrounded, and that our Host was the villainous Informer, and led the Officers up to seize upon us both. She begg'd me to try to make my Escape without her, but with all the kind Indignation so much Love could inspire I drew my Sword, and vow'd, I would sooner lose ten thousand Lives, than basely leave her to her Pursuers; and lose the dear Reward of all my Pains, and Labours. *For if I must lose her, Death would be the welcome Cure of all my Woe; but if I could bear her off Fortune might be more kind, than hitherto we had found her.* My faithful Servant fell by me in Defence of his unfortunate Master, and I being now wholly surrounded, and faint with the Loss of Blood from so many Wounds, they easily disarm'd me, and ravish'd from my Arms all my Wishes, all my Hopes, my poor, weeping, complaining *Olympia*, calling to me for Help, but calling in vain, being my self captive, and weak; her Eyes she rivetted on me, as long as she could see me; and from them seem'd to send her parting Soul full of charming Grief, Desire, and Despair. Ah, Madam! your tender
Soul

Soul may better imagine, than I express the Darts, that pierc'd; the Throws that tore our miserable Bosoms on so terrible a Parting of a Pair so vastly, and so violently loving, and so lately united! But, Madam, I forget my self, I forget where I am, and my own unhappy Condition, I will not therefore detain you so long in my Story, as to dwell on every Circumstance.

THO' my Wounds were desperate, yet having them dress'd I got into a Litter, and made what Speed I could after my Wife to *Florence*; by my Acquaintance with a Lord in that Court I got my Case represented to the Grand Duke, inform'd him of our Marriage, and desir'd his Protection,

HE free'd me, indeed, from that Guard, which was set on me on my Arrival, and gave me some Hopes of his powerful Mediation. After some Attendance, and my Wounds being now pretty well, I easily discover'd the Delays, and double Answers of that Court, and soon perceiv'd, that I was only a Prisoner at large, and destin'd a Victim to my Father's Anger on his Order, as I found *Olympia* had been; who was sent to *Rome* from the Monastery the very Night, she was brought back, full of piercing Complaints, fainting, and almost dying with Love, Desire, and Despair.

I HAD the good Fortune to make a Friendship,

ship, with a young *Florentine* of the Court, who gave me Information of the Design against me. I took immediate Care of all my Bills, Jewels, and Money, and resolv'd not to fall too suddenly into my Father's Hands, and thought it my securest Way to make my Escape even to *Rome* it self. I got to that City in the Night, and undiscover'd reach'd the House of a near Relation, who lov'd me in a particular Manner, there to conceal my self 'till my Father was pacify'd; and 'till I had made some Enquiry about the Fate of my dearest *Olympia*. My Cousin inform'd me, that my Father had vow'd my Destruction, and that both he, and *Mellini* had in Spight of their Eamity agreed in this, both having dispatch'd Bravo's to *Florence* to murther me. But I had greater Troubles, than any personal Fears could suggest, hearing from my Relation, that the charming *Olympia* was dead of a Fever caus'd by our miserable Separation; but this was only given out to conceal the true Cause of her Death, Poison, as it was really believ'd by most, that knew the Temper of her Father.

FORGIVE, Madam, these Tears, a Review of such Misfortunes compel from my Eyes; it is impossible, Madam, to reflect on such Misfortunes, without such Pangs, as cannot be immediately suppress'd.—At which Words he seem'd quite vanquish'd with Grief; the Tears, like an Inundation, pour'd down his Cheeks, and a Storm

Storm of Sighs seem'd to rend his Heart in a thousand Pieces. — After a little Pause, he thus proceeded. I confin'd my self in this Manner in my Cousin's House, secluded the Conversation of Mankind with great Ease, as not desiring to behold the Face of Man or Woman, since the Cruelty of Parents had robb'd me of the most charming of Wives, and made that Life, they had without my Consent bestow'd upon me, a Curse. One Year past on, and no Mitigation of my Father's Wrath; nay it was so inveterate, that he grew averse even to my Cousin for speaking in my Behalf; and from some Words he had let fall ghes'd, that I lay conceal'd in his House, which was soon after every Night beset with Bravo's. Till my Cousin weary of these Animosities, and fearing some Mistake might intercept him, with my Fate, advis'd me to travel, to see if Time would wear out the Resentment in a Father of the Offence of a Son in his first Youth. This being agreed on, ere the Morning's Dawn he gets me out of Rome; whence with all the Speed I was able to make I directed my Course to Gaeta, and thence by Sea to the *Basilicate*; whence I travell'd by Land to the extreamest Part of Italy, and changing my Name I liv'd in a melancholy obscure Corner of the World from the Knowledge of all the active Part of Mankind.

WHEN I had liv'd there some Time, Olympia one Night in a Dream, seem'd to appear to me

me shining all round with full Beams of Glory; and charg'd me by our mutual Passion to think of her no more with Anxiety; but to resume my ancient Gaiety; hope for better Fortune, and travel nearer Home. The Dream was so lively, that I could not but think of it long, as I lay awake, and that thinking so incessantly upon it, made the same dear Image return when again I fell into a Slumber: And being now persuaded, that it was no less, than a heavenly Vision, having offer'd up my Prayers to my dead Saint, I began to think of putting her Commands in Execution. From this Time I frequented the publick Places, the *Corso's* of the adjoining Cities, the Resorts of the Fair to the Churches; but never met with any Thing capable of touching my Heart, or my Curiosity.

TIR'D of this insipid Life, I resolv'd in Confidence of my Vision to return to *Rome*. Being, in my Journey, arriv'd in this City, I made some Stay to combat with fresh Doubts, which arose in my Mind. For the nearer Approaches I made to my Father, the more Dread I found of his implacable Resentment. Considering Matters therefore with a little more Caution, I determin'd first to write to him from hence, with an humble Acknowledgment of my youthful Errors, and an Assurance of my Sorrow for them, and earnest Desire, that he would revive some Part of that paternal Love for me, which I had enjoy'd before my Transgression, and that
he

he would give me Leave to return, by my Submission, Obedience, and Penitence to restore the rest.

I RECEIV'D no Answer to my Letter before this Night at the Points of the Bravo's Swords. For returning this Evening from a Visit to a Friend (not being desirous to be seen much in the Day) a Pistol was let fly at me, with these Words — *Your Father sends you this Token of his Love.* The Darkness of the Night, or the Fear of the *Bravo* deliver'd me from the Bullet. I drew my Sword, and having for some Time defended my self against them, and finding them press harder upon me, I chose rather to trust to my Heels, than singly to my Sword against a Multitude; and perceiving your Ladyship's Door open, I ventur'd to slip in and clap it to.

C H A P. III.

The Continuation of the Affair of Tancredo, and Laodamia.

THIS, Madam, brought me in so rude, and surprizing a Manner to your Apartment; for which Offence, if your Cruelty had rather punish, than your Generosity protect an unfortunate young Man, your Commands shall immediately restore me to the Murtherers, with my Death
to

to put a speedy End to greater Miseries, than any I have hitherto experienc'd. But, Madam, if you will take a middle and more merciful Course, than to let me fall by the Hands of Bravo's, take this Sword, and pierce this Bosom with the finest Hand in the World. But if your Hand refuse an Office so bloody, let that Tongue, that should pronounce nothing but Mercy, declare my Doom, or even those Eyes, made to inspire Love into the most frozen, look the fatal Sentence on him, that has already been a double Martyr to Love; deserted by Heaven, persecuted by Man, and all this only for loving too faithfully, and well. If such a Venus as you, Madam, can look such a Death to a Lover, behold I'm ready to put it in Execution.

OPENING his Bosom at the same Time, and clapping the Point of his Sword to it, he fix'd his Eyes on hers; where he found no such severe Decrees, but Love sat basking in her Eyes, and spread a conscious Blush all over her Face. Her Looks were rivited upon him from the Beginning of his Story; which she listen'd to with all the Pleasure, Attention, and Concern in the World; in short, she was so wholly lost in her Consideration of his Person, and Speech, that she scarce knew what she did; at last, in a murmuring Whisper, as I may call it, she softly pronounc'd — *I forgive you, put up your Sword, and sit down on the Couch.* The sudden Joy, and the unexpected Success made him

him with a Start pierce his Breast a very little, yet enough to make some Drops of Blood trickle down his snowy Bosom; flying from the Couch she claps her Handkerchief ready to faint away on the Place, to the diminutive Wound, and cry'd out in these Words—*What do you mean to kill me for my Indulgence?* Warm'd by the Touch of the finest Hand in the World, the Solitude of the Place, her yielding Condition, and his own Youth and Assurance, he press'd the good Fortune, that seem'd to offer him a Felicity, which nothing but his Impudence could expect.

ZEALOUSLY avowing his Passion, swearing eternal Fidelity, mixing Flattery, and Love, and adding a little grateful Force, he made the Mourning Couch the Scene of his Happiness, and Joy: In which he had the Art so far to engage her Affection, that she would not suffer him to stir, not fearing any Interruption, because by her Order none durst approach her Apartment till call'd for. She therefore put him to Bed with her own Hands, summon'd the Servants to their Repose, and then retir'd to her Gallant, in whose Arms she pass'd the Night in Pleasure, and Transports, which she had never known before; which engag'd her in a Resolution to marry him the next Day.

FLORA

FLORA in the mean while was not a little pleas'd with the Success of her Project, which she had observ'd from the Beginning to the End secure of Discovery by the Engagement of the Parties. Her Satisfaction was too great to suffer her to conceal her Triumph from the Maid, that was now her Mistress's Favourite, to whom she related the whole Story; adding, that she did not now in the least doubt of her being reinstated in her Lady's good Graces, in Reward of her having found out so agreeable a Way of diverting that excessive Melancholy, which else must have bury'd her alive.

THE Morning came, the Favourite Maid was call'd up Stairs, and order'd to go immediately, and buy a Wedding-Ring, and desire the Presence of the Parson of the Parish in order to marry her that very Day. The Maid concern'd for her Mistress's Misfortune frankly inform'd her of all, that *Flora* had told her about her Brother, and the foregoing Night's Adventure, and that she thought her self in Duty bound not to conceal any Thing from her, in which her Happiness was so very much concern'd. *Laodamia*, discovering not the least Surprise, said, *Flora is a discreet Girl, send her up to me, and wait you below 'till I have farther Occasion of your Service, or Advice.* *Flora* coming up, her Lady order'd her to do the same Business, she had first design'd for the other, which *Flo-*

ra dispatch'd with no little Joy, and Expedition.

LAQDAMIA returns to her Gallant now dressing himself to the best Advantage, and promising himself that good Fortune, his former Successes had assur'd him; and suffering a false Frown to usurp her Face a Moment, accus'd him of the Imposture. Impudence, that had thus far befriended him, he thought his surest Retreat on this unexpected Attack; and therefore, very freely owns the Charge, and ingeniously confesses himself *Tancredo*, the Brother of *Flora*, and Valet to an old decay'd Gentleman. *This, it is true* (said he) *Madam, is my real Condition; but this bold Attempt of my generous Ambition is an Argument, that my Fortune, and my Soul are ill match'd. And in my Opinion, Madam, it would have been much less Glory for you to have marry'd the Son of the Marquis of Ruspogli, than the humble Tancredo. In the first you might have been thought to have yielded to his Title, and the magnificent Expectations of his Fortune; in the later, you will be thought only to have sacrific'd to the noble Sentiments of Love. In the former you would be but the Creature; in the later the Creator; and as much, as the Creator excels the Creature, so much will your marrying me, excel your Marriage of the Marquis of Ruspogli. In pursuing your former Resolve of confirming my Happiness by the holy Tie of Matrimony, now you know my Condition,*

Condition, you will exercise a Sort of Divinity, by raising, like Fortune, by your own Power whom you please ; or rather correcting the Error of Fortune, by a superiour Power raising him, whom she had thrown down to the Bottom. She often makes a Prince of a Peasant, and humbles the haughty Monarch from his Throne to the Level of the most contemptible of his Subjects ; but still with a blind Conduct never regarding the Deserts, or Demerits of her Creature ; while your fine Judgment can distinguish whether I am a fit Object of your Favour ; and in that, Madam, you will excel that hoodwink'd Disposer of human Affairs. Since, by a happy Stratagem, which your Eyes, not my Sister, inspir'd, I have got Possession of all your wonderful Charms, it is more for your Honour to confirm that Happiness by Choice, than to expose your self to Censure, by recalling the Favour you have with such Caresses assur'd me of. You are Mistress, Madam, of your self, and your Estate, and ought therefore, to chuse by your own Eyes, and not those of Relations, who have always more Regard to some private Design of their own, than to the Happiness of those, they advise. The Difference, Madam, between Man, and Man, which some falsely place in the Degrees of Quality, and Favours of Fortune, is there only imaginary, but real in the Person ; Nature's Favourites, are very seldom those of Fortune, 'till Eyes, so judicious, as yours help the blind Goddess to determine more justly.

However, divine Charmer, if you are in the least uneasy at what has pass'd, my Sword is still ready to execute your Commands, for I desire to live no longer, than I am pleasing in your Eyes.

WITH these Words he drew his Sword, and as he was going to offer it to his Bosom, she lay'd hold of his Arm, and with a Kiss assur'd him, that her Love was of his Person, not his suppos'd Dignity; and that since she pleas'd her self in the Choice, she did not know whom else she had to consult; that those who lik'd it not might forbear their Visits, and she would easily atone for their Loss in his Arms; for since *Love* had given her that Fortune, in Justice she thought herself oblig'd to return it to *Love*: To which End she had sent his Sister for a Parson, notwithstanding the Discovery she had imprudently made to her Fellow-Servant; and that in the mean while she had only a Mind to hear what he had to say for himself, in which he had acquitted himself with so fine an Address, that she was sufficiently confirm'd in her Resolution.

IN short, Madam, she was so weak, as to marry him, and make him Master of her self, and her Fortune; tho' she might have retain'd him as her Servant, and menial Instrument of her Pleasure to discard, or dispatch as she thought fit. This Match made her the Subject

ject of Lampoons for a Quarter of a Year, having been a fatal Example of an uncommon Change, the Excess of one-Passion thus ending in the Excess of another. *Flora* was now made her Companion, and preferr'd to a reputable Husband as the Reward of her Treachery, and Revenge.

C H A P. IV.

The Lady's Comment on the foregoing Relation. The old Lady's Satire on Gentility. The Story of Aquilina, and Prospero Sterace: By his Folly he loses the Fortune he hop'd for, and Aquilina secur'd her Liberty. Their Comment on this Story; the Cause of Widows Unhappiness in second Matches. The Story of Roderigo, the Widow of Lucini, and Castruccio, with his Letter for her preferring a Man of Sense to a rich Pretender. The old Widow's Arguments for the culling of Mankind.

HERE the loquacious old Gentlewoman return'd to a momentary Silence, to hear how the Company approv'd her Relation. The Lady of the House smil'd at her Impertinence, and the rest of the Company descanted upon it, and the Censures on *Laodamia* were various, as the Temper of the Speaker inclin'd her; but all but the young Widow agreed in Severity, and ill Nature.

‘ HAD it been a Gentleman (said the young
‘ Maiden-Lady with whom I came up) the
‘ Folly had been the less; but to be lost on a
‘ Varlet, the Son of a Catchpole, is a Fate so
‘ very odious, and mortifying, that I could not
‘ in Conscience wish a worse to my Enemy. A
‘ Gentleman (interrupted another with a scorn-
‘ ful Laugh) prithee, my Dear, what is a
‘ Gentleman above a Plough-man, unless he be
‘ rich. Without Wealth his Gentility is but
‘ a Burthen, throwing him out of all the certain
‘ Roads to Plenty, and Prosperity. No, had
‘ *Laodamia* marry’d but a Man of Wealth, the
‘ Matter had not been much what his Father
‘ had been. What Advantage has a Gentleman,
‘ that Money can’t purchase? Will Gentility
‘ make a Man great at Court? agreeable to the
‘ Ladies? courted by the Clergy? esteem’d by
‘ the People? bless’d by the Poor? and caress’d
‘ by the Rich? Yet Money can do all this with-
‘ out Gentility. Money shall give a Farmer’s
‘ Son a Pass through the *Corps du Guard* to the
‘ very Presence, nay Cabinet of Princes; draw
‘ the Eyes, Bows, and Cringes of Statesmen,
‘ and their Dependants the *Honour-Brokers*;
‘ while every supercilious Blockhead shall lay
‘ by his magisterial Pride, and pay him the ser-
‘ vile Fawn, squeeze him in a close Caress,
‘ while your Gentleman with his tatter’d Coat
‘ out at Elbows shall be stopp’d at the Porter’s
‘ Lodge, and be even a Scandal to the Foot-
‘ men in Spight of his Gentility. What you’d
‘ tell

‘ tell the Courtier your Cousin (when you are
‘ in Poverty) that you are a Gentleman of an
‘ ancient Family, and squeeze a Promise from
‘ him, which he never designs to perform, meer-
‘ ly to shake off thy scandalous Company; while
‘ my Money shall make him speak Truth to me;
‘ tell me *Truth*, do’st mind me? make a Cour-
‘ tier speak *Truth*. A pretty Pretence, when a
‘ young, lazy, spend-thrift Fellow’s out at Heels
‘ and half starv’d, to a Bevy of young, brisk,
‘ buxom Ladies, to say, *Ladies, I am a Gentle-*
‘ *man*, when they had rather be surpriz’d in a
‘ familiar Dialogue with their Footman, as the
‘ less scandalous Companion. I prithee, my
‘ Dear, tell me no more of *Gentility*; it is the
‘ lazy Pretence of *Sloth*, and *Idleness*; the com-
‘ mon Refuge of Beggars, and Pick-pockets;
‘ Thieves, Bawds, Pimps, Whores, and Bravo’s,
‘ Sharpers, and the rest of the Vermin of Man-
‘ kind; give me a Boor’s Son, with an Estate,
‘ before a Lord’s Son without one.

‘ BUT a Gentleman (reply’d the other) has
‘ a noble Spirit, is above all this, which you call
‘ Advantage, that is fit for nothing but the Pur-
‘ suit of vulgar Minds. Honour is his Idol, his
‘ second Religion, the Darling, and Creator of
‘ Hero’s. For this, and his Love he fights, and
‘ discovers, by his Contempt of Death, how much
‘ he deserves to live; and at once merits, and
‘ enjoys the Esteem of all that know him, or
‘ have heard of his Reputation.

‘ THE Advantages you now urge (return’d
‘ the other) are not peculiar to a Gentleman,
‘ nay are seldom found in one now-a-Days. In
‘ my Opinion, he that contemns Death deserves
‘ not to live ; for if he thought it a Thing
‘ worth the possessing, he would be more care-
‘ ful to avoid that, which must destroy it. There
‘ is nothing, that I know of, which personal Va-
‘ lour will do, which Money will not effect
‘ with more Ease, and less Hazard. The *Sol-*
‘ *dier*, and *Bravo* will fight for you, or revenge
‘ you for your Pay to more Good to the Publick,
‘ and more Security to the Private. I leave you
‘ therefore to your necessitous Hero of a Gen-
‘ tleman, while I’m humbly content with my
‘ Banker, and see which will lead the happier
‘ Life ; you on the airy Titles of Gentility in
‘ Want, and Penury ; or I amidst my mechanick
‘ Bags of Gold and Plenty. Should it ever be
‘ my Fortune to be lewd as *Aquilina* was, the
‘ same should be my Conduct.

AQUILINA was a Woman of a tolerable
Beauty for five and twenty, and a Widow ; her
Fortune was unknown, but imagin’d very con-
siderable ; the Reputation of which was artfully
heighten’d by herself and her Friends, which
brought her more Addresses, than the Fame of
her Beauty, or Vertue. In so large, and popu-
lous a City as this of *Naples*, it is no easy Mat-
ter to get a perfect Information of Things of this
Nature. *Prospero Sterace* was a Gentleman, as
you

you call him, of little, or no Fortune, and supported his little Expence by gaming and sharpening ; but uneasy in that Condition he became a Buble to *Match-Makers*, by their imaginary Help to repair his broken Fortunes. By their Cunning and Address he was introduc'd to *Aquilina*, as a Lady of immense Riches, while his Estate by the same fair Artifice was magnify'd in Proportion to *Aquilina's* Desires. Each being willing to impose on the other, the Match was soon agreed on. The Wedding-Day comes, and a Friend's House of the *Match-Makers* for Privacy made Choice of for the Dinner, and Consummation. Dinner being over more Wine was wanting, and he being ask'd for Money to pay for it, comes to her with the same Demand; but she refusing him, he tells her he had none, nor any Thing else in the World but what she saw about him, all his Hopes, and Expectations being in her Fortune alone. She with a great deal of Presence of Mind, but with a seeming Frankness reply'd, We are then both abus'd ; for I marry'd you in Hopes of what I wanted, an Estate, having nothing but my Credit to depend on ; and you have marry'd me with the same Aim, and an equal Disappointment. This put him into a Rage, which transported him to some Rudeness in Language and Behaviour, as much a Gentleman, as he was. She gently appeas'd his Passion by desiring his Patience to hear a Remedy propos'd for both their evil Luck. This being joyfully allow'd, she deliver'd her self to him in
this

this Manner. Signor Prospero, *give not Way to a Passion, that may render Things more incurable, than they are, but can never mend them; you find that we have both been impos'd on by pretended Friends; and we have found out the Error in good Time; since nothing has yet pass'd betwixt us but Words, it is, therefore, the most prudent Course, we can take, to give each other a Discharge, and enter into Bonds sufficient to hinder each other from any, and all Claim to each others good or bad Luck in the World, the later of which this is the only Way to retrieve.* He had so much Eagerness for his Redemption from his imaginary Misfortune, that without any Consideration he allow'd her good Reason, and the Bonds were immediately drawn, and all Engagements by them cancell'd.

THIS being perfectly compleated, *Aquilina* thus address'd her self to him — Prospero, *believe me, you are the unhappiest of Men: for wanting both Money, and good Sense, Manners, and Wit, you set up for a Fortune-Hunter, and yet know not when you are come in with the Quarry.* For know, that I am really that Fortune I have been represented, which, had you had less Brutality, and more Sense, and good Manners, you had discover'd when it had been too late for me to have escap'd the Ruin. So, good Sir, leaving you to ruminate on your own wise Conduct, I commit you to that blind Goddess, who is wont to be very kind to Persons of your Capacity.

SHE

SHE immediately withdrew, with this Satisfaction, that she had not only reveng'd her self on *Prospero's* ill Nature, but kept up the Reputation of her Wit, and her Wealth in so very ticklish a Conjunction.

I CANNOT but applaud her admirable Address (said another of the Company being a Lady of about Forty) and hope, that she had the good Fortune afterwards to reap the Harvest of her good Conduct. For as with great Generals the Honour and Glory of a surprizing Victory, and the Service of his Prince, and Country is thought but a frail Good, and little Reward, unless Possessions or Presents supply one more substantial ; so the Glory of *Aquilina's* baffling the Coxcomb *Prospero*, was but narrow, if all she gain'd by the Benefit was only to get rid of so troublesom a Fool.

BUT assum'd the former, tho' it is no small Advantage to a Widow to get rid of a Fool, a Beggar, and a Knave, yet *Aquilina* manag'd her Affairs so, that, retiring to *Rome* lest this Affair should take Air, she marry'd a *Major Duomo* of a Cardinal-Nephew ; who being pretty aged, and easily wheedled, was so civil in a little Time to die, and treble her Fortune. But then indeed she prov'd so bewitch'd to marry the third Time for Love, the Bane of all human Happiness, and especially when a Woman is once turn'd of seventeen. We are all
sensible

sensible how hard it is to retain the Heart of a Man after Marriage, or even to make him observe any Decorum, or lay aside the insupportable Tyranny, that Custom has invested him withal, tho' in the strongest, and most engaging Bloom of Beauty. How impossible, therefore, is it for a Woman past thirty to hope to engage the Inclinations of a young Fellow of three and twenty? Possess'd of her Wealth he forgets his Benefactress, and squanders that on Adultery, and Boys, which being the only Charm, that made her agreeable, when gone leaves her despis'd at Home, and laugh'd at Abroad; for a Wretch so voluntary deserves no Pity. *Aquilina* was a Proof of it, for after having been very ill treated she had much ado to retire to a Nunnery, with that small Reserve, she had kept from his Knowledge.

THE Cause, Madam (assum'd the youngest Lady of the Company but one) the Reason, I say, that Widows are generally so unhappy, when they remarry more for *Love*, than Money, is, that they generally make so irrational a Choice. They never consult the Merit of the Person in his Understanding, and Sense; but are taken either with the strong Proportion of the Body, or some agreeable Features of the Face, which are seldom the Companions of *good Sense*: Or they are won with the loud Impertinence of the Address, which is always a Sign of Self-Opinion, Ignorance,

rance, and Want of Understanding. A Man of true Sense, and Merit is naturally diffident, and modest, Qualities, that very seldom afford them any Advantages with the *Great*, and the *Fair*, whose Favourites are generally but shallow Pretenders, or downright Fools. I mean not Idiots, but more troublesom, and much less manageable. For my Part I must speak by Experience, which is certainly the best Rule; I was left a rich Widow by the Indulgence of my first old Husband *Girolamo Lucini*, who was drown'd in passing the *Po*. My Fortune drew many Admirers, or Pretenders, and my Person I have Vanity to believe might draw some. I fell by Accident into the Acquaintance of a Gentleman by Birth, but who by Misfortunes, or Inclination had taken upon him the Trade of *Match-Making*, but that being wholly unknown to me, his Family and Age gave him the easier Admittance into my Acquaintance; which furnish'd him with the Means of bubbling some, and imposing on others, as if he had no small Influence over me. Among the rest there was a *Spanish* Merchant, whose Estate lying in the *West-Indies*, he had come into *Spain* to negotiate some Affairs, which in the Process brought him to *Naples*, and Accident into the Company of *Accio Viconti* the Person I mention'd, and he assur'd him of so considerable a Fortune in me, that he imagin'd, by obtaining it he might easily repair the Breaches of his own, and get the Government, he was in Pursuit

suit of into the Bargain. For *Don Roderigo* had so good an Opinion of himself, that he thought few Ladies could resist the Charms of his Person, and Address ; for I never knew a Fool have a more humble Conceit of himself, than the greatest Man of Wit.

IN his Person he was tall, and well enough shap'd, and promis'd as vigorous an Embrace, as any Widow could reasonably desire from a Man of about thirty eight ; his Hands were scraggy, rivell'd, and hard ; his Face rough, and ill-favour'd, his Tongue flippant, and foolish. But as little a Master of Wit as he was, he fancy'd, that some Attempts that Way would prove agreeable to my Inclination. He therefore applies himself to a Poet of his Acquaintance to make for him a Copy of Verses to me, and who it seems had been the Medium of his Acquaintance with *Accio Viconti*, and so knew his whole Affair, and Pretensions.

AFTER he had receiv'd many Denials, and Repulses, I sent him a Letter to desire no more of his Company, and seal'd it with black Wax, and a Seal on which was grav'd two Hearts on an Altar blown into a Flame by a *Cupid*, which gave him the Subject of this Copy of Verses, which because the Performance of my *Castrucio* I will repeat.

To

To *Belinda* on her sealing a cruel Letter with
black Wax, and a *Cupid* blowing two Hearts
on an Altar into a Flame.

WHile in your Billet you express your Hate,
Your Signet proves the Emblem of my Fate.
Mine is one Heart, that on the Altar lies,
The Cupid, that blows up the Flame, your Eyes.
Oh! that to make the Emblem more compleat,
Yours were the other burnt with equal Heat.
But that alas! you cruelly deny,
While from the very Flame you light, you fly.
Enough, fond Cupid, hast thou blown my Fire,
See I consume in restless wild Desire.
I burn enough, thy Flame devours my Heart,
And spreads its Fervour to each distant Part.
It rages every where without Controul
Diffus'd around it animates the whole,
Is every where alike, nay is my very Soul. }
But if thou thy Omnipotence woud'st prove,
Turn all thy Pow'r on her, and make her love.
Melt down that Ice, that thus surrounds her Heart,
There point thy Beams, there try thy utmost Art.
But should'st thou find thy Fires are all too weak,
Make haste, and from my Breast much stronger take.
Thine may be faint tho' Native of the Sky,
Mine must be fierce since lighted by her Eye.
Unite them both, then fail thou can'st not sure,
No Ice so cold, that can such Heat endure.
If thou succeed, the Altar then will prove
The sacred Union of connubial Love.

But

*But if Success the cruel Fates deny
Her Victim on Love's Altar, I will die.*

I HAD not long receiv'd these Verses, too visibly none of his, but one Day a Foot-man brought me this Letter from an unknown Hand. The Odness of the Thought, and the following Adventure made me Mistress enough of it to be able to give you a Recital; which I am willing to do, because I believe that will in some Measure be the Excuse of my Actions, produc'd by my Curiosity, a Quality extreamly natural to our Sex.

The LETTER.

*Of the Advantages of a Widow's marrying a
Man of Sense.*

‘ IF Report (which I confess is a great Retailer of Falshood) speak true of you, Madam, when it assures me, that you are a Woman of Sense, the worst Effect of this Letter will be to prove your Diversion; if not, condemn it to the Fire, or an Office more agreeable to the Writer's Desires.

‘ THERE is no Manner of Doubt, Madam, but that you have had Abundance, and Variety of Adorers before this; Men of all Capacities, and all Humours (for a Widow is the common Game for all Fortune-Hunters to fly at) drawn either by your Person, or your Fortune. But
an

‘ an *invisible* Lover, I presume has not yet fallen
‘ to your Share, and therefore I hope in this
‘ curious Age the Novelty may recommend the
‘ Experiment. If ever any Man could love any
‘ Woman by Description, I dare venture to say I
‘ have a Sort of Tendre for your Ladyship, tho’
‘ yet I never saw you in my Life ; your Beauty,
‘ your Humour, your Age, nor your Under-
‘ standing I am as well acquainted with, as if I
‘ had sigh’d at your Feet above this Twelve-
‘ month. And all these I find, by my Art, ex-
‘ tremely agreeable to my Gusto and Inclinations,
‘ For first I never could endure the raw, green
‘ Trash of Fourteen, they are all Body, and gau-
‘ dy Colours, like a Tulip, without the fine
‘ Flavour and odoriferous Scent which is so en-
‘ gaging. If it were not for their Warmth and
‘ Impertinence, one might as well converse with
‘ their Pictures, which, if by a good Hand,
‘ would be much more entertaining. Children
‘ are fit Lovers for one another ; for my Part I
‘ am for Grapes full ripe, not sower to set ones
‘ Teeth on Edge. Then for your Eye, I find it is
‘ black or hazle. But let it be black, or grey, or
‘ blew, they have all their peculiar Charms, and
‘ those sufficient to engage my Heart. Some Po-
‘ ets describe their *Venus* with grey Eyes, some
‘ with blew, some with black ; tho’ the *Nereids*
‘ were alway blew-ey’d Lasses. Thus, Madam,
‘ let your Eyes be what they will, provided you
‘ have Eyes, they will be sure to have Beauties
‘ enow to secure my Heart. But if you have

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‘ none,

‘ none, you will not want Gods and Goddesses
‘ to warrant the Defect ; you may be *Fortune*,
‘ or a Female *Cupid* ; and the blinder you are
‘ the less Fault you will find in your Adorer.
‘ Thus if you are tall, I shall find in you the
‘ Majesty of *Andromache* or *Juno* ; if little, I
‘ remember that Nature is always admirable in
‘ her Minatures. If you are gay you must be
‘ pleasant ; if serious thoughtful, and Thought
‘ is an Argument of good Sense, and that is an
‘ extraordinary Charm in your Sex. If you are
‘ a Medium in both you must be excellent, since
‘ Vertue consists in the *Mean*. You must be good
‘ humour’d, because you have nothing to sour
‘ your Temper, and good Humour is a Beauty,
‘ that can never decay, but every Day increases
‘ in Esteem and Value, contrary to the other
‘ Qualities of your Sex, which continually lose
‘ by a too familiar View. The Ugly by that
‘ grow less disgustful ; the Handsom grow, if not
‘ indifferent, at least less awful, and command-
‘ ing ; but good Humour continues the Empire,
‘ that Beauty but begins. But if you should be
‘ ill-humour’d—Why then I’ll use so good a Re-
‘ medy for the Malady, as not to fail of the Cure.
‘ Thus, Madam, it is very plain, that be you what
‘ you will, I can, and will love you, that is, if
‘ you will but give me leave to do it. But the
‘ Difficulty now lies in this Question, Whether
‘ you will as easily like me?—As for your Know-
‘ ledge of my Person, it is on the same Foot with
‘ mine of yours. And tho’ a Man is generally
the

‘ the worst Painter of himself in the World, yet
‘ we find good Masters in the Art have drawn
‘ their own Pictures with Success. I confess the
‘ Task is not so difficult to draw the Body, as
‘ the Mind, and that is easier with the Pencil in
‘ Colours, than with the Pen in Writing; in
‘ the first he draws himself, as he really is, in
‘ the later, as he thinks himself; and Provi-
‘ dence has given every Man such a necessary
‘ Portion of Vanity, as is sufficient to make his
‘ Figure as well as Mind so agreeable to him-
‘ self, that few think amiss of either. However
‘ under all these Difficulties I’ll try what I can
‘ do. ’Tis the Mode to present our Mistresses
‘ with our Pourtraits, and if mine be not like
‘ ’tis because I sit in an ill Light, and am but a
‘ meer Novice in the Art. First then I am near
‘ six Foot high, neither bulky nor lean. Next
‘ as I’m no Shape, so I am not deform’d. My
‘ Countenance is too manly to have the effemi-
‘ nate Air of a Beau, for I never did sweat for a
‘ Shape, or cup for a Complexion; my Hair is
‘ brown, my Eyes grey, my Aspect grave, so as
‘ for my Person, if I mistake not, I may pass a-
‘ mong the Crowd of your Adorers.—But now
‘ for my Mind, tho’ that’s a Trifle the Ladies
‘ seldom trouble their Thoughts about, I have
‘ some Reason to think, that Nature has made
‘ me no Fool, and Men of Sense are pleas’d to
‘ think me worthy their Conversation. Educa-
‘ tion has not impoverish’d what Nature be-
‘ stow’d. I love my Ease, and therefore People

generally take me to be a good-humour'd Fellow. My Constitution is amorous, but in that I have something peculiar to my self, *Possession*, that generally is the End of Love in other Men, serves to confirm mine, and make it more robust, and strong. 'Tis impossible, Madam, to give you all my Features of Mind and Person in Black and White; Experience will be much the best Painter, for that adds the Colours which will best distinguish them. *Modesty* I have too much for a Man, tho' this Letter may persuade you to be of another Opinion, but Paper bears no Blushes; and when the Danger, and Awe of Beauty is at a Distance, I can be bold enough. The next, or rather the first Thing that Ladies are for enquiring into, is, how Fortune has dealt with me? There indeed I have very little to boast. Fortune, and Nature seldom club to make a Man compleat, or happy. As she is blind so Fools have generally her Favour, (I wish the Ladies were not too much of her Mind) and if that Proverb be true, I have a large Claim to Sense. For I have not been oblig'd to her Goddesship for so much, as one Smile. Faith, Madam, I have nothing to recommend me to your Choice, but Truth, Honesty, and I hope a little Understanding; which if they should be of any Weight with you, it will be an Argument, that you have a singular Taste, and are not so blind as Chance, and the rest of your Sex. But you may ask if I have not yet any stronger Motive to prevail? I know

‘ know not what it may do with you, but I have
‘ one, that is of some Force with most of your
‘ Sex. Woman, they say, of all Things loves So-
‘ vereignty, that, Madam, you can never main-
‘ tain so securely, as with me. For if you marry
‘ a Man of Fortune he comes on the Level, and
‘ he has little Regard to what you bring him, be-
‘ cause he supposes it all his Due, and then the
‘ Right of a Husband gives him an arbitrary Do-
‘ minion, which how he’ll use, depends on his
‘ Temper, and his Understanding, of both which
‘ Men of large Estates have very little Share. If
‘ they are born to it, Pride, Self-Love, and Igno-
‘ rance of Misfortunes make them self-will’d,
‘ and imperious. If they get it themselves, the
‘ Qualities of getting an Estate are inconsistent
‘ with Generosity; and he, that is not generous
‘ can never be good-natur’d, and he that is not
‘ good-natur’d must be a surly and arbitrary
‘ Lord. Now, Madam, by marrying a Man,
‘ whose Fortune you make you tie him with
‘ Gratitude to your Will, and so he is of Choice
‘ whatever you can desire him to be. But then,
‘ Madam, you must be sure, that he is a Man of
‘ Sense; for a Fool, a Coxcomb, and dull igno-
‘ rant Fellow never knows how to return a Be-
‘ nefit. Cunning may make him servile in his
‘ Address to gain a Dominion, he can’t have Mo-
‘ deration to exercise with Honour. But a Man
‘ of true Sense must be grateful; and while he
‘ knows, he owes all his Fortune and Felicity to
‘ his Wife, must make it his Study to return it

‘ with equal Happiness in being entirely at her
‘ Devotion. Farther, Madam, it is great in you
‘ rather to make a Gentleman’s Fortune, than
‘ to throw your Store into the full Tide of ano-
‘ ther’s, who, therefore, has no Reason to think it
‘ an Obligation. I confess, there are very few of
‘ your Sex, with whom these Motives will be of
‘ any Force ; but it is because extreamly few of
‘ them conduct their Resolves by right Reason,
‘ and therefore very few make themselves happy
‘ with all their Wealth. I have but two Objec-
‘ tions more to bring this long Letter to a Con-
‘ clusion. The first is, that you have no Thoughts
‘ of Marriage; the second, that if you have, you
‘ know how to dispose of your Person, and For-
‘ tune to your Satisfaction, without any intru-
‘ ding Advice. As to not marrying at all, that
‘ would be inexcusable.—A Widow indeed may
‘ be allow’d to suffer a while, the Addresses of
‘ the Fortune-Hunters of the Town; the Odness
‘ of their Tempers, Qualities, Court, and Pre-
‘ tensions may be an entertaining Comedy for a
‘ few Months, but to do so always shows a very
‘ ill Taste of Life. You may be sure, Madam, you
‘ will be perpetually teiz’d with some Coxcomb,
‘ or other, ’till you resolve on a Retreat to some
‘ happy *one* Man to the Exclusion of all the rest.
‘ You ought therefore to marry in your own De-
‘ fence, that you may get rid of that Train of
‘ Knaves, and Fools, whose Hopes, and Desires
‘ not suffering them to rest, revenge their own
‘ Disquiet by interrupting the Repose of other
‘ People .

‘ People. Against this Impertinence Marriage is
‘ your only Refuge, or a *Nunnery*; but that is a
‘ Remedy worse, than the Disease, since the Im-
‘ pertinence of another Sex is always more to-
‘ lerable, than that of our own.

‘ IN short, there are a thousand Troubles you
‘ escape, and a thousand Benefits you enjoy by a
‘ Partner in your Bed, and Heart, in your Joys,
‘ and Concerns, which a single Life can never
‘ afford; these and other Advantages of Wed-
‘ lock are so evident, that you will certainly
‘ marry one Time or other. As to the bestowing
‘ your self to your Satisfaction, ’tis certain, that
‘ every Woman does so when free in her Choice.
‘ But if she obeys her Fancy more, than her Rea-
‘ son, her Satisfaction ends where it should be-
‘ gin, and one Month is the Extent of its Dura-
‘ tion. In fine, Madam, if you can bestow your
‘ self more to your Satisfaction, than by making
‘ a Man owe his Fortune, and Happiness to you,
‘ and one that must always be sensible of, and
‘ grateful for it, then I must have no Hopes;
‘ but if on Tryal you find you can’t, then I am at
‘ your Service and Command, who am, Madam,
Yours, *Incognito*.

HAVING read this Letter over two or
three Times, I confess I had Curiosity enough
to desire to see the Person, who had made so pe-
culiar an Address; so in a few Days I resolv’d
in Answer to send him an Invitation to my
D 4 House,

House, which he comply'd with the following Day. I must own to you I was very much disappointed at his Appearance, having form'd my *Idea* of him from my Desires, for there I had given him the Beauties of *Adonis*, and the Wit of *Mercury*, or *Apollo*; but when I saw him, tho' he had the Face and Mien of a Gentleman, yet I perceiv'd, that he was past that agreeable Vigour of Youth, which is so pleasing to a Lady in her Lover.

THE first Conversation made but little Impression on my Heart, for a modest Confusion had perverted his Understanding, and render'd his Address not so sprightly, as I expected from a Man of Wit. But by a frequent Repetition of his Visits, and the Freedom, which that produc'd, I found that good Sense, and good Humour, which only could make a Woman happy. He frankly own'd his low precarious Fortune, and sufficiently demonstrated the Advantage I might find in making him Master of mine. I was indeed sensible, that mine was sufficient to furnish not only the Necessaries and Conveniencies of Life, but even the Superfluities; and I consider'd, that all the Wealth in the World could not add to my Enjoyments; I remember'd that he was a Gentleman, and a Man of Sense, and Learning, and so Master of every Thing, that could assure me of a delightful, and happy Life. Thus being pleas'd with his Conversation, and not disliking his Person I bestow'd my self.

self, and my Fortune upon him. Nor have I yet had any Cause to repent of my Choice, whilst a Fidelity in his Passion, and Gratitude in his Conduct makes me find my self every Day happier, than the former. 'Tis true, if a Woman will blindly raise her Foot-man, or Coach-man, a Sharper, or a Fool to her Bed, she must expect to be as miserable, as the greatest Lord can make her. But if she marry a Gentleman, a Scholar, and a Man of true Sense, and be her self Mistress of any Temper, she cannot be unhappy.

HERE the pretty Lady made an End extremely to my Satisfaction, to find a Woman, nay and a Widow too, once in the right. But I soon found she had not spoke so much to the Satisfaction of the rest of the Company. For the Lady who had so freely declar'd for the tricking of Men heard her out with no little Impatience, and Indignation, and she had scarce done, when she resum'd her Discourse in this Manner.

‘ YOUR Fate, Madam, is very singular both
‘ in the Cause, and Event : But there is no gene-
‘ ral Rule to be drawn from particular Instances.
‘ It is very certain, that the State of *Man*, and
‘ *Woman* in Regard of each other, is a *State of*
‘ *War*, and *Stratagem*. And Deceit is more ne-
‘ cessary, than Valour in this *Warfare*; and she,
‘ who entertains any generous Sentiments in
‘ this Campaign, may soon find the Ravages of a
‘ merciless

‘merciless Conqueror, but never the Pleasure,
‘and Blessings of a triumphant, and victorious
‘Success. The *Day-Dreams* of young Love-sick
‘Maids drawn from the Fumes of foolish Ro-
‘mances, or the Whimsies of crack-brain’d Po-
‘ets, serve only like *Ignes fatui* to lead them in-
‘to Bogs, and Quagmires, where they must cer-
‘tainly sink, and perish without Pity or Relief.

‘*MAN*, therefore, ought to find no more
‘Quarter, than he gives; and *Woman* ought to
‘make a Prey of that proud Animal, that aims
‘at so unbounded, unreasonable, and despotick
‘a Tyranny over her, as to make no Scruple
‘of sacrificing her Life, and her Happiness to
‘his own Will, and Pleasure. Tho’, Madam,
‘it was your extraordinary Chance to stumble
‘on a Felicity, which you could not reasona-
‘bly promise your self, it was so much more
‘owing to Fortune, than your Conduct, that
‘I think the Example rather worthy of Admi-
‘ration, than Imitation. I am of Opinion, that
‘*Tarquinta Lachetti* of *Florence* ought rather to
‘be follow’d by all prudent Ladies, who never
‘had any Regard to *Man*, but as it answer’d ei-
‘ther her Pleasure, or Profit.

CHAR.

C H A P. V.

The History of Tarquinia Lachetti of Florence, her mean Birth, her Rise, the several Tricks she play'd her Husbands, and her Death. The young Lady's Doubts about marrying remov'd by an old Widow, in the History of Lauretta. An Invective against Man, which concludes the Widow's Visiting-Day.

THIS great *Heroine* was like *Tamerlane* and *Arsaces*, the Off-spring of a Shepherd; and being at fourteen advanc'd into the Family of her Father's Master, she soon from the lowest Menial found Admission to his Bed. Tho' she had Beauty, and Cunning enough, yet she was not on a Bottom to capitulate, but surrender'd on his Summons at Discretion. She had so much Cunning as never to propose Marriage, since in all Probability, that would have rebated the Edge of her Master's Appetite, being without it sufficiently secure of her Expectations by her artful Address, and her sedulous Care of finding out, and soothing his Humour with so agreeable a Flattery, as bound him in surer Chains to her *Will*, than those of the Priest ever proves in *Italy*. He was old, and a Widower, and therefore a profess'd Enemy of Wedlock; the very Name of it had been sufficient to disgust him in the Height of his Desires, and Enjoyment. But *Tarquinia* took
Care

Care not to give him any Disquiet on that Article, by which she insinuated her self into his Affections so strongly, that her Sway in all Things was far more absolute, than that of any Wife: So that on his Death she had in her Possession not only his Plate and Money, which was considerable, but great Numbers of rich Jewels, which yet his Heirs, and Relations pretended to wrest from her: To which End immediately after his Death, they clapp'd her up in Prison for the Theft; and got from her the Plate by Way of Composition; the whole being mark'd, with his Arms, afforded a sufficient Proof of its Owner. But her Adversaries not being able to prove any more upon her, she was set at Liberty; and soon shifted the Scene of her Affairs from the Country, where hitherto she had liv'd, to *Florence the Fair*.

THERE she soon set up a pretty tolerable Equipage, and made so considerable a Figure, that by it she easily convey'd herself to the Assemblies, which are there very common, nay almost every Evening, where the promiscuous Company consists of Men, and Women, that spend some Time in Play, and Conversation, in both which *Tarquinia*, being of a ready Wit, soon arriv'd at Perfection.

IN these Assemblies, it was, that she met with *Antonio Lachetti*, a Relation of her *Quondam Master's*, whose Character she was perfectly
ly

ly acquainted with, tho' neither knew the Person of the other. He was so taken with her Figure, and her Conversation, that after some Weeks Addresses he prevail'd with her to accept him for a Husband. He was a Man of a good Family (which was her chief Motive to the Match) a tolerable Fortune, and a Person not at all to be despis'd; but having travell'd in *England*, and *Germany*, he had there learn'd to be an entire Devote to the Bottle. Thus qualify'd before Marriage, she had the Address afterwards to govern him absolutely, and to make him stand in Awe of her Frowns. As *Antonio* had nothing shocking either in his Person, or Conversation, so he was a Stranger to those Charms, which are capable of gaining, and retaining a Heart; and *Tarquinia*, who marry'd him only for her own Convenience, took Care not to lose the Advantage, she had obtain'd; especially in indulging that amorous Temper, which was so much a Part of her Nature.

AFTER the Caresses of many a young vigorous Lover, whom she either dispatch'd, or discarded, as was consistent with her Reputation, or her Pleasure, she fell into a more, than ordinary League with *Hostasio Poletano*, an accomplish'd young Gentleman of about twenty six. After many happy Days, and Nights, they were one Evening both in her Bed full of Desire, and Pleasure, when *Antonio* her Husband return'd from an *English* Merchant's full laden
with

with Love, and with Wine ; drawing Courage from his Liquor, he was resolv'd to venture to Bed with his Lady without her Permission, or asking her Leave. And full of this Design mounts up Stairs to her Door ; where as soon as she heard him she leap'd out of Bed from her Gallant ; and even in her Shift forbid his Entrance. Wine having supply'd, that Valour, which sober he generally wanted, all, she could do, could not prevail with him to go up to the Garret, his ordinary Bed-Chamber, nor into any other Apartment ; nay he grows outrageous, upbraids her with Adultery ; that she had her Gallant in Bed with her ; that having made an Example of the Rogue, he would inflict such a Punishment on her, as her Crime is commonly judg'd to deserve.

HAD he been as strong in his Hands, and Legs, as in his Tongue, he might perhaps have put his Threats in Execution ; but she full of Terror and Surprize, giving him a sudden Push, threw him over the Rails down the Well of the Stair-Case. Which Fall made a Fraction in his Skull, and broke one of his Thighs, and one of his Arms. He is taken up, she runs down half naked all in Tears, and full of Cries, and Lamentations ; she complains of her Misfortune, rails at the Servants for letting him go up alone in that Condition, since had any one been with him he might have escap'd so dismal a Catastrophe.

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IN short he dy'd in three Days, was decently interr'd, and left her the Reputation of a much greater Fortune, than she was really Mistress of. For most of his Estate went to his Family, and that little ready Money, that his Extravagance and hers had not consum'd, was not sufficient, without parting with her Jewels, to hold up that Port, which she had hitherto maintain'd. By the Help, therefore of *Hostasio*, she made several Bonds, and Bills of Exchange, Certificates of considerable Stock in the Banks of *Genoa*, and *Venice*, with so much Art, as to confound the Comparison of the Counterfeit, and the Real. Setting up with this Fund of Wealth, and a much greater in Hypocrisy, she made her self a Devote to the Religious Orders, flattering their Avarice with Hopes of a Share in her Fortune, which with the Industry of *Hostasio* soon brought her Abundance of Pretenders.

AMONG the rest there was a rich old Merchant of *Leghorn*; who not content with that Plenty, which he already ow'd to blind Fortune; must needs in the very Winter of his Age tempt her in Matrimony. It was neither his Person, nor his Sense, that prevail'd, but the great Stock of ready Money, which he was said always to have by him. By the artful Management of *Hostasio*, and the covetous Hopes of the Fryars, whose zealous Devote she appear'd, she gains the old Merchant, marries him,

him, delivers up her Bills, Bonds, and Titles to her Stock in the Banks of *Venice*, and *Genoa*.

WHILE her Husband was gone to *Leghorn* to take Care of his Affairs, and dispatch'd his Bills to the other Places, *Hostasio* and *Tarquinia* knowing this to be the only white Spot of their Fortune, and the only Time of escaping a Discovery, which could have no prosperous Event ; gets all her Jewels, all those of her Husband's, with several Bags of Gold, and take their Way from *Florence* to *Genoa* ; where being arriv'd, they hir'd a *Felucca* to pass thence to *Marseilles* with the Booty ; but a Tempest rising dash'd their Boat to Pieces, *Tarquinia* perishing in the Place, while *Hostasio*, and some of the Crew swam to Shore. So fell the illustrious *Tarquinia*, who had she liv'd, would, I dare believe, have reveng'd all Woman-kind on the proud imperious Sex.

‘ I CONFESS (said the youngest of all,
‘ when this Lady had done) what I have
‘ heard gives me Abundance of Pain ; for if
‘ to live an old Maid be so infamous, that we
‘ all naturally, and generally abhor it ; and
‘ to be marry'd gives a Necessity of such Mis-
‘ chiefs, and such dishonourable Stratagems,
‘ and Tricks, I am in a very solicitous Sus-
‘ pense to know what to do with my self. A
‘ Husband I must own would be extreamly
‘ agreeable

‘ agreeable to me, were he always what he
‘ seems when a Lover; but when all you
‘ Ladies have more, than once experienc’d
‘ the sudden Change of that Appearance, the
‘ odious State of an old Maid seems to be the
‘ more eligible Condition. Especially since
‘ the Infamy of that may not only be taken
‘ away, but even sanctify’d into Veneration
‘ by a Nunnery. ’Tis true I must own, that
‘ I do not find within me any of those frozen,
‘ or seraphic Notions, which should invite
‘ me to a State so recluse; but do now and
‘ then feel some tender and warm Desires for
‘ that Society with Man, which Nature or-
‘ dain’d; but since the frail Sweets are blended
‘ with so much Gall, I think I shall resolve
‘ to hazard the tedious Solitude of a Con-
‘ vent.

‘ THE best Advice, that I can give you
‘ (reply’d one of the elderly Ladies) is to
‘ follow the Example of a young Lady of this
‘ City, who being my near Relation, and par-
‘ ticular Favourite, I am particularly acquaint-
‘ ed with all her Affairs, in which she gene-
‘ rally took my Advice. We will call her
‘ here *Lauretta*, for the better telling her Sto-
‘ ry, at the same Time that Decency obliges us
‘ to conceal her real Name.

LAURETTA was now about twenty, and
tho’ from fifteen Mistress of a tolerable Fortune,

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yet

yet the hard Fate of her Acquaintance had struck such a Dread into her of being that Slave call'd a Wife, that 'till these Years she continu'd a Maid. But finding her Years come on apace, and the *old Maid* staring her every Day more grimly in the Face, and yet unwilling to retreat to a *Nunnery*, she in Despair ventur'd to marry a rich, doating old Fellow, whose Age promis'd her a speedy Release from her Slavery.

THIS old *Guido* (for that was his Name) was strangely fickle in his Temper, starting frequently from one Extream to another. For sometimes he would be extreamly fond of *Lauretta*, settling on her his whole Fortune on his Death, and persecuting her with an awkward Expression of a nauseous Tenderness: And then on a sudden he would fly into the Height of Jealousy, in whose Dominion he constantly destroy'd, what he had done in his Dotage. Tho' he was old, paralytick, peevish, ill-natur'd, and jealous, yet the last, tho' the most teizing in its Turn, yet was more agreeable to her far than his Embraces, which brought all his Defects to so near a View, that she seem'd to embrace a Charnel-House in her Arms, which the cadaverous Scent that arose from his putrid Carcass confirm'd, at the Expence almost of her Health and Repose. These cleaving Mischiefs were remov'd to a Distance by his jealous Fits, of which nothing was intolerable

tolerable but her Confinement, which was so severe as to be lock'd up so close, as not to see much of Day-Light for a Fortnight together, nor receive any Sustenance but from the Hands of so disagreeable and cruel a Goaler. But what added to her Uneasiness were her Fears lest *Guido* should die in one of these sul-len, and ill-natur'd Resentments, and so disappoint her Hopes and Desires of a rich, and affluent Liberty.

SOME Days before the Return of his amorous Fondness, she was permitted the Freedom of the upper Part of the House, which was every Day increas'd 'till she came down to his Table, and so to his Bed. After this, his Tenderness increas'd for two or three Days, 'till now arriv'd to the Zenith of his Fondness, and Dotage, he renew'd that Settlement, which his next Relapse was sure to destroy. She, therefore, resolv'd to put an End to such Terrors, and deliver her self at once from those Severities, and more odious, and disgustful Persecutions of an enervate, and impotent Passion, that had now quite tir'd her Patience, and damn'd up that Current of Pleasure, which her Constitution naturally requir'd.

IN one of his indulgent Moods, she prevail'd with him for Leave to go to Church, which Opportunity she so dexterously improv'd, as to procure a gentle Dose, that would

decently dismiss him from an Office he could so ill perform, and secure her the Fund of Pleasure, which she could never hope for while he liv'd. The Dose she convey'd with such Art, as to avoid all Suspicion, and her Zeal in his sudden Illness confirm'd her Interest by getting a Bequest of all he had, while he retir'd from the balmy Bosom of *Lauretta*, which he had so unjustly usurp'd, to the Grave, whose Right, extream old Age, and Multiplicity of Infirmities had long since made him.

THE Formalities of the Mourning being over, she soon grew the gayest Lady of *Naples*; and took up a Resolution to revenge herself on every one of the Male-Sex, that came into her Power, except such as being consecrated to Heaven, were sacred to her Pleasure.

SHE was a mighty *Fille Devote* of the *Jesuits*, among whom she had cast her Eye on a rosy young Father, and in Confession acquainted him with her Inclination for him. The good Father, happening not to be over-mortify'd in the mid'st of Plenty, and Ease, with no great Difficulty, or any unseasonable Scruples, assur'd her of his immediate Endeavours to do Justice to her Passion. I confess, I do not believe, that *Lauretta*, was not carry'd to her Choice of this Father before any
of

of the Lay-men, who had offer'd their Vows without any Return: But that she thought, with a great deal of Reason, that her Fame, and Reputation was a great deal more secure in the Favours she granted to a *Jesuit*, than if they had been allow'd to a *Lay-man*.

HAVING this private Resourse of secret Pleasures, she gave a Loose to her beloved Coquetry in its utmost Extent. She would make all the Advances, that could exalt Hope into Assurance, and keep it still on the Rack without any substantial Compliance. This rais'd the Opinion not only of her Beauty, but her Vertue, and the Opinion of the later frequently produces more Attempts, than the most exquisite Charms of the Person, *so much more Satisfaction do Men take in the Mischief, than in the Pleasure.*

THUS she liv'd admir'd, lov'd, and pursu'd by all Men, but yielded to none; Mistress of her own Liberty, and Delights, which she ever freely indulg'd, but not with the Men of this World, but with whatever good Father of the *Jesuits*, her Fancy or Appetite requir'd. And for the good Services of that Order in her amorous Affairs, she left her whole Fortune, without any Regard to her Relations, to their College on her Death; and is in a fair Way of being a Saint, if the Charge of the Canonization be not an Obsta-

cle, that the Society may not think worth their while to break through.

‘ I AM thinking (assum’d another grave
‘ Lady, finding the former had done) that
‘ after all there is nothing so pernicious to a
‘ Woman, as any Inclination at all to a Man.
‘ ’Tis visible to me, that *Tarquinia* ow’d the
‘ Loss of her Triumph for all the Victories
‘ gain’d over the Sex to her Dotage on *Hosta-*
‘ *sio*. For had she delay’d her Flight ’till her
‘ Husband had been undeceiv’d about her For-
‘ tune, it is more than probable, that her
‘ Husband would for the Sake of his own Re-
‘ putation have smother’d the Disappointment,
‘ and given her Time by her fine Arts to have
‘ made him her Slave; or he would certainly
‘ have hang’d himself on the Defeat of his
‘ avaricious Hopes. For we frequently find
‘ the Disappointments in Avarice, as fatal, as
‘ those in Love, and then she would at least have
‘ had an Opportunity of securing good Part of
‘ his Wealth; and of extending her Prowess
‘ to more of the Sex. But her Dotage on
‘ *Hostasio* at once put an End to her Life, and
‘ her Glory. Let me, therefore, advise you,
‘ young Ladies, never to value Mankind, but
‘ as they contribute to your Interest, or your
‘ Pleasure, both which will be heighten’d by
‘ Variety more, than by fixing your Thoughts
‘ upon One.

THIS

THIS pious Harangue finish'd the Tattle of these reverend Ladies, and had I had Hands I should have bless'd my self from the whole Sex, but especially from Widows, whom I have ever since look'd upon, as the Crocodile, the Hyæna, the Scylla, and Charibdis of those unhappy Men, who venture out into the stormy, and rocky Seas of Matrimony; and I have ever since put it into my Litany, from Widows and deadly Sin, good Lord deliver me.

THE Hours growing late, but not their Tongues weary, they took their Leaves of the Lady of the House, who had all the while given them patient Hearing, without interrupting their Discourse by either Story, or Remark. As far as I could discover through all my Canine Travels, I could never find a Woman free from the Influence of some violent Passion, which govern'd her Actions. If she was not amorous (which some few may not be) she was cruel, revengeful, avaricious, superstitious, proud, vain, or the like. Thus the Constitution of the Lady of the House was not so prone to Love, as most of her Sex; but then she was cruel, implacable, jealous, and revengeful, as will plainly appear from the Sequel of her Story.

C H A P. VI.

The Attempt of Father Ignatio, a Jesuit, to ravish Renate, Fantasio's Mistress, and how he deliver'd her in the Minute of Distress. The tragical Jealousy, and Avarice of Renate, with her murdering her Husband Julio's Sister in a barbarous Manner, poisoning her Husband, the Doctor, that help'd her to the Poyson, and his Wife, &c. with her terrible Punishment on the Discovery.

THE Visitors were no sooner retir'd, but the Veil was thrown off, and discover'd a Face, if not the finest that ever was seen, yet, adorn'd with those Charms, that might justify a Flame in any Beholder. There was however something fullen in her Countenance, and a Promise of that Violence of Temper in Jealousy, and Revenge, of which I was afterwards an uneasy Spectator. The Veil being off, I could not find, that her imaginary Grief had left any Footsteps in her Face, where all was serene, and easy.

SHE almost stumbled over me before she saw me; but then not a little pleas'd with the accidental Treasure (for Women have a strange Inclination to Dogs) taking me in
her

her Lap she express'd her Satisfaction in my Beauty and Figure, which shew'd me to be a Dog of no mean Consideration. She caus'd me, according to my Wishes, to be plentifully fed with the best Victuals in the House, and the clearest Beveridge her Servants could get. Having satisfy'd the importuning Desires of my Appetite, I pay'd my Acknowledgments by the licking her Hands, and Face, and frisking my Tail, and all Manner of Dog-like Expressions of Gratitude; a Vertue something peculiar to that Animal; and which I found my self so much partake of, that I from that Moment took an inviolable Love for my Mistress, and Benefactress. She pleas'd with my Fondness, to make my Quarters the more agreeable took me to her own Bed, and lodg'd me in her own snowy Bosom; where the Charms were so strong, as to make me wish, that *Biancha* had transform'd me into some Shape more proportion'd to my amorous Desires.

THE Morning being come, the fair *Renate* rose like a *Venus* from her Bed of Snow, discovering a Skin more white, and Beauties sufficient to charm another *Mars*. Soon after she was up, her Maid brought her Word, that Father *Ignatio* was below, and desir'd to speak with her. The Father (by his Coat) was a privileg'd Man, and was admitted without those Formalities, that had been

been observ'd to the Ladies the Night before.

DINNER not yet being ready, the good Father was unwilling to lose this Opportunity of being alone with her in her Bed-Chamber. Being therefore sat down by her, he address'd himself to her in a most Cavalier Manner; protested, that he had been long in Love with her before her Husband dy'd; who being so near a Relation, and so great a Friend to the Order, he had with a great deal of Difficulty curb'd his Inclinations: But that since her Widowhood the Flame was grown so strong, that it could only be quench'd in her Arms, which she might permit, now she was Mistress of herself without Injury to any one; that she had no Reason to be averse to Pleasure, when in his Character she was secure of her Reputation, with which Advantage she might continue the Intrigue, as long as she pleas'd.

SHE seem'd extreamly surpriz'd at the impudent Declaration, and Address, and began to move towards the next Room, for Fear the Place, and his Lust should inspire some Rudeness, which she was not willing to experience. But he stopp'd her by Force throwing his Arms about her, and embracing her with all the Ardour of eager Desire; he drew her by Degrees still nearer the Bed,
not

not without much struggling on her Side ; but finding him too strong for her, she desir'd a Parley, demanded her Liberty in disposing of herself, with less Guilt, and Impiety, than by prostituting herself to a Church-man, who had made a solemn Vow of Chastity.

THIS was talking to the Seas, and Winds, his Appetite was too strong to admit of a Repulse. But to calm her Scruples, and as far as possible to comply with her Desire, he gave her a few Minutes Respite to hear his Justification. But to secure her from Flight he plac'd her in his Lap, and himself on the Bed-side, with his Arms fast lock'd about her Waste.

' WERE the Action (said he) I persist to
' commit an Evil, yet you might commit the
' Deed without Fear, since you should soon
' receive an easy Absolution for the agreeable
' Transgression; for *Mariana*, and *Suarez*,
' and the greatest Doctors of our Order agree,
' that you may do Evil, that Good may come
' of it. But where the Ill is in this I cannot
' conceive: We are both single Persons,
' and at our own Dispose in the Pleasures,
' and Actions of the Body. But the Good
' you would do, in a gentle Compliance, is
' manifest as the Sun, by easing the Pangs of
' an unhappy Passion, that takes up all my
' Thoughts, and renders me unfit for all the
' Functions

‘ Functions of my Order. The *Good* being
‘ thus plain, and the Evil so uncertain, and
‘ so easily redress’d if real, I can by no Means
‘ discover any Shadow of Pretence for your
‘ Scruples. *All human* Actions are in them-
‘ selves *indifferent*, and only receive the Marks
‘ of *Good*, or Evil from the End they are di-
‘ rected to. This is evident from the Scri-
‘ ptures, and the Practice of our *holy Church*.
‘ Murder was a Merit in *Judith* and *Jael*,
‘ tho’ attended with an inhospitable Treache-
‘ ry. Revenge was Piety in the Brothers of
‘ *Dinah*. Dissimulation, or in plain Terms a
‘ Lye was Prudence in *Abraham*, *David*, and
‘ *St. Paul*. Thus Theft in the Children of
‘ *Israel* before their Departure out of *Ægypt* ;
‘ because all done *for the greater Glory of God*
‘ in the Service, and Support of his Church,
‘ his People, or his Priests. Thus tho’ every
‘ Man has a natural Right to Liberty in his
‘ Conscience, yet the Church has establish’d an
‘ Inquisition to destroy that natural Right, be-
‘ cause it would be detrimental to the Church,
‘ the main Pillars of which are our Order ;
‘ which makes every Thing, that is done for
‘ the Pleasure or Service of *that*, or any
‘ Member of it not only highly innocent ,
‘ but meritorious. Thus all, that is given to
‘ us is turn’d into fine Churches, magnificent
‘ Altars, and an Abundance of learned Men.
‘ And when the *Fille Devotes* of our Order
‘ oblige us in this, or any other Way, all is
‘ done

‘ done with that Decency, Decorum, and
‘ good Manners, that Scandal can never en-
‘ sue to either Party. For we are reasonably
‘ indulg’d the private Gratification of human
‘ Frailties, provided we avoid the Scandal,
‘ which alone is the Crime in all Affairs of
‘ this Nature. For how in Reason can the
‘ Thing it self be a Crime, to which Nature,
‘ and the Cause of Nature has annex’d such a
‘ Pleasure ?

‘ THEN throwing her down, — resist no
‘ more (continu’d he) in vain, for if you
‘ strike me you are excommunicated, an Evil
‘ far greater, than what you pretend to avoid ;
‘ and all other Struggling will but heighten
‘ the Pleasure of the rapturous Victory.

THE Lady unmov’d by all his prophane
and impious Sophistry, not only struggled
with him with all her Force, and Strength,
but scratch’d his Face, and beat him with
her lovely Hands with all her weak Power ;
but as often, as she endeavour’d to cry out
he smother’d her Voice with Kisses, and had
now so far vanquish’d her, that her Strength
being spent, her Resistance was weak, and he
almost in the guilty Possession of a Happiness,
which she could scarce any longer with-hold
from his Violence.

I PITY'D my Lady, and was in full Indignation at the Priest, but in my present State knew not how to bring her Relief. To call the Servants was impossible, I wanted Means to convey my Complaint, as well as Time. But taking the only Course Necessity had left me, I exerted my Force, and before he was absolute Master of his Wishes, I leap'd at the Calves of his Legs, and fix'd my Teeth so eagerly in them, that I hung down by them, 'till the Pain made him start from the Rape, and so give Liberty to my Mistress to run immediately into the next Room. Unsatisfy'd with preventing the Mischief, I was bent on a proportionable Revenge; for as soon as he turn'd about on the Assault I seiz'd on a more tender, and dangerous Part, not without the desir'd Effect, having left the Impression of my Teeth, where it could not be so easily, and secretly cur'd. The Agony of the Pain, and the Danger of the Wound, made the good Father hurry away without much Excuse to the Lady for the insolent Attempt. Order was given never more to admit either him, or any one of his Order into the House; while I was caress'd in her yet trembling Arms, with no small Satisfaction, as her wonderful Deliverer.

THIS unhappy Catastrophe of the good Father's Amour, alarm'd the *Society* with Fears of some publick Discourse. They, therefore, with

with much ado, and by the Means of a Favourite Maid (for in *Naples* the *Jesuits* have a mighty Power over all Servants) they obtain'd Admission for a reverend, grave old Father of the Order, who pretended to come from *Ignatio* to beg her Pardon, without which he could not die, as he suddenly expected, in Safety and Peace ; desiring her, in his Name, to impute the Looseness of his Arguments to the blind Prevalence of his wicked Passion, of which he seriously, and in Floods of Tears had now repented. To this were added many other Innuendo's, that Regard was to be had to the Order, which ought not to be condemn'd for the Folly, or Vice of any particular Member, and was too eminent really to suffer by the Tongue of any one Lady ; that want of Silence in the Misfortune of the Penitent would redound more to her Disadvantage, than his.

THE fair *Renate* was indeed too bigotted to the Order, to retain any Resentment against the Father on so plausible a Submission, and Acknowledgment of his Error, which was facilitated by the natural Pride of the Sex, in finding so extraordinary an Effect of her Beauty, as to pervert the Religious themselves. For tho' a Woman like not the Man, she never is really angry at the Passion ; or can long retain an Aversion to him for its most violent and impudent Efforts.

THO'

THO' this Lady was not naturally amorous, yet when she took an Affection to any Particular, it seem'd, by the Event to be very unruly, and subject to rise up to strong, and dangerous Jealousies. It happen'd, that *Julio* the Son of *Guido Imperiale* was recommended to her for a Husband, and was introduced with so much Advantage, that he in a little Time prevail'd on her Heart, and over her Liberty; if I may say so of her marrying a Man, who left her not only Mistress of her own Actions, but even of his. But his Fondness, and Indulgence was so far from hindering his unfortunate End, that they furnish'd the Means of her implacable Revenge, and all those Murders, that ensu'd, 'till they brought her to an ignominious Fate.

TO give a true Narrative of the Matter, it is necessary, that I go back to the Family of her Husband, from whence indeed sprung the unhappy Occasion of these Tragedies.

GUIDO, the Father of *Julio* her Husband, was a Man of an obstinate Temper, and of no Principles of Religion, or Humanity. His Affairs call'd him away to *Spain* when his Lady was big with Child; but having a mortal Aversion to Female Children he order'd her, if she brought forth a Girl, to send it away far from that Country, if she could not destroy it with Convenience, and Safety. He lay'd this Injunction

junction with such Earnestness, and so many Imprecations, that his Wife was too much afraid of his Anger not to obey him in some Measure. For being deliver'd of a Daughter, she sent her to an old Tenant of her Mother's, giving the Child in Charge to her with sufficient to maintain it 'till a farther Opportunity. On her Husband's Return to prevent his Enquiry she told him, that she had indeed brought forth a Daughter, but that it dy'd in a Week, and was bury'd in the Parish-Church, where she had indeed taken Care, that a Coffin should be bury'd as if it had really contain'd a dead Infant.

THE Years passing over, she was now arriv'd to a marriagable Age, and a very large Share of Innocence, and Beauty. But the Mother unable to marry her according to her Birth, she was oblig'd to impart the Secret to her Son. He knowing his Father's implacable Temper took Care to conceal it, and covering over the Piety of a Son, and the Love of a Brother, with the Pretence of meer Charity he takes his Sister Home as an Orphan without Father, or Mother ; and at last out of his own Pocket gave her a Fortune, and marries her to a particular Friend of his own.

BUT tho' all this was perform'd with the utmost Holiness, and Piety, yet it could not escape the malevolent Aspect of Fortune : by

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whose

whose accursed Influence an unlucky and fatal Jealousy invaded the peaceful Mansion of the innocent *Julio*. The Secret of that Tenderness, and Intimacy betwixt *Julio*, and her being unknown to his Wife, it gave Rise to her suspecting her as the Rival of her Bed, and that being fix'd in her Imagination, it was no Wonder, that a Woman of so impetuous a Temper should first hate her, and then contrive her Ruin in those Snares, her Revenge had lay'd for her Life ; which she effected in this Manner.

HAVING stolen her Husband's Signet, she retires to a little *Villa* that she had about half a Mile from *Naples* ; and thence immediately sent to her suspected Rival, a Servant too faithful to his Mistress, and deserving no Reward for a Fidelity so criminal. This Servant was to tell her, that *Julio* being gone to his *Villa* desired her Company without any one with her. That there might be no Scruple to hinder her going, he gave her the Signet, his Mistress had stolen from his Master, which added Force, and Faith to his Words. She paying a just Deference to her Brother's Commands, went to the *Villa* alone, as she suppos'd, that her Brother had order'd her.

BEING thus betray'd into a Snare so unexpected, the furious Wife commands her to be stripp'd, and whipp'd in a cruel and barbarous

rous Manner ; tho' she all the while cry'd out, that she was his own Sister, and therefore there was no just Ground of a Jealousy so enrag'd, as she express'd. But she incredulous of all she could say, as if a common, or lame Excuse, thrust a burning Spit up her Body, and so she expir'd. A Barbarity so inhuman gave me an Aversion to my Mistress, and made me wish for a lucky Opportunity of escaping the House of Wickedness in Extream.

THE Husband coming by Chance into the *Villa*, found his unhappy Sister thus wretchedly dying by the Hands of a Woman he lov'd more, than Life ; and whom he could not accuse, tho' Justice, and Reason so loudly call'd on him for Revenge. In this Agony he fell into a Fever, and unable to remove, he there took his Bed ; while his Sister was by his guilty Wife privately bury'd.

THE Wife pretending Sorrow for her fatal Mistake was assiduous at his Bed, and that nothing might be wanting advis'd a Physician. But she having now pass'd the Boundaries of Virtue, and enter'd the horrid Confines of Murder, thought herself not safe but by committing new. She had therefore taken Care to poyson the Servant, who only was Witness of her Crime ; and now had made an Agreement with a Doctor of a scandalous Principle, tho' tolerable Reputation, for a thousand Crowns to bring

such a Potion, as should certainly, and speedily carry him out of the World. These Matters being thus agreed, the Physician pretends, that nothing would recover him but a *Nostrum* of his own, which he prepar'd with his own Hands. The Family being now present, with some Friends, and Relations, as the Doctor was just going to give the Patient the Dose before agreed on, the bold audacious Woman, that she might remove the Witness of her Guilt, and save the Money she had agreed to give him for his impious Service, stopping the Cup before all the Company deliver'd herself in this Manner.

‘ My dearest Husband (said she) shall not
‘ drink of this Potion, ‘till you have drank a
‘ good Share of it your self, for how else should
‘ I know, whether it may not be a Poison in-
‘ stead of a Cordial. It can be no Offence to
‘ you, Sir, so good, and so learn’d a Man, as
‘ you are, if a religious and loving Wife sol-
‘ licitous about the Health of her Husband, ex-
‘ ercise a necessary Caution in Times so aban-
‘ don’d.

THE Physician perfectly surpriz’d at the Impudence of the Woman, and fearing any Concern should betray it self in his Countenance, having no Time to consider, and lest any Thought by his trembling should discover his Guilt, took a hearty Draught of the Potion; and after him *Fulio* made no Scruple to take off the rest. The
Doctor

Doctor would on this have made haste Home to have taken an Antidote to expel the Venom, but the Lady was too accomplish'd in her Impiety to do Mischief by Halves, and, therefore, would not let him stir from her, pretending that he should stay, and see the Operation of his Medicine ; but being tir'd with his Tears, and afraid of his Threats of discovering all, if she kept him any longer, she let him depart.

BUT the Poison by this Time having seiz'd on his Vitals, scarce drawing his Legs after him in a dying Condition he reach'd his own House, having scarce so much Life left, as to tell his Wife what had been done, and to give her his Order to demand of the Lady of *Imperiale* the Reward of this double Death of her Husband, and himself; and thus over-reach'd this worthy Physician went out of the World in a Vehicle of his own preparing. *Julio* soon had the same Fate, expiring in the Arms, and in the mid'st of the false Sighs, and Tears of his treacherous Wife.

THE Mourning for the Dead being now pretty well over, the Doctor's Wife comes for the Reward for the Death of both their Husbands. The Lady always of a Piece, and like her self, putting on a friendly Countenance made no Scruple of assuring her of the promis'd Reward, and provided she could help her to some more of that Portion to compleat the Business, she had but begun, she would double the Money. The Doctor's Wi-

dow, won by the Lady's cunning Arts, and hoping to ingratiate herself with a Lady of her Wealth and Interest, runs Home with all Speed, and brings her the whole Box of Poison. *Imperiale* having got these Materials, and Means of greater Mischiefs, stretch'd out her bloody Hands as far as Providence would suffer them to reach,

SHE had a little Daughter-in-Law, who by the Law would inherit her Husband's Estate, which on her Death was settled on her, The unfortunate Child was then at Home with her, and not yet remov'd by her Father's Relations, but thus defenceless expos'd to the Fury of an avaricious Woman, who had now thrown off all Thoughts of Heaven or Hell, or any Thing that stood betwixt her, and her covetous Desires.

TO exceed all cruel Mothers, as she had already all barbarous Wives, she went on in the same hellish Track she had enter'd. Having invited the Doctor's Widow to Dinner, with a Promise of paying her her Money, she poison'd both her and her Daughter with the same Dose. The Strength of the Poison immediately destroy'd the tender little Creature, but the Physician's Lady held it out something longer, yet feeling the Shock of her Spirits, and finding some Symptoms which confirm'd her Suspicion of what was done, taking her Leave of the Lady, she goes immediately to the House of the Judge, and chief Civil Magistrate, where by declaring

claring she had a strange Discovery to make, she soon got Admission to his Presence; and having told the whole History of the bloody Deeds of my Lady, she fell down with a great Groan at the Magistrate's Feet, and striving yet to say more she expir'd in the very Act of Speaking. The Magistrate not suffering this Matter to lye neglected, immediately seizes her, and her Servants, and soon by the Question discover'd all her Villainy, and condemn'd her to a Punishment in some Proportion to her Crime, being to be broke on the Wheel, and there left without the *Coup de Grace*.

‘ THIS Lady confirm'd my Belief, that Women are not vertuous for Vertue's Sake, but
‘ shun a Vice, they take no Pleasure in, for the
‘ Pursuit of that, to which they are peculiarly
‘ devoted. Thus she could well resist the Assaults of Father *Ignatio*; but not those of Revenge, and *Avarice*, to which the Sullenness of her Temper more naturally led her. But
‘ since neither Woman nor Man can be exempt from criminal Passions, those I should most
‘ esteem, and think even more innocent, whose
‘ Passions were less injurious, and less bloody;
‘ and which bring none of these doleful Catastrophes, to which the cruel *Imperiale* was
‘ thus betray'd.

THE Jesuits made a double Use of this sad Event, underhand pressing on her Execution, and

openly caressing her 'till she came to the *Wheel*. By which they got of her to pray her Soul out of Purgatory some Jewels, and Bonds, which she had sav'd from the Seizure of the State. I must needs say, my Lady retain'd to her last a mighty Kindness for me, and with almost her last Breath recommended the Care of me to the holy Fathers. By which Means I then became a Member of the College of *Jesuits*, where the Provincial himself at that Time resided.

C H A P. VII.

Of Fantasio's being carry'd into the Jesuits College, and what Discoveries he made there. Of a blind Girl kept in Father Francisco's Chamber. The Invective of an old Sodomitick Father against Women. The Story of the Philosopher Secundus, and his own Mother, &c. Father Francisco's Defence of the Fair Sex.

I CONFESS I was under no little Apprehension of my Life in the Hands of those Men, who were Brethren of the good Father *Ignatio*, whose frisking I had so valarously defeated and punish'd : Not doubting but those, who had so little Regard to Humanity in their Resentments against their Enemies of their own Kind, would have no Commiseration on an impudent Dog, that had not only spoil'd a good Father's Recreation for the present, but in all Probability put him

him past the like Sports for the future, and perhaps into the Hazard of his Life. But trusting to the uncommon Beauty, which *Biancha* had given me, and the greater Deferencē, I might hope, the good Fathers might pay to a Dog, than a Man, I submitted to be carry'd in the Arms of the Jesuit to his College, having seen my last Mistress all bruis'd, and broken to Pieces before we retir'd.

I WAS pretty well comforted, when I found I was to enter another College of the Society, and not the Residence of good Father *Ignatio*; where I found either no Knowledge, or else a total Oblivion of the Adventure. The Father soon carry'd me up to his Chambers, where I found a pretty young Girl in a Novice's Habit, but perfectly blind, and as ignorant of the Place of her Abode, as of Colours.

THIS Girl it seems had been a Beggar about the Streets, and expos'd to such Hardships of Necessity, which her Face did not merit, tho' it wanted those Lights of Beauty the Eyes. Father *Francisco* my present Master, had artfully contriv'd the Matter so, as to pick her up in the Night, and by round about Ways convey'd her into his College, and up to his Chamber without her knowing where she was. Her Condition was much alter'd for the better; she had good Food, and Wine, and the good Father's soft Bed, and his vigorous Embraces, instead of Poverty,

verty, and Want, and the hard Lodging of the open Streets, and the nerveless Careless of an half-starv'd Beggar.

HOW long she had been there I can't tell, having never heard them mention any Thing of the Matter ; but I found it had been long enough for the Jesuit to have gotten her with Child ; and being at a Nonplus what to do in this Matter, he resolv'd to consult with a Brother in Iniquity, in a Door or two of his own Chamber, to take his Advice for his Conduct in this ticklish Affair,

FRANCISCO had no sooner open'd his Case, but the old Fellow (whose Chamber we were in) very gravely rebuk'd him for a Folly so uncautious, in risking the Reputation of his College in so silly an Adventure. *Francisco* soon satisfy'd him, that she was blind, and knew not where she was, and that the only difficult Point, on which he recurr'd to his Advice, was to know how he should convey her away without a Discovery, since it was not very likely, that she would be willing to return to her former Condition, especially with the Addition of a Bastard within her,

' THOU Fool (said the old Fellow) what
' Need hadst thou of all this Hazard ? 'Tis true
' we eat well, and drink well, and have a good
' Air, Appetite, and Digestion, and therefore it
is

' is but natural to have some Inclinations, that
' are not easily remov'd, without some adequate
' Relief. But have we not many pretty young
' Novices of our Order, as charming as *Bathyl-*
' *lus*, *Alexis*, *Hylas*, or *Ganymede* himself, obe-
' dient to thy Will, and sequacious of your
' Touch? A Pleasure, *Francisco*, heighten'd by
' the Secresy, and Freedom from *Scandal*,
' which, in the meer Frailties of Life, is the
' principal Part of the Guilt.

' I HAVE no manner of Gusto (interrupted
' Father *Francisco*) of that Sort of Amour;
' Nature fram'd soft, delicate Woman for the
' Satisfaction, as well as Cause of our Desires.
' And how little soever you admit Religion into
' the Controversy (which I know is like an A-
' pothecary's Medicines for our Patients, call'd
' *Penitents*, not for our selves) yet Nature that
' has discover'd so much Wisdom in the Forma-
' tion of all Things, and in its adapting each to
' its proper Use, ought certainly to sway in these
' nearer Endearments of Pleasure and Love, by
' which she preserves that Species, which she
' had made.

' NO more of that Folly (said the other,
' taking him up very warmly) name not *Woman*
' to me, I hate her; where Folly and Imperti-
' nence mix'd, make up the Feast, what Man of
' Sense can have any Appetite? In my Pleasures
' I would not converse wholly with the Body,
' or

‘ or owe them intirely to that ; I would have
‘ some *Sense* to raise and heighten my *Gusto*,
‘ which a Fool must always rebate. But let
‘ me give thee a small Sketch of that silly Sex,
‘ and then see whether they are the proper Ob-
‘ jects of the Passion of a Man of Letters.

Against Women.

IGNORANCE is their universal Character-
istick, and seems fix’d on them by *Nature* it
self ; for when any one of them aims at get-
ting above the *common* Level, and is (for the
foolish Experiment of their Parents) admitted
to something of Letters, she finds them like
strong Wine to a weak Head, for they intoxicate
the poor Creatures in so wild a Manner, that
their *Impertinence* is so far from being cur’d by
their *Learning*, that it is heighten’d. It is hard
to find *one* of the pretended learned Women of
Antiquity, whose Follies, and Vices were not ad-
vanc’d by their *Twilight* of Knowledge. If they
have any Wit (that is Pertness and Repartee)
it is but the Bawd to their Pleasures, and Prosti-
tution ; or a Plague to all they converse with ;
’tis so overpois’d with *Affectation*, and *Vanity* ;
that a Fool, that would be but silent is far the
more desirable Companion.

BUT then take the *Gross*, the *whole Rabble*
of the Sex, and all their Thoughts, like a
Frippery-Shop, are full of nothing else but
Ribbons,

Ribbons, or Cloath, of Dreffes, and Modes ; of Scandal and Calumny ; Lust, Pride, Avarice ; dear Intimacies for Moments, and Enmities for Ages.

BY a useful Hypocrisy they throw behind the Curtain the Filth, and Uncleannefs of the Sex, and bring on the Stage the false Appearance of Neatnefs, heighten'd with all the Advantages of artificial Beauty, which furpizes the unguarded Hearts of their fond Adorers ; who muft deſpiſe the Idols, they worſhip, could they but ſee them in their natural State of Naſtinefs, in their Chambers, and Beds, unaffiſted by the Milliner, the Taylor, the Perfumer, the Pomatum, the Red, and White, and the reſt of the Female Armory, whence they borrow the Darts, that render them ſo formidable. There is nothing, that a Woman would not do to accompliſh her falacious Deſires, nor any Thing ſo abſurd, which ſhe would not endeavour to force on your Credulity either to conceal her Guilt, or promote her Pleaſures.

*No Mean in Things their furious Temper knows ;
With Rage their Love, with Rage their Hate
diſcloſe.*

IF ſhe finds any Coxcomb's Heart really engag'd by her imaginary Charms, ſhe grows vain and proud of the Conqueſt, which ſhe pretends not to know, ſhe has obtain'd ; with an
inſolent

insolent Pride of Cruelty avowing an Incredulity in her Lover's Passion, at the same Time, that it would be an unspeakable Mortification to her to suspect its Reality. As if all Women were *Circes* they all love to transform their Vassals into fawning Dogs, or bearing Asses, that they may the more passively bear the intolerable jilting of a Sex, fond of Empire, and incapable of distinguishing betwixt Worth, and Pretence, or ever preferr'd the first to the last.

TO fix her Dominion over that Fool, whom she appears to disdain, she puts on the Vizor of Severity, and Modesty, casting her Eyes with a bashful Blush on the Ground when she speaks, or is spoke to, as *Virgil* has it; — *With down-cast Eyes few Words she speaks* — as if she never had known the Pleasures of a guilty Amour; and yet sets off her Face, and exposes her Bosom to fascinate the Eyes of her Lover, or to spread her Conquest farther, than a single Adorer: Replenish'd with the Cunning of the Fox, she governs by an affected Simplicity.

THESE are the Arms, Weapons, and Arrows of *Woman-kind*. They have the Piety of the Crocodile, wheedling their Lovers with their false Tears into a Destruction, they cannot escape, if they suffer them to prevail. But

Mantuan

Mantuan gives you a lively Description of the Sex in these few Lines.

*If with affected Gravity she frowns,
Her awkward Air the Affectation owns.
If Gaiety, and good Humour smooth her Brow,
A thoughtless Lightness all her Motions show;
Lewdness stares boldly through her gloating Eyes,
And Whore's confess'd in wanton Raileries.
If we survey her justly, we shall find
Strange Contradictions fighting in her Mind.
She weeps, she laughs, is tame, mad, fearful, bold;
Will, and will not, a Grizel, or a Scold.
Various, inconstant, rambling, babling, vain;
Imperious, full of Threats, and fond of Gain.
Outragious, double-tongu'd, inur'd to Lies,
Yet credulous of all the Legend Fooleries.
She's bloody, and rapacious, yet profuse,
Envious of others, hates, yet loves Abuse.
Impatient, still complaining, lazy, proud,
A maudling Drunkard, always rash, and loud.
Like Asps a deadly Poison darts her Tongue,
Weak in her Faith, in Superstition strong.
By her the Palate's nicely understood,
A very Brawn in disbing out her Food.
Her slacken'd Nerves a lifeless Sloth enjoy,
While wanton Dalliances her Thoughts employ.
Her Beauty's her Religion, all her Care,
That brings her to the Church, and not the Pray'r, }
Her Head'n is to be thought divinely Fair.
Tenacious of her Anger, and her Hate,
For sure Revenge a proper Time she'll wait.
Faithless,*

*Faithless, ingrateful, impotent of Will,
Cruel, litigious, and a Rebel still.
Her Crimes, she murmurs in a tragick Tone :
She'll laugh at Friendship, and all Ties disown.
To her own Int'rest she is still confin'd,
For that she'll fawn, and flatter, nay be kind.
Fantastick Rumors through the Crowd she spreads,
Always to one, she adds a thousand Heads.
From Mole-hills she a Mountain can produce,
And turn the ghastly Fantom to her Use.
Inventive of Deceit, for that she's made
Fit only for that ignominious Trade, &c.*

BAPTISTA Mantuanus in these Verses paints the servile Sex in lively Colours. Nor is there any Thing more cruel, and barbarous than *Woman*, a proud, and insolent Generation, lofty beyond Bounds, Measure, or Reason. Regardless of the Limits of *Right*, and *Wrong*, and always pleas'd with the Extreame. All they do, is done with a precipitate Rashness, and earnest Intenseness, or Obstinacy of Desire. *Woman* is either slothful, and sluggish in Excess, or violently active and hasty : She is always Winter intractably cold, or *Midsummer* intolerably hot, or *April* still varying in her Temper, as *Virgil* has it.

Woman's a various, and a changeful Thing.

THO *Woman* be in her Nature the very-
 est *Coward* of the Creation, yet nothing can
 be more Bold when caught in a Fault, as if
 from Guilt she deriv'd her Courage, as well
 as Anger. *Plautus* calls her a *Sea*, that de-
 vours what ever you give her; she is never sa-
 tisfy'd, or says she has enough. Every Mem-
 ber of *Woman* has a strong Relish of Avarice,
 Rapine, Treachery, Gluttony, or Luxury,
 making Men, by their Witchcrafts, degene-
 rate into Beasts. As *Woman* is said to have
 been the first discoverer of Sin, so she has ever
 since prov'd the perpetual Fewel of Evil.
 Which made *Origen* call *Woman* the Head of
 Sin; the Weapon of the Devil; and the Cor-
 ruption of the Old Law. They have had the
 Art, and their Wickedness has been of so
 strong an Infection, that those, who have re-
 sisted, and have been proof against all other
 Evils, could not escape them. Whence sprung
 the ten years War of *Troy* but from *Helen*?
 Whence the Expulsion of the *Roman* Kings,
 but from the Pride and Cruelty of *Tullia*?
 Who betray'd the secret of *Sampson's* strength,
 but *Dalilah*? *Rebecca* deceiv'd her Husband;
Hippodamia her Father; *Deianira* destroy'd
Hercules by her Gift, whom all the Labours
 of *Juno* could not overcome; *Scylla* betray'd
 her own Father; *Brisets* drew *Achilles* out of
 the Field; and *Eve* all Mankind out of *Para-
 dise*.

*WHO can be safe from Womans fatal Wiles,
That have betray'd Adam, Samson, Lot,
David and Solomon?*

A WOMAN is all Destruction, and Poison;
she Burns with her Eyes, and Inflames with
a Touch: Her Hands are Birdlime; or, like the
Blood of Nessus, fair to the view, but destru-
ctive to feel: Her Eyes are Basilisks, and Kill
by a distant Infection. By Nature she's an
Unclean Animal, but adventitious Cleanness
she acquires by Art, as Mantuan expresses it.

*HER Daily wants she still prepares by Night,
To make the Unclean Animal Fair by Light;
Baths and Pomatums, Powder, Patches, Paint,
To Cure, or to Conceal the native Taint:
All o'er Deceit, and Art, all Player, she
Is ne'er alas! the thing she seems to be.
Her Council, and her Master is the Glass,
Where all her Wise Debates and Consults pass.
Here 'tis she learns her each peculiar Grace,
And every Air, that she would give her Face.
By This she's taught her Bosom to advance,
And how to cast the most alluring Glance.
By this she learns to form th' inviting Smile,
And the becoming Laugh, tho' full of Guile.
By this she learns her Mien, and every Motion,
To draw her Bubles to her curs'd Devotion.
Why thus their naked Breasts do they display,
Only to throw Temptations in our way?*

To make the penetrating Poison spread
 The more, and the foul Stygian Flame get head,
 While with their Eyes, like Basilisks, they look
 [us dead.]

These are the Rocks, the Quicksands and the
 [Shelves

Where the unheedful Youth still wreck themselves
 Fierce Scylla's Dogs, and loud Carybdis Roar,
 Which the incautious Voyager devour.

Of Phineus old these are the Birds Obscene,
 That with their Touch made e'ery thing Unclean:
 Their Vile Contagion while they spread around,
 Nothing Sincere, and nothing Sweet is found;
 Beds, Tables, Temples, the Infection feel;
 Rivers, Seas, Hills, exhale the naüsome Smell:
 These are the dire Medusas that of Tore,
 Turn'd Men to Stone upon the Lybian Shore, &c.

WITH this the Clitipho of Terence agrees.

Dost thou know the Nature, and Temper of Woman?
 She is a Tear in Combing, Washing, and Cleansing
 herself.

AND Parmeno in the Eunuch speaking to
 Phythia. I must tell you another of my Acqui-
 sitions, which I think a singular Palm. For it is
 of use for a Young Fellow to have an Early
 Knowledge of the Filting Tricks of the Whores,
 that when he is acquainted with them he may
 ever detest and avoid them. When they are
 Abroad nothing seems more Inviting and Neat,

so Belle, so Gay, and Engaging; but when they have got their Cullies to the Tavern, they are for Devouring the Nicest and Dearest Dishes they can get. But then, when you find 'em at Home, the nasty Sence is too Nauseous to draw, but yet such as is of use for a Young Man to know. If you are in Love with her, and let her know it, you are certainly undone.

AND thus Parmeno says, in the *Eunuch*, to *Phædria*, *In the Love of Woman there are Truces, and War, but uncertain Peace. But not to Dwell on the Sollicitudes, Cares, Fears, Jealousies, and Disquiets, which make up your Amour with that Sex, I shall conclude with the Story of Secundus the Philosopher.*

THE Philosopher Secundus flourish'd at Athens, in the Time of the Emperour Adrian, and was of the Pythagorick Sect. Having often heard from his Master, during the course of his Studies, That all Women were Whores, being now come to Mans Estate, adorn'd with all the Ensigns of a Philosopher, as a Staff, a Scrip, a Long Beard, and Long Hair, he return'd in that Equipage to his own Country, and his Father being Dead, unknown to the Family he came to his Mothers House, and was willing to make the Experiment of the Widow's Continnence, and whether the Imputation he had heard so often given the Sex by his Masters were true or not. He therefore Negotiates with one of her Maids,

Maids, assuring her of Ten Golden Crowns if she cou'd procure him a Nights Lodging with her Mistress. The Maid had too much of the Avarice of the Sex to be able to resist the Charms of the Gold; and therefore mannag'd the Affair so dextrously with her Mistress, that the Bargain was struck, and he, by her Conduct, admitted that very Night to her Bed. But to the great Disappointment of the Lewd Widow, he lay still the whole Night, and Slep in her Bosom till Morning; when detesting the Incest, he was getting out of Bed, the Salacious Woman, Impatient of Venus, catches him in her Arms, and says with an Amorous Concern, Why thus do you Tempt me to no purpose, and raise Desires you design not to quell? Was this all we came to Bed together for? Will you have nothing for all the Money you have given my Maid for this Opportunity? And are you so foolish a Prodigal, as to throw away so considerable a Sum for nothing at all?

IT is not Lawful for me, reply'd Secundus, to enjoy my own Mother, or to re-enter the Vessel out of which I came when I was Born. She being perfectly astonish'd at his Words desired him to explain himself, and let her know who and what he was. I am, said he, your Son Secundus: Do you know me?

But Secundus fearing that, by this Adventure, and his Speech, he might be the Cause of

his Mother's Death, impos'd on himself a perpetual Silence.

SOMETIME after this the Emperour *Adrian* came to *Athens* on purpose to see, and speak with this Philosopher. Having Saluted him with a peculiar Deference and Respect, he desired him to Discourse on some Head that was worthy his Hearing and Learning. But the Philosopher cou'd not be mov'd from his Resolution of Silence, either by Threats, or Torments, but in Obstinate Silence, expected Death it self. *Adrian* admiring his Constancy order'd him some Tablets, on which he shou'd Write the *Law* and *Reason* of his *Silence*; saying, *If you will not speak to me, let your Hand speak your safety with your Pen.*

ON this *Secundus* Wrote down this Sentence, *I fear thee not, O Adrian, because thou art the Prince of this Time; nor was I ever affraid of thy Threats, or thy Punishments. It is true, you may kill the Body, or inflict many Blows upon it; but what then? For tho' you are now the most Powerful Idol of the World, you have not Power sufficient to compel me to speak according to your Pleasure against my own Will.*

ADRIAN was pleas'd with his Reply, and told him he had very well clear'd himself, and desir'd him therefore to answer him some Questions, which he did. But among the rest the
Emperour

Emperour ask'd *What was WOMAN?* And *Secundus* having a perfect Knowledge of that Sex, gave him this Answer. —

WOMAN is Man's Confusion; an insatiable Beast; a continual Sollicitude; the Impedement of Man; the Ship-wreck of the Incontinent; the Vessel of Adultery; a Pernicious Warfare; the Worst of Animals; the Heaviest of Burthens; the Incureable Asſ; the Humane Captivity, in whom Beauty was the Vanquisher; the Fortune of a little time; a Fading Flower; a Carnal Felicity; an Incomposit Business, &c.

SO that it is no common Lot to have a Good Wife, and it is much Happyer to Bury than Marry a Wife. A Woman has no Notion, or Taste of any thing that is not unlawful. There is no Evil so near and dangerous, as a Woman. The Sea, Fire, and a Woman are three Evils, says the *Greek Monostick*; and so I leave you to a review of the Case whether this be a Creature worthy the Passion of a Man of Letters.

I CONFESS (said *Francisco* after the Zealous Son of *Sodom* had done) the *Follies* and *Vices* of the Sex are not much less numerous, and extended than you have made them; but then, on the other side, we shou'd consider the *Follies* and *Vices* of our own Sex; and when we view both with an Impartial Eye, we shall find their

Bulk much of a size: As, therefore, there are few Men worthy the Friendship of a Man of Sense and Letters; so there are few Women worthy their Love. And that there are such I know by Experience, not only in *France* where their *Liberty* is greater, but ev'n in *Italy* it self, whose fine and distinguishing Wits prov'd their Beauties of Mind equal to those of their Body, agreeing in such an Harmony of Excellence, that he must have a jarring Soul indeed that is not touch'd With the Melody.

BUT were all your Invektive, as Universally true as you wou'd make it, yet *Nature* has better fitted them for these Pleasures, than your *Nauseous Alexes*, or *Bathylli*, which, without any thought of *Religion*, of which I have been Cured by my Study of our Maxims, are most shocking to me. *Nature*, for this End, has lavishly bestow'd all her Favours on the Sex; she has given them Tenderness, Softness of Body, and Sweetness of Voice, and such a secret Power of *Beauty*, that, like *Harmony*, penetrates the *Soul*, and makes the *Heart* dance to the motion of her *Eyes*; her *Hands*, and the very heaving of her *Bosom*. By *Woman Nature* Propagates *Mankind*, which else must perish in an Age, contrary to the Universal Bent and Desire of *Mankind*, against which your Pleasures directly Rebel.

AS for your Rational Conversation, and
Sublime

Sublime *Contemplations*, they all vanish in the Reign of Impatient *Desire*; and in the short Epilepsie of *Enjoyment* the *Mind* has so little to do, that the *Sense* and *Wit* of the *Object* is the least thing we can consider. The *Body* is all, that is then engag'd, and all that is requir'd to the height of the *Pleasure*.

WELL, well, (*interrupted the Old Pathique*) every Man in his Humour. The matter we have now in Debate, is to remove the *Obloquy*, your *Folly* may bring upon our *Order*. My Advice is, therefore, That having given her a Dose of *Opium*, you have her convey'd far enough from our Colledge.

THAT is, indeed, a hard, but a necessary Lesson to Expose my Child to the hardship of a *Beggar's* Condition. I have likewise a Salvo for that, reply'd the other, which shall turn to the Honour of our *Society*. Knowing where you lay her, I and another of our *Order* shall come by in the Morning, and finding her, Examine and Catechise her for her Transgression, and then seem out of *Charity* to have her dispos'd to a place more convenient for her Condition, where the Child may be preserv'd and brought up by our *Order*; and this will get us a Reputation of *Piety* and *Charity* useful to our Ends.

CHAP. VIII.

Of some Vows, Morals, Poetical Maxims, and Secret Mysterics of the Jesuit's Order.

FRANCISCO was just going to answer when the *Provincial* came in, and put an end to the Conference; and seeing me in his Arms, was so taken with my Beauty, that he begg'd me of the Father to make a Present of me to *Donna Theresa*, the Niece of the Cardinal *Contelmi*, then at *Rome*, and who having a very great Influence over the Cardinal, a present so peculiar might byass her in the Favour of a Negotiation he was just ready to go about. The good Father *Francisco* easily yielded me up to Considerations of such Moment, as the Intrest of their Order.

THE personal Vices of the *Jesuits* (which I observ'd during my stay among them) are of too Nauseous a kind to dwell on, or to describe. I shall therefore only say, That the good old Father, who argu'd with *Francisco* so zealously against Womankind, had abundance of Disciples in this Pious Fraternity; by whose Maxims the Intention of any the most criminal Actions makes them Good, or Evil, and so leaves them indifferent in themselves; and since one of them is, That the Opinion of any One Learned Doctor is sufficient to fix a Probability on the falsest, and most absurd Doctrines

ctrine, that is, they are easily secure in whatever they do. By this means, no doubt, they found a Tranquility in their Consciences in the midst of all these Unnatural Vices, which otherwise they must certainly have wanted, if, at least, it can be properly said, That a *Jesuit* has any Conscience at all, having long since destroy'd all the Foundations of Religion and Morality,

NOT but that we must own, That there are some among them of a very good Life, and full of all that blind Zeal of a Mistaken Opinion, which is generally the off-spring of Ignorance. But to set this in a true Light, I must give you an account of what I have discover'd from the Provincials Discourses with the Heads of all these five Colleges at *Naples*: The sum of which will be found in as few words as possible, from the following Political Maxims of their Order, by which they have got not only the Mastery, and Rule of all *Naples*, but so great a Revenue, such immense Riches, and so vast a Power and Int'rest in almost all parts of the Christian World. For tho' the *Fryars* have five times the number of Convents, and the *Carmelites* many more, than the *Jesuits*, yet the *Jesuits* have far the greatest Sway, and Interest in the particular private Families of that City. For they are, as it were, the only Offices of Intelligence, and dispose of all the Servants in *Naples*, and by that

that means, have a diligent and faithful Spy or two in every House, by whom they know how to attack them for their own Advantage.

THE Arts and Means of this Order of arriving at these Riches, and Power, which they now possess, have been many, and intricate, of which the few I have discover'd I shall communicate to you.

THEY are always to have Respect to these following Qualifications in the Persons whom they admit to their Order. He must either be Rich, which brings Money into their Bank, from whence they draw one of the chief supports of their Power and Grandure: Or He must be a truly, thoroughly, believing, credulous Bigot, who Knows little, and Thinks less, and is wholly possess'd with their Legendary Worship and Religion. These scatter'd up and down, and set off to the best advantage, which they are too cunning and sagacious to neglect, give them the Pretence to, and the Reputation of Holyness and Piety. For tho' they will not allow any Faults or Opinions of particular Members, or particular Bodies of their Society to Reflect on, or include the Whole, yet they will have the imaginary Perfections of a Few Sanctify the Whole Body. Or else he must be a Person of a promising Genius for Learning and Study, by which they get the Reputation of Learning: Or he must discover a Cunning,
and

and Adress in Business, and the management of Affaires, by which they get into the *Palaces* of Princes, and *Burses* of Merchants. And those, who have the appearance of Religion, Wealth, Learning, and Cunning to Fight for them, are a Party too formidable for my Pen to cope with.

ANOTHER Observation which I made here, was, That besides the three Vows common to other Orders, the *Jesuits* had three more peculiar to themselves. *Poverty*, *Celibacy*, and *Obedience* all *Regulars* take. The *Jesuits* besides Vow a peculiar Zeal for the promotion of their Orders Interest, and Grandure, and this they all take. After they have been of some years standing, those, who, by the Heads, are thought fit and quali'y'd, take another Oath, by which they are let into some Secrets of Management, and Principle, unknown to the Rest. But there is a third Oath, or Vow, to be taken, to which very few are admitted but such as are, or are designed to be Heads, and Managers of the Order, when the whole Mystery of Iniquity is reveal'd. But this is never done, but to such, whom they have sufficiently experienc'd, and who are safe in the Bribes they enjoy by this means of *Benefit*, *Power*, and *Trust*, against any manner of fear of a Discovery, by which they must lose Advantages they could no otherwise obtain.

I SAW one admitted to this Last Secret of the Order, but as if they were ev'n affraid of the presence of a Dogg, or it be the rule of their Maxims, the whole Ceremony was not only perform'd in a sort of Murmuring Whisper, but in a Language, or Gibberish, they only understood.

I WAS heartily tir'd with this Seminary of Hell, but finding, that the *Provincial* was immediately going for *Rome*, being extreemly desirous of seeing my Old Mistress *Donna Theresa*, and in so secure a Disguise be a Witness of her Actions, and the Cardinal's Resentment, I did not endeavour at an Escape, with which my Horror for the Place wou'd certainly else have inspir'd me.

The End of the Fourth Book.

BOOK





BOOK V.

CHAP. I.

Fantasio's Departure from Naples, with the Provincial of the Jesuits. His Arrival at Fundi, where they saw the Funeral of Camilla, which occasions an Account of the unfortunate End of both those Lovers by the Treachery of a False Friend.

THE long wish'd for Day was now come, when the Sun rising with a gayer Aspect, and his Beams burnish'd up in a more Illustrious manner, than usual, the Season being warm, the *Provincial* took the Opportunity of a Vessel, that was Bound directly for *Fundi*, on which we Embark'd, and in a few hours Arrived safely, but without any Adventure, at our desired Port.

WE were no sooner Landed, and got into the high Street, but we discover'd a Pompous, and Magnificent Funeral, in which there being a Sword hung with Mourning, carry'd before the Corps, gave occasion for the *Provincial* to make an Enquiry into the Particulars of that Ceremony: By the Answer I found it was the
Funeral

Funeral of my Old Protectress *Camilla*, just carrying to be laid by the side of her Unfortunate Husband *Baldinotti*, Betray'd by his too Generous Credulity in a *False Friend*, and *Secret Rival*, to the loss of Love and Life at once. A Fate so surprizingly Unfortunate, and a Revenge so justly Cruel, I am perswaded will not be unacceptable to you, I shall therefore relate it to you just as it was delivered to the *Provincial at Fundi*.

YOU may remember the former part of *Camilla's* Story, her delivery from the *Banditti* by the Stratagem of her Beloved *Baldinotti*, and their inter-Marriage on her Return to *Fundi*, where I was oblig'd to leave them on the Day of their Nuptials, the happiest of Mortals in all appearance, mutually Loving, and being Beloved, all Difficulties vanquished, and the Extent of both their Desires most Fortunately obtain'd, being in Possession of each other, with a flowing Fortune, and the Love and Esteem of the whole Country where they dwelt, which is the Sum of all Human Happiness: The best Grounded of which is no Proof against the *Treachery* and *Villany* of a Wicked Man, as *Camilla* and *Baldinotti* are too lamentable an Example.

IN *Taracina*, the *Anxur* of the Antients, and the Capital of the *Volscians*, and yet an Episcopal City, lived a Young Nobleman of the
First

first Quality of the Place: A Youth of great Activity of Person, a good Rider, and very Rich; but entirely surrender'd up to *Whores*, *Luxury*, and *Wine*, and Eminent, round the Country, for his daily *Debauches*: His dissolute *Life* had brought into his Acquaintance Men of as dissolute *Principles*, and such as might be Ministers of his *Pleasure*, and Revenge without *Scruple*; for his Hands, tho' Young, were not Innocent of *Humane Gore*: His Name was *Torquato*, of the Family of the Dukes of *Atri*: As this was really his *Character*, so it was his *Reputation* and *Fame* all round the Country.

TORQUATO, as Debauch'd, as he was, and as much devote to the Pleasures of *Whoring* and *Drinking*, was however touch'd with the *Virtue*, *Modesty*, *Wit*, and *Beauty* of *Camilla*, in so sensible a manner, that, despairing of gaining his Desires by Corrupting her *Integrity*, he made his Applications to her Parents and her self, with that Zeal and Violence to obtain her in *Marriage*, that if his *Manners* had not been so infamous and so known, his *Quality* and Personal *Merits* must have succeeded. But now, tho' his *Estate* and *Birth* were far more considerable, than those of any other Pretenders, yet the Parents had such Regard to the Happiness of their Daughter, and she such a Sense of *Virtue*, and

H

her

her own *Felicity*, that his Suit was by Both Unanimously rejected.

BUT *Love*, when it has once got Possession of the *Heart* is not easily driven out by our firmest Resolutions, and Endeavours, much less when it finds such a Dissolution of *Manners*, that there is not the least effort made towards the Liberty, that is wanted. Thus *Torquato*, who had no Sentiments of *Virtue*, and only like other Men of Quality Measur'd things, as they were Serviceable to his own Will, was so far from trying to smother a Successless Passion in its Rise, or removing the Obstacles to its Success, by a just Reformation of his *Life*; that he wholly employ'd himself in indulging the Thoughts of *Camilla's Perfections*, and how he might compass the Enjoying her, and the Disappointment of his Rival by means how Wicked and Cruel soever he cared not.

THUS the good *Baldinotti*, being Bless'd with the Possession of the Charming *Camilla*, the Profligate *Torquato* employ'd all his Thoughts how yet to compass the Embraces of a Lady, whose Happiness was inconsistent with his Desires.

THE Day that she was deliver'd from the Hands of the Robbers, by the Cunning and Virtue of her Husband; *Torquato* mingled himself

himself with Croud of those Friends, who came to Congratulate her Enlargement; concealing his real Sentiments, with a false Joy in a very particular manner wish'd her and her Husband a long and happy Life, and abundance of Children, as if in that he plac'd his chief satisfaction. Tho' his Company was not the most desireable in that Place, yet in regard to his Quality, and high Birth, he was receiv'd into the House among the principal Guests, disguising his mischievous Designs under a plausible outside, and under the specious Name of Friend belying the secret Rival.

BY frequent Conversation, and a strong Dissimulation, he had insinuated himself into the Friendship of the good *Baldinotti*, in Confidence of which was a Commerce too dangerous for *Torquato* to Enjoy, since the more he saw the Object of his unlawful Desires, the more Perfections he found in her, and by consequence long'd for the Pleasures she cou'd impart with greater Impetuosity. For *Love*, who in his first approaches to the Heart, like some Deliverers, and pretended Patriots, promises only *Pleasure* and easie *Joy*, whose gentle Emotions shall Transport, not Rack the Mind, when he is fix'd in his Dominion by Custom, and fomented, and encreased by the strong Fewel of a nearer and constant Acquaintance with the Cause, rages like

a Tyrant, with immoderate Heat, and ravages and burns up the Heart of his Vassal.

TORQUATO, in short, had long consider'd with himself how he shou'd gain an opportunity of a private and unwitness'd Interview and Discourse with *Camilla*, but found every day the difficult encrease by the Multiplicity of Servants, his want of Interest among them, and the extream Caution of the Lady's own Reserv'dness. He was satisfy'd, and plainly discover'd, That it wou'd be in vain to attempt the breach of such firm Bands of Love, which every day grew more strong, and indissolvable. But tho' he cou'd not compass his Pernicious Aims, and Despair'd of being ever able to pervert the constant Affection betwixt them, yet impell'd by the stubborn Bent of his Passion, he still pursu'd his Design as if still in his Power.

THAT which at first view seems difficult and not to be obtain'd, *Love*, every Day more fortify'd and robust, makes appear easie to be accomplish'd. Give Ear, and listen with Attention to the cursed Events, the Fury of *Lust* will hurry a Man, that submits entirely to its sway.

BALDINOTTI takes with, him one day, *Torquato* a Hunting in the Chase of the Wild Beasts, if we may call the *Wild Roe* by such Name.

Name. For *Camilla* wou'd not let her dear Husband venture the Pursuit of those, that were Arm'd either with *Tusks* or *Horns*. The *Hounds* being come to a little Hill obscur'd with the gloomy shades of the spreading Boughs; they were all uncoupled, and set at the Avenues, while knowing their Discipline they divided themselves, and began to open at first with a sort of murmuring Noise, but the signal being given, they fill all the Valleys and Groves with their deep Mouth'd sounds, in which was a sort of terrible Harmony only known by the *Huntsmen*.

NO *Ske-Goat*, or *Wild-Roe*, or the *Trembling Doe*, or the *Mildest* of all these sorts the *Hinde* was roused by them, but instead of so harmless a Game out rushes a large and terrible *Boar*, a Beast seldom seen in those Parts; Fat and Bulky, Arm'd with a thick Skin, all over Deform'd with shaggy Hair, frightful Bristles erected strait upright on his Back, his Mouth foaming, and grinding his Oblique Tusks with a fatal Noise; his fierce minacious Eyes darting gloomy Fires like flashes of Lightning.

ON the first On-set he rends to pieces the most forward and boldest of the Dogs, that durst venture to fall on him in the Toils; then breaking thro' the Nets that were laid for him, he flies away from the *Hunters*. All

the Servants, who were not us'd to this rough, and dangerous Chase, and being then wholly unarm'd, and unprepar'd for the Sport fled some one way, and some another, hiding themselves in the Trees, and the Bushes most out of the way.

BUT *Torquato* believing he had now got an opportune Time and Place for the Villany he long had design'd, in the following manner rous'd *Baldinotti* to fall into the Ruin he had laid. *What shall we too be like these servile Creatures, our Vassals,* said he, *vanquish'd by our Fears, and stand Trembling here, while we lose so noble and uncommon a Quarry? No, no, let us to Horse; take you the Hunting Spear, and I this Javelin immediately without any farther delay:* They Vault into their Sables, and putting Spurs to their Horses pursue the formidable Beast, with the utmost Eagerness and Desire. The Beast not forgetful of its Genuine Vigour, returns the Violence they offer with all the Fire of its Native Ferocity.

BALDINOTTI was the first that assaulted him with a Manly and Vigorous blow with his Spear on his Back. But the Treacherous *Torquato*, instead of seconding his Friend, and wounding the Beast with his *Javelin*, cuts off the Hind-feet of *Baldinotti's* Horse; who being thus wounded Tumbles down

down Backward, and with the Fall throws his Master to the Ground. The *Boar* immediately attacks him while he strives to get up, and with his deadly Tusks first tears his Cloaths, and then his Body with many a Wound. The Bloody *Torquato* was not satisfied with this Danger and Distress, into which he had brought him; but while *Baldinotti*, was endeavouring to Guard his Legs from the pressing Wild Beast, and imploring his Assistance, he thrust him into the Thigh with the less fear, believing that the *Javelin* wou'd not be distinguish'd from the Tusks of the *Boar*. *Baldinotti*, now unable to revenge himself on the Beast, or the more savage *Torquato*, gave up the Ghost; while he with an Address of which he was Master, at one blow finish'd the Chase in the Death of the *Boar*.

THE Servants cou'd not distinguish the Combate, or know more of the matter, than afterwards appear'd to them, when *Torquato* summon'd them out of their lurking Holes to see the miserable Sight. Tho' one of them that was nearest had some suspicion of the false Play, yet the Power of *Torquato* was too great to be attack'd with one Witness, and on Grounds not sufficiently evident. They all came with the utmost Concern to the Dead Body of the Best of Masters, and with an unfeign'd Grief bewail'd his Misfortune. *Torquato*, tho' sufficiently pleas'd with the

Deſtruction of his *Rival*, knew it to be contrary to his Intereſt, and further Deſigns to diſcover ſo invidious a Joy. Wherefore Diſguiſing his ſecret ſatiſfaction in the moſt artful Grief in the World, acted the Part of true Mourner, and real Friend, tho' in all his Sorrow he cou'd not force one Tear from his falſe Eyes ; in all things elſe conforming himſelf to the ſad Condition of the Company, he bely'd the Beaſt with his own Barbarity.

THE ill News ſoon ſpread it ſelf to the Houſe of *Baldinotti*, and Wounded the tender Ears of his moſt unhappy Wife, who, as ſoon as ſhe heard the terrible Account, like one ſtruck with the wildeſt Frenzy in Nature, flew out, undreſs'd as ſhe was, into the Street, and thence took her courſe into the Fields, diſtractedly exclaiming on the too Miſerable Chance of her Huſband ; Sorrowful Troops of *Matrons* and *Virgins*, as to a Publick Loſs, attend her with one Confederate Grief ; nay, the whole City of *Fundi* empty'd it ſelf to view and deplore the Woful Spectacle,

CAMILLA flying to the Body of her dearly Beloved Huſband on all the Wings of *Love* and *Deſpair*, falls down in a Swoon upon it, and was juſt on the point of giving up that Life to his Cruel Fate, which *Love* had made entirely his ; with much ado, and a great deal of Reluctance in her, ſhe was by
the

the Care of her Servants recover'd to Life, and forc'd from the Violence of Sorrow, which sprung from her Ardent Embraces of her Dead Lord.

THE Body was attended to the Grave by all the People, and *Torquato* in the Funeral Pomp exclaim'd with Extravagant, and over acted Passion, and tho' at first his dry Eyes cou'd not afford a Tear, yet now his Joys in his Imagination grew nearer, he cou'd shed a Deluge. The *Hearse* being come to the *Paternal Monument*, Tears, and Groans he thought not enough, but falling on the *Coffin* he call'd the Dead *Baldinotti* by all the endearing Names he cou'd think of, with those to dissemble the Truth. He call'd him *Companion*, *Brother*, and *Friend*, and us'd such endearing Expressions of his Loss, as he thought wou'd render him more agreeable to *Camilla*. Sometimes wou'd endeavour to hold her Charming *Hands* from beating her Beautiful *Bosom*, and try by all means to appease her *Grief*, and soften her *Complaints*, and rebate the edge of her *Sorrow*. He endeavour'd to *Comfort* her from the Examples of the common and various Chances, to which *Humane Life* and *Happiness* were subject; aluding at the same time, that her *Fate*, and cause of her *Grief*, was as singular as the Object of her *Love*; that he felt all the Pangs of anxious Concern for the Loss of his *Friend*, yet for his sake, to whom
her

her *Peace* was always dear, he must strive to lessen the Rage of a Fruitless Indulgence of *Woe*, that cou'd not better her Misfortunes. He strove, in short, with all the Offices of a *false Piety* to be about *Camilla*, foolishly thus Propagating his Odious and Baneful *Love*, by the Delight, which he found in being near her.

THE Funeral Rites being over, *Camilla* endeavour'd to follow her Dead Husband with that calm Resolution, that she wou'd not make use of any Weapon she had in her Power to a speedy dispatch. She took her leave of the Light of the *Sun*, nor wou'd any more behold those chearful *Rays*, that had Lighted her *Baldinotti* to *Destruction*, but confining herself to Perpetual Darknes, she refus'd all manner of *Food* or *Drink*, or the refreshing *Repose* of her *Bed*; the *Floor* being her *Couch*, and *Tears* and *Despair* what she Fed upon.

BUT *Torquato* by the Obstinacy of his Endeavours with her Friends, and those with her Parents, drag'd her, as I may say from this desparate Resolution for the *Grave*, to the use of *Food*, and the sufferance of *Life*. Tho' she was perfectly Obedient to her *Parents*, who Lov'd her as their Souls, had yet much ado to prevail o'er her Passion so far, as to Obey them in this; but at last yielding to the Religious Necessity of her Duty, she underwent

derwent the Offices of that Life, which she hated, tho' not with a pleased, yet a calm, and serene Countenance.

BUT Grief prey'd on her *Heart* incessantly, while she spent whole Days, and whole Nights in her sorrowful Desires. She plac'd the Picture of her Husband always before her, so Feeding her *Torments* with her only *Comfort*.

TORQAUTO was too impatient a *Lover* to wait the Decrease of her *Grief*, till the daily Current of her Tears had wash'd it away; and the Rage of her *Wounded Mind* resided into a Calm, and *Sorrow* by its Age had worn it self out. It was the Fate of his Guilt, that he cou'd not but give some Light into the secret Villanies of his Heart, that had not else, perhaps, been known, by his Impudence in attempting a *Marriage*, while she was yet *Weeping* over her Dead Beloved Husband, and Tearing her *Garments*, and *Hair* with the violence of a Grief of so fresh a Date.

CAMILLA so abhor'd, and detested the impious Motion, that as if struck with a sudden Blast of *Light'ning* she sunk down in a Swoon. But being recovered, and Pathetically Chid by a *Father* and *Mother*, who lov'd her, and whom she lov'd, she bore their Importunity with less Concern, and more seeming Complaisance,

Complaisance, secretly resolving rather on a thousand Deaths, than ever yielding to any kind Thought for *Torquato*; whose suddain, and troublesome Address rais'd some Scruples in her Mind about him in regard, that he was present at her Husband's Death, and came off without any harm; which argu'd his Guilt, or his Cowardice, both Obstacles unsurmountable to any Thoughts in his favour. But to gain time, and get rid of him for a while, she put him off till the Expiration of her time of decent *Widowhood*.

IN the mean time, while she interrupted the Silence of the Night with her sorrowful Sighs, and Groans, she beholds the Ghost of her Husband to lift up his dear, and well known Face, tho' all over Deform'd with *Wounds*, and *Blood*, who thus Addresses himself to her.

MY Dear, my Beloved Wife, I come to reveal that to you you cannot know perfectly from any Body else. If yet the Memory of me, and my Cruel Fate has not already cut the Knot of our mutual Love, hear me with Attention, and Belief. If you wou'd Marry again; if a second Love can warm that Chaste Bosom, you may with more Safety, and Justice, Marry any one, than the Bloody and False *Torquato*: Admit not him to thy Speech; sit not at the Table with him, much less permit him to approach thy Bed. Fly, fly,

flie my Murtherers Bloody Hand; and let not Parricide be the detested Omen to thy second Nuptials. Those Wounds, whose Blood was wash'd off my Body by thy lovely Tears, are not all the Wounds of the Tusks of the fatal Boar. Those were receiv'd from Cursed Torquato's Javelin, which Robb'd me of thee, and thee of me.

IN short the trembling *Camilla* received from the Ghost a full Account of all the Villany of *Torquato*, and disappear'd. O'er-burthen'd with excess of Grief, and reclining her Face on the Pillow, she wash'd it with her flowing Tears, and with a thousand Sighs, renting her Shift she beat her *Ivory Arms* and Bosom. But keeping to herself this Discovery of the Ghost, and entirely dissembling her Knowledge of the matter, she determin'd to punish the foul Assassine, and then deliver herself from a Life full of Grief, and insupportable Horror. However for fear this shou'd be some Illusion, she carefully examin'd every Servant, that was with her Beloved that Day; but of all of them cou'd hear nothing to the purpose; till finding by the Hesitation of One, that he knew more, than the rest, by Prayers and by Threats she got enough to confirm her that what the Ghost had told her was perfectly true.

TORQUATO

TORQUATO Improvidently eager after detestable Pleasures, came again to assault the Ears of *Camilla* with a Proposition of Marriage, which were Seal'd up against it. But she with more Gentleness, than formerly rejecting his Importunity, in this manner. *As yet, said she, the dear and beautiful Aspect of your Friend, and my most dear Husband is full in my Eyes; as yet the beauteous Baldinotti lies here in my Bosom. It wou'd therefore be more Prudent in you to allow, to a Miserable Woman, a necessary time for her Legitimate Grief, at least till the Months remaining fill up the Year of my Widowhood; which Request has not only an Eye to my Modesty, and Reputation, but to your Safety, and Happiness, lest by the Immaturity of our Nuptials, we provoke the sad Manes of the dead Baldinotti to do you a Mischief.*

TORQUATO, unsatisfy'd with this Promise of distant Joys, presses his Suit with the utmost Obstinacy, murmuring in the softest Expression his Impatience of the least Delay; till *Camilla* seemingly overcome replies in this manner. *This at least you must grant to my Intreaty Torquato, that our Embraces be Private, and unknown to every Body e'en of my own Family till the rest of the Year be over.* Torquato was infinitely pleas'd with the charming Compliance, and the deluding Promise of the justly Fallacious Young Lady; and willingly agrees to the furtive Enjoyment, wishing for the coming

coming Shades, that wou'd bring him the Joys, which he only desir'd in this World. *But besure you come alone about Midnight, muffle'd so well up in your Cloke, that you cannot be discovered, and giving one single Whistle, you shall be admitted by this my Nurse, who only with the Priest, whom I shall provide, shall know ought of the matter, and she shall watch your coming, and Conduct you without any conscious Light to my Bed-Chamber.*

TORQUATO was pleas'd with the kind Contrivance of the Scene of his feral Nuptials, void of any Apprehension of Evil, and in a Tumult with the Expectation of secret Joys, all his Complaint was of the tediousness of the Day, and the Slowness of the Night's Approach.

AS soon as the bright Sun had given place to the dusky Gloom of the Evening, and the Night was now advanced, at the appointed Minute he was receiv'd at the Post of the Assignment at his Signal by the Nurse; and Conducted by her into a Chamber full of Hopes and Desires. The Old Woman sweetening him by her Lady's Order, steals out a Bottle of Wine, mix'd with a Soporiferous Draught, often pushing the Glass, and excusing her Mistresses delay, as yet attending her Sick Parents, and so easily, and without Suspicion bury'd him in Sleep.

HE

HE being thus Defenceless, and expos'd to all Injuries, being all along on his Back, *Camilla* comes in, and invades him with a Mind full of Violence and Revenge; and fitting herself on the *Assassine*, she speaks in this manner. *Behold (said she) the faithful Companion of my Husband! See a wonderful Adorer, and inviting Charm to Second Nuptials! This is that Hound, which shed my Blood? This is that gloomy Breast, which form'd such round-about Plots for my Destruction! These Eyes to which I have with an evil Fate been pleasing, are now an Omen under their present Darkness to their future Condition of Punishment. Rest secure, O! Happy Man! Sleep on, and Dream of your present Fortune. I will not pierce thee with the Sword, or pointed Steel; far be it from me to give thee the Honour of the same Death with my Baldinotti. Thy Eyes now drown'd in Wine shall perish there, nor shalt thou ever more behold any thing but in Dreams. Thou shalt think the Death of thy Enemy a far greater Happiness, than thy Life. For certain thou shalt no more see Light, nor shalt thou have the Hand of a Friend, or Servant to lead thee; nor shalt thou ever Contaminate Camilla with thy Impious Embraces; nor shalt thou enjoy thy promis'd Nuptials. Thou shalt neither have the Relief of the Quiet of Death, nor be Joyful in the Pleasure of Life. But thou shalt wander a kind of Image or Ghost betwixt Hell, and the Sun. Thou shalt long seek the Hand that has put out thy*

thy Eyes; and that, which is the worst in Misery, thou shalt not be able to tell whom to complain of. But I will offer the Blood of thy Eyes at the Monument of my Baldinotti.

BUT why do I let thee enjoy this Interval of thy Torments, while perhaps thou Dreamest of having me in thy Arms, and in some sort Prophaning my Image with thy Imaginary Polutions? Wherefore quitting the Shades of Sleep, awake to another penal Darkness! Lift up thy empty Face, know my Revenge, understand thy Misfortune, and compute thy Sorrows. Thus only do thy Eyes please and charm a Woman of Modesty; Thus the Hymeneal Torch lights thee to thy Nuptial Bed; your Bride-Maids shall be Revenge, and Blindness, and the perpetual Sting of thy Guilty Conscience.

IN the midst of these Reproaches taking a Bodkin out of her Head-Dress she wounds his Eyes all over, and leaves him perfectly Blind, till the unknown Pain of Sleep awakes him. She taking with her the naked Sword, which Baldinotti us'd to wear, flies in a Frantick manner through the City directly to the Monument of her Husband. The poor old Nurse fearing Mischief, follow'd her as fast as she cou'd, and call'd some others to pursue her, but unable to close with her to disarm her of the fatal Weapon, she waving it about with Threats, the Standers-by had nothing but
Tears

Tears to soften her Fury, which *Camilla* observing, she spoke to them in this manner.—

CEASE your Importunate Tears, give over your Lamentations, which are alien to my Virtue, and my Love; I have Reveng'd my self on the Cruel Bloody Murtherer of my Husband; and now the Destin'd time is come, when having no more Business on Earth, I shou'd cut my way to my dear Baldinotti. And having in a very few Words given them an Account of the Ghost, and her after Discovery, she plung'd the Sword into her Bosom, and fell immediately on his Tomb, and murmuring some imperfect Words, sent out her Masculine Soul.

THEN her Friends taking up her Body, afterwards in a solemn Funeral united the Lovers, the Husband and Wife in one Tomb. When this Narration was making to the *Provincial*, one came in and told us what became of *Torquato*. Who hearing an Account of all these Transactions, being unable to render his Destruction answerable to the present Slaughter, which he had caus'd; and assuring himself that a Sword was not a sufficient Punishment for so villanous a Wickedness, he was brought by his desire to the Sepulchre of the Lovers, and crying out, *Behold O! ye Vertuous Manes, I am here present a Voluntary Victim to you who hate me;* and with all his Force he flew from those that held him, and dash'd his Brains out against the Monument.

THE

THE Company were extreamly mov'd at the unhappy Fate of the two Lovers, but not enough satisfy'd with the too hasty dismissal of *Torquato* from a Life so miserable as *Camilla's* Transports had doom'd him to. For my part, whether there be any thing more Satyrical in a Canine Nature, or whether it was something, that was Congenial with me, or that the Experience I had had of the general Vices, and Follies of the Sex I know not; I was tempted to this Malicious Reflection, *That if there be so much Impotence and Obstinacy in the very Vertues of the Sex, what shall we think of their Vices.* *Camilla* was a very uncommon Wife, but then she abandon'd her Reason, and the Dictates of Nature, when she gave herself up to an Impotence of Sorrow, and suffer'd herself to be led Captive by a Passion which only cou'd end in Destruction. The best I cou'd say for her in my Thoughts was, that she was Mad. But in spite of these Reflections I must not forget the Epitaph I made on the Memory of their Story, as Pathetick, as extraordinary; which tho' it reach not the Dignity of the Subject I shall venture to set down.

The EPITAPH.

HERE lies a faithful Youth, and faithful
[Maid,
By a false Friend to cruel Death betray'd,

One Heart, one Soul in both their Breasts was
 [found,
 And Both soon Perish'd by One fatal Wound.
 For that base Hand, by which the Shepherd fell
 The Nymphs Hand furnish'd with the fatal Steel.
 Love join'd them close, when they enjoy'd their
 [Breath;
 But ah! Love joins them closer yet in Death.
 Tho' Mortal they, Immortal is their Fame,
 And every Lover will invoke their Name,
 And wish their Love, tho' not their Fate the
 [same.

CHAP

CHAP. II.

Fantasio's Journey with the Provincial from Fundi to Rome. The Adventure of the Coopers Wife. Their Arrival at Rome, and Visit to the Cardinal and Theresa.

THE Provincial having Rested a few days at *Fundi*, hired a Litter to proceed on his Journey, but passing betwixt *Taracina*, and *Fossa nuova*, by the Negligence of the Litter-Man, the Fore-Horse ran against a Post, which not only beat them both out of the way down the side of a Bank, but so bruised the Pole, that we were fain to stay at the Village where this happen'd till the Damage was repair'd. In the Fall I leap'd out of the Litter, and ran as far from the Danger as possible, and too far for my Return to the Provincial, for I was immediately snapt up by poor *Coopers Wife*, who design'd me a Present to her Landlady. So that running immediately home she Lock'd both herself and me up in her Room, where she waited the Rendezvous of her Lover in her Husband's Absence.

THE Husband was an honest poor Fellow, a Journey-man Mechanick, defending himself and Family from the Incommodities of a heavy Poverty, by the Work of his Hands. He had a Wife little enough in *Person*, tho' large enough in the Fame of her extream *Lasciviousness*.

He being that Morning gone early out to Work, she had stept out to give the *Adulterer* Notice of an *Amorous Rendezvous*, when she found me in her way and carry'd me home ; where we had not been long but her *Gallant* arrives, steals secretly in, and soon puts in Execution the design of his coming.

IN the midst of the Engagement, and contrary to their Expectation, Home comes the poor *Cuckold*, and finding the Door fast, praises in his Mind the *Continence* of his Wife ; and with a Whistle gives her notice of his Return. The Wife a notable Housewife in Affairs of this Nature, set free her Lover from her strict Embraces, and hides him in a large Tub, that stood there half overwhelm'd, but empty. Then opening the Door, she greeted her Husband with this Juniper Lecture. 'Tis very fine indeed ! what are you now turn'd Gentleman, and saunter idly up and down with your Hands in your Bosom, without any Care or Concern, by your Labour to provide Victuals, and Drink for your Family ? Whereas I, Wretch that I am, must Work Night and Day my Fingers to the Bone, and wear out the Vigour and Strength of my Nerves, only to keep our Candle lighted, as they say. How much more happy is my Neighbour Baldo's Wife, she enjoys her Pleasure, and Lovers, ev'ry Morning has a good Breakfast, and a Whet of good Wine.

THE Husband being thus Nonplus'd by his Wife's Complaints, made her this moderate Answer. *You Quarrel with me, my Dear, without Reason, said he, for tho' our Master, by his Absence at a Law Suit, has to Day made us keep Holyday, yet I have taken Care of a good Supper at Night. You see that great Tub there, that has done nothing but Lumber our little House this many a Day, I have Sold it for five Groats to a Neighbour, whom I expect to come immediately, and pay me the Money, and take away his Goods. I prithee therefore tuck up thy things, and lend me thy hand to set it up right for the Buyer.*

THE Wife starting a Subterfuge for her Roguery out of the Exigence of Affairs; pretended to burst out into a ready Malicious Laughter, and said — *I've got in you indeed a Notable Headpiece, to take Care of me! You are an admirable Fellow at a Bargain, to Sell that at the under Rate of five, which I a Woman confin'd to my House, have long since Sold for Seve Groats. The Husband overjoy'd at the Encrease of the Price, demanded who it was, that had been so good a Chapman. You Fool, said she, why he has been all this while in the Tub examining it very nicely to see whether there are any chinks, or holes in it.*

THE Spark in the Tub immediately took the Hint, starts up and speaks to her in this manner.

manner, — *This Tub, my good Dame, is too old, and full of chinks; and you, my honest Friend, whoe'er you are* (says he to the Husband) *wilt thou get me a Candle, that cleansing it of the Dregs, and the Dirt, I may see what use can be made of it, unless you imagine, that I come very easily by my Money.*

THE poor honest *Cuckold*, smelling nothing of the Matter, goes and Lights him a Candle, and coming to the Tub, says, *Stand you aside, my Friend, whilst I put it in fit Order for you to take.* Then pulling off his Coat, he gets into the Tub, and falls to scraping off the Dregs, and the Filth of the Vessel. In the mean while the *Cuckold-Maker*, a notable Young Stripling, while the Wife was holding the Candle to her Husband, and stooping to the Tub, very fairly attacks her Hind-Quarters, falling securely to the Work. While she, like a true *Whore*, bamboozl'd her Husband all the while, her Head being in the Tub with him, pointing first to one place and then another to keep him employ'd till now, the Work being finish'd on both sides, the poor wretched *Cuckold* receiving his seven Groats, and taking up the Tub on his Shoulders was oblig'd to carry it to the House of his *Cuckold-Maker*.

I WAS not a little surpriz'd at the subtilty of this *Village-Harlot*, and concluded
from

from this Discovery, that to find a Chaste Wife in *Country* or *City* was, as hard, as to find One so *Ignorant* in either, as not to know how to conceal her *Vices*, and abuse her Husband's *Credulity* with a cunning Address.

BUT the *Provincial's* Litter being now Repair'd, and he Recover'd from the Fright of the Accident, soon miss'd so valu'd a Creature as his *Dog*. He therefore made an earnest enquiry after me, but all in vain, till he caus'd me to be Cry'd with a considerable Reward for my Recovery. *Gold*, that Bribes *Cities*, *Courts*, and *Armies*, and *Senates*, here prov'd its Force in the *Village*, and *Cottages*, which only want that *Gold* to be as eminently Wicked as the Other. For the *Thieft* was soon discover'd for the Reward, and I Restor'd to the *Provincial*, with whom I Arriv'd at *Rome*, not much fatigu'd with so easie a *Journey*, and in so easie a *Vehicle*.

I WAS full of desire and curiosity to know the State and Condition of my lovely Mistress *Donna Theresa*; so that thinking the *Provincial's* delay of his Visit to the *Cardinal* very tedious, I resolv'd to take the first Opportunity of running away. Yet Fear still prevail'd with me to defer it, lest I should be seized in the Street by some other, and so be further from the aim of my Wishes, than I then was. Suppressing, therefore, with this Consideration

sideration my Impatience a few Days, the Provincial takes me with him to wait on the Cardinal.

AFTER many Affairs Discours'd on, and past over, the Provincial told the Cardinal, that he had brought me for a Present to his Niece believing me a curiosity, that cou'd not be unacceptable to *Donna Theresa*, that, therefore, by his Permission he wou'd then deliver me to her,

ALAS! said the Cardinal, *I thank you, my good Father Provincial, perhaps she may divert her inveterate Melancholly by so pretty a Play-thing. I had a little pretty Dwarf, about a year agoe, who fled away from me for fear of a Discovery of his Amour with my Niece, and never was heard of since. I sent all over Naples, as far as the Basilicate, where I was inform'd he lay conceal'd; but all we could there recover of him were some Cloaths of my Nieces, in which he made his escape. My Servants took up the old Woman of the House, on suspicion, but nothing being prov'd against her she was acquitted. My Niece has ever since shut her self up for most part of the day, and surrenders her Youth to the Tyranny of a perpetual Melancholy; discovering an extream, but unnatural Aversion even to my self, as the Cause of the Loss of her beloved Fantasio,*

I BEG you, good Father, to go to her Chamber, and make her this present, and to assure her from me, that if her so much valu'd Fantasio can ever be heard of, she shall have him, even for her Husband, if her Thoughts can sink so low. I know your Address with the Ladies, the Volubility of your Tongue, and that the agreeable Fables you can tell her, must amuse, if not remove her Chagrin.

I WAS not a little satisfy'd to hear of the Fidelity of my Mistress, but very much surpriz'd at that, and the Cardinal's Generous Design of making me his Son-in-Law. But I was not then capable of either of the Advantages; and indeed, rememb'ring the Chaste Inclinations of *Theresa*, I was not so extreamly fond of the Happiness as to be much concern'd for the Disappointment.

THE Cardinal conducts us to *Theresa's* well known Apartment, conscious of the Scene of my past Joys, I cou'd not but feel a secret satisfaction. Being left by the Cardinal at the Door, we enter'd the Chamber, and found *Donna Theresa* sitting in a gloomy Corner of the Room, the Curtains being drawn over all the Windows, shaded the Light with so dusky a hue, that shot a sort of pleasing Horror through my Veins; she being in a Melancholy, and Dejected Posture on a Couch receiv'd us in Silence.

THE

THE *Provincial* the first Complements being over endeavour'd to Comfort her with the *Cardinal's* Assurances of all in his Power to Content her, if *Fantasio* cou'd be found. That in the mean time he hoped she wou'd listen to his Advice, and receive that Comfort from his Endeavours, which might render her Disgust not so shocking to the *Cardinal*. As a little *Diversion* (Madam, said he) *I have brought you a Curiosity in my Mind, in this beautiful Lap-Dog.*

THE Words were no sooner out of the *Provincial's* Mouth, but I leap'd on the Floor, and ran directly to *Theresa*, expressing by that, that I wou'd give my self to her, and not be the Gift of another; I shew'd my Joy to see her in all the Canine Complements, I cou'd think of, I wag'd my Tail, frisk'd up, and down, jump'd into her Lap, lick'd her Fingers, and those well known Lips and Bosom, but with another and weaker *Gust*, than I had in my Humane Shape.

THERESA having received me with some satisfaction, the *Provincial* endeavour'd to remove her Obstinate Sorrow by Arguments drawn from various Topics both Spiritual, and Temporal, season'd to her Palate by many pretty diverting Stories; which, finding she gave some Attention to, he began in this manner,

CHAP. III.

The Story of Psyche and Cupid.

The Beauty of Psyche draws the Adoration of all Men from Venus which provokes her to order Cupid to make her in Love with some mean Person. Her Father consults the Oracle, which promises a Monstrous Husband, and Commands her to be expos'd on a high Mountain.

WE ought not, Madam, to despair of those good Events, which we Sigh for in the extremity of such Misfortunes as seem to forbid all hopes of Relief. For the Evils of Life well managed are a sort of Sauce to the Goods of our happier days, which give a greater *Hautgoust*, and Relish. The Story of *Psyche*, and *Cupid*, so valu'd of Old, and so admir'd in various Authors, is both a Lesson against the Curiosity of the Sex, and a pregnant Proof of a certain if not speedy Deliverance of Providence from the cruelest of Misfortunes. The Parallel of this Story with yours makes it yet more proper to tell you; You have lost your *Cupid*, and still sigh to find him out. *Psyche* lost her *Cupid*, but indeed by her own fault, in which the Parallel fails. But the Story it self will best explain the Matter, and give you the greatest Pleasure.

THERE

THERE was a King and a Queen of a certain City in *Greece*, and in the Ancient Days of *Paganism*, who had three Beautiful Daughters. The Charms of the two Elder, tho' sufficient to engage the Hearts of Particulars, were not endowed with that irresistible Force, as to Command the publick Adoration of Mankind. But the Beauty of the Youngest was so peculiarly Excellent, that the Poverty of Human Language is unable to express its due Praise. The Fame of Her Beauty was so great, as not to be confin'd to the Natives of her Paternal Dominions, but all the Surrounding Nations throng'd together in vast Troops to see so wonderful a Sight, and amaz'd at the Lustre of her Eyes, and the divine Harmony of her Features and Limbs, look on her with Amazement, paying her that Adoration which they thought due to her as if *Venus* herself Cloath'd in Humanity.

IT was now a Report of the utmost Credit spread round the Nations, that either the Bright Goddess, brought forth by the green Ocean, and nourish'd by the Dew of the froathy Waves, laying aside the awful Distance of her Divinity, convers'd now most visible in the Assemblies of Mankind; or else that some new *Conjunction*, and Influence of the Planets, the Earth, as the Sea had formerly done, had brought forth another *Venus* in the Bloom of her Youth, replenish'd

plenish'd with all the divine Honours of her Face.

THIS Opinion ev'ry Day encreas'd in a prodigious manner, and flies into the Adjacent Isles, and more distant Provinces. Now Men undertook tedious, and dangerous Pilgrimages by Sea and Land to have but a Sight of this stupendious Miracle of the Age. No Pilgrimage was made to *Paphos*, or *Cnidos*, and ev'n the *Cythereans* themselves forgot their Homage to the Altars of *Venus*. The Rites of that Goddess were wholly deserted, slighted, forsaken; Her Temples deformed for want of Care, and the Frequency of Worshippers; her Tabernacle trampled under foot; Her Ceremonies neglected; Her Images uncover'd, her *Widow'd* Altars defil'd with cold Ashes. All Men turn their Devotion to this young Virgin; Her they Supplicate, and e'er they go out in the Morning strive to propitiate absent *Venus*, in the Face of the Royal Maid, diverting their Vows, their Victims, and Banquets from the Goddess to the Mortal. As she pass'd the Streets the People sent forth their Prayers to her, strowing her Way with Chaplets, and Flowers.

THIS immoderate Translation of Honours due to the Immortal Powers, to the Worship of a Mortal Girl, gave the last Provocation to the real Goddess *Venus*. Impatient of Indignation,

nation, shaking her Ambrosial Head with Rage she cries out in this manner. — *Behold me now the ancient Parent of Nature! Behold me the initial Origin of the Elements; behold me the holy genial Venus of the whole World, have my Honour divided with a Mortal Girl! And my Name, that is hid in Heaven is prophan'd by the Corruption of Mortality. 'Tis very fit indeed, that I shou'd have an uncertain share of those common Expiations of a deputed Worship, and that a Girl, that must dye, shou'd bear about my Image, and usurp my Person.*

IN vain did that Royal Shepherd, whose Honour and Judgment was approv'd by the Great Jupiter himself, prefer me to the Immortal Beauty of Goddesses so Great as Pallas and Juno. But whoever she is she shall not with so much Joy, and Satisfaction usurp my Honours. I will give her Cause to repent of so unlawful a Beauty.

HAVING utter'd her Resentments in this manner, she immediately calls to her winged Son, who spreads Corruption through Families with his Flame, and his Darts, contemning all the Rules of publick Discipline, Debauching the Wives, and Daughters of Men at his Will, and doing no manner of Good, to ballance all this Mischiefe. This young Gentleman, Mischievous enough in his own Nature, she rouses, and provokes yet more by her revengeful

revengeful Insinuations. She leads him to the City; and shows *Psyche* to him (for that was the Name of her young Rival in Beauty) and full of Grief, and Indignation, addresses herself to him in these Words.— *I beg thee, my dear Son, by all the tender Love of a Child to his Mother; by the secret Wounds of thy Arrows, by the pleasing Fires of thy Flames, give to thy Mother a Revenge as compleat as her Injuries are great, punish that Contumacious Beauty; and let it be done with the greatest Expedition, and strongest Application. Now the hated Bosom of that haughty Girl shew'd a most violent Passion for some low, mean, ill-Natur'd Scoundrel; so that she may not in the Universe find any one such a Wretch as herself.*— Having said these Words, and Brib'd her Son with many delicious Kisses, she made to the next Beach and with her Rosie Feet trip'd over the Tops of the Waves to the Court of the Ocean secure of the Execution of her Commands by her Son.

THE Daughters of *Nereus* came to pay their Court to her all Singing in a *Chorus*, and *Portumnus* rough with his azure Beard, and preghant *Salacia* with her fishy Bosom, little *Palemon* riding on a *Dolphin*, while all around the *Tritons* rejoice, this sounds his *Sonorous Conch*, another extends the *Purple Sail* betwixt the Beauties of *Venus*, and the *Hostile Sun*; a third bears before his Sovereign

K

Lady

Lady a *Glass* for her to view herself in, and others Swim round about, and under her shelly *Chariot*, drawn by two Milk white *Turtle Doves*; with this Train attended she makes her Progress to the Midst of the Ocean.

PSYCHE in the mean while exalted so much above the rest of her Sex by Beauty more, than Mortal, receiv'd no manner of Benefit from all her Charms. 'Tis true the Eyes of all Men are cast greedily upon her, and every Mouth sings her Praises; but yet neither *King*, *Royal Youth*, or *Plebeian*, presumes to demand her in Marriage; all adore but none desire her; and the Possession of the greatest Beauty depriv'd her of the Advantage of the least. Every one it is true admires her Divine Form, but it is, as the fine Worman'ship of some fine Artist, as some exquisite Statue wonderfully finish'd.

HER two Elder Sisters of moderate Charms, had now been long Marry'd to two royal Princes. But *Psyche* sitting in her *Widow'd* Apartment, without Mankind deplores her neglected Solitude; sick of that Beauty, which while it pleases all Nations, is hated by herself.

BUT the unhappy Father of this most unfortunate Child fearing the Anger of the Gods consults the most Antient Oracle of the *Milesian*.

lian God; and with Prayers, and Victims endeavours to beg of so great a Deity a Husband for his obnoxious Daughter. *Apollo* made him this Answer in Verse.

PLACE the Devoted Virgin, soon, on High
Where the aspiring Mountain hits the Skie;
In Nuptial Robes the fatal Bride adorn,
And thither let the Bridal Poms be born.
Nor hope a Son-in-Law of Mortal Race,
A cruel Mischief challenges that Place.
Who wildly flying through the liquid Air,
On Wings of Lightning ranges every where;
And ev'ry thing with Fire and Sword annoys:
The Strong enervates, and the Weak destroys:
Dreadful to every God, that dwells above
He strikes a Terror into trembling Jove:
Fear'd by the Floods, and all the Vocal Glades,
And terrible to the very Stygian Sades.

THE King till then not sensible of any Misfortune having heard this holy but dreadful Oracle, returns home full of Grief, to impart to his Wife this Precept of *sinister Fate*. Many days they pay a sorrowful Tribute of Lamentations and Tears to her Miserable Condition. But now comes the cruel Event of this cruel Fate, and the best submission to the Decree of *Apollo*, and the Mourning Habits prepar'd for the Funeral Nuptials of the unhappy Devoted Maid. The Nuptial Torches were sable, the Light gay Notes of the

Zygian Pipes, chang'd into the more querulous Measure of *Lydia*; and the Joyful *Hymeneal* Song, clos'd with dreadful Exclamations, and Howlings; the Bride makes use of the Nuptial Veil to dry up those Floods of Tears, those detested Nuptials excite.

IN her doleful Complaints the whole City bore a Part; the Fate of the Royal House, spread a loyal Infection of Grief through all the People, while all Business, and the Administration of Justice ceas'd in the Publick Calamity; and yet there was a Necessity of Obeying the divine Orders, which demanded the Wretched *Psyche* to her destin'd Punishment.

THE Melancholy Solemnities of these mournful Nuptials being now perform'd with Grief equal to the unfortunate Occasion, the living Funeral is produced, and tho' *Psyche* cou'd not refrain her Tears at her Obsequies not Nuptials, yet when her despairing Parents, over-whelm'd with Evils so insupportable, sought delays for the Execution of the horrible Sentence, she herself comforts them, and exhorts them to the Performance of the Injunction of the Gods in these Words. —
Why, my dear Parents, do You torture Your unhappy Old Age with perpetual Apprehensions, and Sorrows? Why waste You those faint aged Spirits, in which I move, and live with such frequent

frequent Groans, and out-cries? Why do You sully those reverend Faces, which I venerate, with Tears in efficacious, and painful form so behold? Why in Your Eyes do You pierce my Bosom with Wounds more anxious, than my own? Why thus do You taste Venerable Grey Hairs? Why beat with such Fury Your sacred Bosoms? These, these, must be the Rewards of a Beauty uncommon, and being now struck with the Phangs of black Envy You find it too late. Alas! then You shou'd have grieved, when the People, and Nations persecuted me with Divine Honours; when with one Voice they call'd me a New Venus; Yes, then You shou'd have wept, then You shou'd have given vent to Your Sorrow, and bewail'd me as certainly lost. I am now sensible, I now perceive, and evidently see it, that I perish only by the Name of Venus. Lead me, lead me, set me on that lofty Rock, to which unequal Fate has destin'd me. I am in Haste to enjoy these happy Nuptials; I long to behold that generous Husband, that is my Lot. Why do I delay? Why do I put a stop to his coming, who is born for the Destruction of all the World.

THE Royal Maid having utter'd these Words held her Peace, and with a bold undaunted Action mingl'd herself with the Pumps of the following People. They mount to the eminent Rock on a steep Mountain; On the very Summit of which

leaving the Royal Maid alone with the Nuptial Torches extinguish'd with their Tears, and all the Nuptial Pomp now being over, with Heads dejected, and Hearts desponding they all return home.

HER miserable Parents languishing under a Loss so touching, returning to their Palace, shut up the Gates, and retiring themselves into Darkness devoted themselves to a perpetual Night.

C H A P. IV.

How Psyche is born by Zephyrus into a lovely Valley, and comes to a Magnificent Palace, her Entertainment, and Admission of her unknown Husband in the Dark, who always departed before the Return of the Light.

BUT while *Psyche* stood on the lofty Ridge of the Mountain with her Breasts panting with Fear, and her Eyes full of Tears, the gentle *Zephir* raising her up with a pleasing Blast bears her in his airy Bosom with an easie Motion into a flowry Dale, which yet with a steepy Height overlook'd a Subjacent Valley. *Psyche* having now appeas'd the Perturbations of her Mind, and calm'd her tumultuous Thoughts lays herself down on the Grassy Bed to repose. Where being sufficiently refresh'd with Sleep, she rises up with a Mind quiet and compos'd; and moving forward she discovers a pleasant Grove of tall, and stately Trees, in the midst of which she saw a Fountain sending forth clear, and chrystal Waters; and fast by the Fall of the Waters a Royal Magnificent Palace, built not by Mortal Hands, but by the Divine Art of some heavenly Architect. Its august Front wou'd easily convince you, that it was the happy Retreat of some God. For the lofty vaulted Roofs curiously hollow'd with *Ivory* and *Citron-wood*, were supported by Pillars of massy *Gold*; the

Walls were all enrich'd with excellent *Alto Relievo's* in Silver, of Beasts of Chace, Cattle, and the like, which saluted your Eye in a most agreeable and surprizing manner, at your Entrance, and nothing less, than a Demi God cou'd be so Subtil a Workman,

THE very Pavement was all Histories, and Landscapes, wonderfully wrought in *Mosaic* Work, precious Stones of various kinds expressing the Variety of Colours, and Shadows. The several Parts of this Palace spreading far into various Apartments, were precious beyond all Price; and all the Walls being Solidated with Bars of pure *Gold*, seem'd to have a Light of their own, as if in the Absence of the Sun, it cou'd maintain an unborrow'd Day, so bright was the Porch, the Chambers, Baths, and Apartments. The Furniture of the Place was answerable to the Richness of the Materials; so that you might reasonably conclude it built for *Jove*, in his secret Commerces with Human Kind.

DRAWN by the Surprizing Beauty of the Place, and the Delight, which so charming a Spectacle afforded, she came near to the Building, and taking Courage ventur'd to enter the Palace. Every Object, she met employ'd all her Sight with Pleasure, and Amazement. From the Apartments she views the Granarys and Store-Houses built in a lofty, Magnificent manner,

mannner, and replenish'd with all the Treasure and various Products of *Nature*. But that which added to the Wonder was, that all this Wealth and Treasures were not secur'd by any Doors, Locks, Bars, or Guards.

WHILE her Eyes were taken up with Delight and Amazement a Voice, empty of Body, offers it self to her in these Words.—
Why are you, my Sovereign Lady, amaz'd and confounded with the vast Affluence of Riches, and Treasure, which you see? Since all these are yours. Retire, therefore, to your Chamber, and there on Beds of Down refresh your weary Limbs, and when you think fit repair to the Baths; we, whose Voices you hear, are your Domestick Servants, and shall administer every thing to you, to obey all your Commands with our utmost Care, and Diligence, in all that Regards your Person, or those Royal Banquets we shall prepare for you.

PSYCHE sensible of the Favour of Divine Providence in her present Condition, gave Ear to the Admonitions of her Vocal Attendants; and first therefore refreshes herself on the rich Beds, and then washes away the Remains of her past Fatigue in an Odoriferous Bath. Whence discovering Seats in the adjacent *Alcove*, she with a good Appetite laid herself down to Supper. The Table immediately, without any visible Waiters, or Servants, was covered

covered with all the finest Rarities of Food, and the brightest, sparkling Nectareous Wines. After this rich Banquet was serv'd in, her Ears too were feasted by invisible Musicians. One Sung, another play'd on the Lute, and All clos'd in the wonderful Harmony of a full *Chorus*.

THESE Pleasures being over, and the Night now advanc'd, *Psyche* retir'd to her Bed. About Midnight a murmuring Sound gently assaults her Ears; the Solitude of the Place gave her Fears for her Honour, while her Ignorance of all things doubl'd her Apprehensions. In the midst of which her unknown Husband approaches, ascends her Bed, makes her his Wife, and retires before the Dawn of comfortable Morning. And the Voices attending in the Chamber took care of all things Necessary on that Occasion. This Course was continued for a long time, and the Novelty Naturally, by its constant Repetition, confirm'd her Pleasure; and the Solitude lost its Terror in the Attendance of those vocal Companions.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

The Sisters of Psyche are admitted to Visit her, and tho' Civilly received and loaden with Presents, envy her Felicity, and resolve on her Ruin, which they compass by perswading her to discover, by a Light, who her Husband is, and whom she finds to be Cupid the God of Love, and not a fearful Monster, as they had perswaded her. By this Discovery she loses him, and is left Miserable.

THE Parents of *Psyche* in the meanwhile grew Old in unweary'd Sorrow; and her miserable Fate being spread all around, her Elder Sisters came to hear of it, and therefore with all speed came to comfort and confer with their Father and Mother on this Occasion.

THAT very Night *Psyche's* Husband (for the Hands and the Ears were the only Mediums of their present Communication) said thus to her,—My *Psyche*! my Love, my Charmer, my Wife, cruel Fortune now threatens thee with a Danger most imminent, and terrible, and which, therefore, I think ought to be watch'd and observ'd with the utmost Caution. Your Sisters, troubled at your imagin'd Death, and tracing the Footsteps of your Misfortune, will soon be at the lofty Rock, where you were left devoted

devoted to my Arms. If you chance to hear any of their Complaints ; put a guard on your Tongue, make them no Reply, nor cast so much as your Eye that way. If you do any otherways you will procure me the greatest Pain, and Sorrow, but to your self the greatest Ruin, and miserable Destruction.

SHE seemingly agreed to what her Husband had enjoin'd her, and promis'd to conduct herself according to his Commands. But he and the Night being fled, the Sorrowful *Psyche* consumed the whole Day in Tears, and Complaints ; exclaiming, that she was now entirely perished indeed, since confin'd to her Glorious Prison, she was depriv'd of all human Conversation, and not permitted so much, as to see, and Comfort her Sisters in that violent Grief, which they deriv'd from her Loss. Thus receiving no Refreshment from the Table, nor the Baths, full of Sorrow, and Tears she retir'd to her Bed. Her Husband coming more early, than usual, found her all in Tears in his Arms, and thus gently reproach'd her. — *Is this what you promis'd me my dear Psyche ? What can your Husband now expect, or hope more from you, who neither Day, nor Night, nor ev'n in the Conjugal Embrace, make a Truce with your needless Tortures, and unreasonable Anguish ? Dismiss your Tears, do now what you please, submit to the obstinate Dictates of your Fancy, which prompts you to things of the last*
Prejudice

Prejudice to your Happiness and Peace. But when you too late repent of your Folly remember my timely and serious Admonitions.

PSCHE has Recourse to Prayers, and Entreaties, and with Threats to her own Life, wrests from her Husband an unwilling Compliance with her Desires, of seeing her Sisters, and comforting their Sorrow Face to Face. Thus vanquish'd by his Love, and her Importunity, he forgave her, and allow'd her to make them Rich Presents of Jewels and Gold, but added with Earnestness, and urg'd it with all the Terror imaginable, that she shou'd never give way to her Curiosity by her Sisters Presumption to make any Enquiry into the Form of her Husband; advis'd her to take care, that so sacrilegious an Inquisitiveness did not throw her headlong from so great Fortune and Happiness; for if once she admitted such a Crime, she shou'd never more enjoy his Embraces.

SHE return'd her Husband a thousand Thanks for his Indulgence, and now more satisfy'd, and joyful, said thus to him.—*Ab! let me dye a thousand Deaths rather, than be ever depriv'd of your dear and transporting Embraces. I love thee, whoever thou art to the utmost Distraction, I love thee more than my own Soul; nor wou'd I wrong thee by comparing thee to Cupid himself. I desire you to*
make

make your Favour compleat by commanding the gentle Zephir to convey my poor sorrowful Sisters to me in the manner, that he brought me into this Place. Then pressing his Lips with perswasive Kisses, and Sighing, in soft Murmurs, tender soothing Words, and curling round him with her twining Limbs, she bribes his Consent with these Allurements, and the tender Approaches of the softest Power of *Venus*. — *My dear one, she cry'd, my Husband, the dearer and better Soul of your Psyche!* — Vanquish'd with these Charms the Husband gave his reluctant Consent, and promis'd, that all shou'd be done, as she desir'd; and so on the Mornings Approach he vanish'd from the Arms of his beloved Wife.

THE Sisters are now arriv'd at the steepy Rock, where *Psyche* was left, with their utmost speed, and while Floods of Tears flow'd from their sorrowful Eyes, they beat their Bosoms with their outrageous Hands, till the Rocks resounded with their plaintive Groans. Till the spreading sound gliding down the slope of the Mountain reach'd the Ears of *Psyche*, and drew her out to her *Palace Gate*; and lifting up her Voice cry'd out, — *Why, my dear Sisters, do you give your selves these vain Afflictions for the happy, I whom you deplore am near you; cease therefore your Complaints, dry up those Tears, which thus long you have shed for my Loss, since you may now Embrace that Psyche*
whom

whom thus long, and so vehemently you have mourn'd.

THEN calling *Zephirus*, she acquaints him with her Husband's Commands, who entirely Obedient to them, by a safe and gentle Carriage brings them down to their Sister. Now they Embrace, and are Embrac'd, mingling their mutual Caresses, with frequent, and hasty Kisses. The Joy of finding her alive after they had yielded her to be dead, soon dry'd up their Tears, and put an end to their Lamentations, and the uneasy Dominion of Sorrow, under which they had been so long. *Come, said Psyche, enter, with me, my House, and refresh your selves, and recreate your afflicted Minds with your Psyche.* Then taking them by the hands she led them into her golden Palace, and demonstrated to their Ears the numerous Family of Voices, which were her Attendants, and Obedient to her Will; she refreshes them in her Baths, and at her Table set out by no Mortal Hands. Having been satiated, or rather surfeited with a View of these Celestial Riches, *Envy* entered their Bosoms to see their younger Sister possess'd of so uncommon a Happiness. At last one of her Sisters with a very curious, and particular Importunity enquires, who was the Lord of all those heavenly Blessings, and what sort of Person her Husband was?

BUT

BUT *Psyche* was exactly cautious in observing what her Husband had commanded; but feigning an Account proper enough to the Matter, she told them, That he was a beautiful Youth, whose Face was yet only shadow'd with Down; and that he generally spent his Time in Hunting on the Mountains. And lest by any Slip she shou'd betray the secret in a longer discourse, she having loaden them with rich Presents of Gold, and Jewels, delivers them to *Zephrus* to recarry to the Place whence he brought them; which being in an Instant perform'd, as they went home the Envy of their Hearts mingl'd, in a violent manner, in all their Discourse. At last says one to the other, — *See but how Blind, and Mischievous, and Unjust Fortune has prov'd! were you, my Sister, delighted to find so monstrous a difference in our Condition, tho' born of the same Parents? We who are Elder are deliver'd over to be Servants to Strangers in a Foreign Country, banish'd far from our Parents, and dear Place of our Nativity. But this Youngest Brat, that was the Product of Age, when the Vigour of Nature was spent, is exalted to the Enjoyment of all these wonderful Treasures, and to have a God for her Husband; tho' she has not Soul enough to know the Use and Benefit of so much Riches and Plenty? Did you observe, my dear Sister, what a vast Number of Croachets, and curious large Bracelets, lay in every Place of the House?*
What

What Wardrobes of shining Apparel? What bright Gems, and what Worlds of Gold she e'en tramples under her Feet? And if she really possess so beautiful a Husband, as she pretends, what in the whole Universe can be so happy, as she? Nay it may easily happen that the continuance of so engaging a Commerce may so prevail on his Love as at length to make her a Goddess. By Jove she look'd, and mov'd with that haughty Mien, as if she were sure already of that immortal Fate. Already does she toss her Head aloft, and affect, and breathe the Goddess, having Voices for her Servants, and Commanding the Winds themselves. But I am the most miserable of my Sex, being curs'd with a Husband more aged, than my Father, bald as a Gourd, and shorter than a Pigmy, and who fastens up his Palace with Bars, Chains, and Guards against the Entrance of any Relief.

BUT I, assum'd the other Sister, am condemn'd to support a Fellow grown almost double with the Gout; And tho' he very seldom takes Care to reward my Pains with conjugal Comfort, yet am I forced to spend all my Time in rubbing his distorted Fingers almost turn'd into a Stone; acting the Surgeon more, than Wife, I defile my fine Hands with stinking Fomentations, nasty Rags, and stenchy Plaisters. You, my Sister, seem to bear this Partiality of Fortune with a Temper too Patient, and serene while I am not able any longer to support that

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Happy

Happy Lot, which is without merit thus fall'n in her Lap. Remember, I beg thee, how Proudly, how arrogantly she behav'd herself to us! she betray'd the Insolence of her swelling Mind, and proud Temper, in her Boasts, and immoderate Ostentation; and then from her most inexhaustible store how with a visible Reluctance she threw us a poor Scantling; which as soon as she had done she commanded us to be turn'd out of Doors, to be puff'd away, to be hiss'd out of her Palace, as weary of our Company. But let me lose the Name of Woman, and lose vital Breath, if I cast her not headlong down from the Top of all Felicity, and Riches. If you, as you ought to be, are touch'd with our common Contumely let us both join in Consultation to find out some solid and effectual Stratagem to obtain our Desires. In order to this let us not give our Parents any Account of this Matter, nor discover to them, or any one else that we know any thing at all of her deliverance and safety. Let it suffice, that our own Eyes have beheld what has given us Pain, and let us not be the Trumpets of her happy Condition either to our Parents, or the People; for those are not compleatly happy, whose Happiness no body knows but themselves. Let her know make her sensible, that she has Elder Sisters of us, and not Slaves. Let us now leave her to her Palaces, and retire to our own poor Cottages, for such they are in comparison of hers; and having arm'd our selves by a sedate
and

*and long Reflection, let us return more firm,
and prepar'd to punish her Pride.*

THIS Evil they Resolve against the good Sister, was not a little satisfactory to the two wicked Sisters, who hiding their precious Gifts, and disheveling their Hair, in dissembled Grief, and mimic Tears they return to their Parents; whom big with the Madness of Envy they soon take their Leave of, and return to their own Homes, to study and contrive some Villanous Deceit, and an unnatural Paricide against their innocent Sister.

IN the mean while *Psyche's* unknown Husband speaks to her in these nocturnal Admonitions: Dost thou, my Fair, perceive what terrible Dangers the Malice of *Fortune* is preparing for thee, at a distance, and which, unless thy Precaution, Firmness, and Resolution be stronger, than they have been, will suddenly assault you near at hand. Those perfidious *She-Wolves*, (for they deserve not the Name of *Sisters*) are with their utmost Invention, and Endeavours laying wicked Plots and Stratagems against thee; the sum of all which is to persuade you to make a Discovery of my Face, and Person, which I have often told you, you shall never see a second Time if you see it once. If therefore, again those worst of Sorceresses come (as I know they

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will

will come again, have no Communication at all with them, say not one Word to them, exchange not a Look. But if by thy Native Simplicity, and genuine Tendernefs of Mind, thou canst not go through so difficult a Task, at least be sure to take a most peculiar Care, that you suffer them not to talk about your Husband, or if they do, be sure to divert the Discourse, and answer not a Word to that Point. In thy young Womb thou now bears the Increase of my Family, a little Infant whose Being, if you observe my Injunction, and keep the Secret, will be *Divine*, if not but *Mortal*.

PSYCHE was infinitely pleas'd with the News of her *Divine Off-spring*, and rejoyc'd in the Glory and Dignity of being Mother to a future God; and with a gentle Anxiety counted the Hours Days, and Months, that must give the Increase of her wealthy Womb.

NOW those Mischievous Plagues breathing from their baneful Mouths a Viperous Poison to her Peace sailing the Seas approach this Coast, with a speedy, and prosperous Gale. Then once more the Momentary Husband admonishes his belov'd *Psyche* in this manner. — *Now is the Last day of Peace, the extreamest Mischiefe is threaten'd, the malicious Sex, and hostile Blood has taken Arms, strook the Tents, drawn the Army into Battle Array, and sounded the*

the Charge. Now, now, thy wicked Sisters hold the pointed weapon to thy very Throat! Alas! my dear Psyche what an insupportable Destruction presses now upon me? Ah! take pity of your self, and of me, who must suffer in thy Suff'rings! and, by a Religious Contenance of Tongue, deliver from impending Ruin, your House, your Husband, your self and that dear Little One within thee. See not those wicked Women for they deserve not the Name of Sisters after they have conceived such a causeless, and implacable Hatred against thee, which tramples under foot all the Rights, and Tyes of Blood, and Humanity; when, like the Syrens, they shall on the Rock, send forth to the resounding Stones their finest Voices seal thy Ears against them, and hear 'em not.

PSYCHE replies with words broken by Sighs, and Tears in this manner. — You have long since had a Proof of my Fidelity, and Taciturnity; The Firmness, and Resolution of my Mind shall by a new Evidence be demonstrated to you. Lay your Commands on gentle Zephir to repeat his former Office, and since you deprive my Eyes of the desirable Sight of your God-like Face, deprive me not likewise of the Sight of my Sisters. By those fragrant, and every way pendulous Locks! by that invisible Countenance e'ery way tender and smooth as my own, by that warm Bosom glowing with I know not what kind of Heat! so may I know

thy Face in thy Little One, as thou grantest my Request. Mov'd with the pious Prayers of thy suppliant indulge me the Fruit of them in the desir'd Embraces of my Sisters; and refresh, with so natural a Joy, the Soul of thy dear Psyche who is entirely thy Devote. Tho' thy lovely Countenance be deny'd to my longing Eyes, yet the Shades cannot hinder me from thy Embrace, I hold thee fast in my Arms my Love, and my Light.

BEING vanquish'd by these tender insinuating Words, and soft Embraces, wiping away her Tears with his Locks, he assures her, that all her Desires shou'd be fulfill'd, and so prevents the Revealer Light of the Mornings Dawn by his Flight.

THE two Sisters Confederates in Mischief never call on their Parents, but Land directly at the Foot of the Rock, which they ascend with all the speed of eager Desire; and being got to the Summet, not waiting for the Carrier-Wind, with a blind licentious Temerity leap up into the Air; but Zephyr mindful of the Royal Mandate, unwillingly receiv'd them into his airy Bosom, and delivers them safe to the pointed Place. Whence they with equal, and speedy Pace enter the Palace, and belying the Foe under the holy Name of Sisterhood they Embrace their destin'd Prey, and deep under a fair pleasing Countenance concealing the

the Abundance of hidden Fraud they flatter her in this manner.

PSYCHE, not now so small, and slender, as you was of old, now you are almost a Mother! What wonderful Benefit do you bear for us all in the Burthen of your Womb? and how great a Joy will your Delivery give all your Family and Friends? Thrice happy shall we be to behold the golden Infant receiving from you his Birth! If his Beauty be any way answerable to that of his Parents, he must come into the World a perfect Cupid.

THUS by degrees with a dissembled Affection and false Love they invade the unguarded Mind of their innocent Sister; and having refresh'd themselves after the Fatigue of their Journey, with warm Baths, she leads them into her Parlour, she cordially regales them with all the Dainties of a magnificent Banquet. She first commands her invisible Minstrels to sooth their Ears with the Lute, immediately the nimble Fingers tho' unseen run o'er the trembling Strings, and bring forth a soft amorous complaining Sound. Next she orders the Flute to vary the Melody, and immediately the inspir'd Breath sent out Sounds gentle and delightful. Then to compleat the Harmony she bids the Chorus fill the concave Arches of the Room, immediately all the Voices join in the Melody; which being so fine and yet so

solitary footh'd the Minds of those, that heard
it with a Harmony most sweet, and moving.

BUT the obdurate Malice of these wicked
Hags, not soften'd by the divine Sweetness of
the Musick, remain'd still active, they cunningly
turn their Discourse to the Snare, they
had laid for her Ruin. Then with all the
Hypocrisie of a dissembled Kindness begin to
enquire of her, what sort of Husband she had,
and of what Parentage and Family he was?
But *Psyche* having forgot the former Account,
which she had given of her Husband, with
too much Simplicity frames a new Story. She
tells them her Husband was of the next Province,
driving a mighty Trade with abundance
of Money; as to his Age he was something
past the Noon of Life, his head being strow'd
here, and there with a grey Hair. Nor dwelling
at all on the Discourse, loading them with
rich Presents, she commits them to the Winds
to be convey'd to the Rock. But as *Zephyrus*
was bearing them aloft in a gentle Breeze of
Air, they had this Discourse,

WHAT can you say, my dear Sister, of the
monstrous incoherent Lyes of that Fool! Now
her Husband is a charming Youth with the
Down just spreading over his Chin, and now he
is a middle Aged Man with his Hair just beginning
to turn Grey! What unaccountable
Creature must this Husband be, on whom so
little

little a time can bring so great an Alteration? You may certainly assure your self, my dear Sister, that she either forg'd this Lye to impose upon us, or else she does not know the Form of her Husband. But let it be which it will she must be expell'd from these Riches, as soon as 'tis possible for us to effect it. If she really do not know the Form of her Husband, he is some of the Gods, and so the Child, that she goes with will share his Divinity; and shou'd this little despicable Slut once have a Divine Off-spring I certainly shou'd hang my self. Let us therefore return to our Parents, and by a well coloured Deceit manage them to our Ends,

THEY put their Resolves in Execution that Night, and in the Morning return to the Rock, and by the usual Vehicle of the Wind, they make a speedy Passage through the Air down to *Psyche*; and with forc'd Tears they attack their young innocent Sister in this manner. — “ Happy in your own Imagination, “ and blest'd in your Ignorance alone of those “ terrible Evils, that hover over you, you sit “ here incurious of your own Danger. But “ we who watch for your Good with a vigilant Care, find miserable Torment in the “ View of your hastening Ruin. For our un- “ weary'd Industry has made a fatal Discovery “ of the Truth of the matter, and there is a “ Necessity for us to reveal to you the Cause “ of this Sororial Sorrow you behold, since you “ are

“ are their Cause, and your safety their End.
“ Instead of a Husband miserable Woman, you
“ take each Night to your Arms a vast, and
“ devouring Serpent, who glides along the
“ Plain in various Volumes, and a wide pesti-
“ lential Mouth, that at once Poisons and De-
“ vours. Call to mind the *Pythian Oracle*,
“ that declar’d you Destin’d to marry a dire-
“ ful and tremendous Beast. The Inhabitants
“ of this Place observing him returning home
“ from his Prey in the Evening, and gliding
“ through the Neighb’ring Waters, say that he
“ will only nourish you up for a while with
“ all the Dainties in the Universe; but when
“ you are pretty near your time, being a bet-
“ ter Morsel for his odious Maw he will de-
“ vour you at once. All that you have now
“ to consider is whether you will agree with
“ your own dear Sisters Solicitous for your
“ dear Health, and Safety, and declining cer-
“ tain Death, Live with us secure from all
“ Danger and Fear, or be bury’d in the Bow-
“ els of a monstrous cruel Beast. But if you
“ are wedded to the vocal Solitude of this
“ Country Retreat; or the filthy Delights of
“ the secret Venereal Enjoyment of a fetid and
“ dangerous Conjunction, and the Embraces
“ of a venomous Serpent, we have at least done
“ our Duty like pious, and loving Sisters.
“ Remember likewise how you have incens’d
“ *Venus*, and that from her you are impos’d on
“ in the Senses by Night, the Power of her
“ Deity

“ Deity being able to make a more monstrous
“ Being pass for a *Cupid* in the Dark.

THE poor hapless *Psyche* full of Simplicity and Fear, is strook with a pannick Terror with the terrible Story ; and being thus quite out of her Wits, she reveals to them all the Admonitions her Husband had given her against Enquiries into his Person, and Form ; and her Promises to curb so natural a Curiosity in the Sex. By this Folly precipitating herself from the highest Point of Happiness into the Abyss of Calamities. All trembling, and pale she addresses herself to the fatal Advisers in this manner, Fear breaking all her Words in their utterance — “ My Thanks my dear Sisters
“ are your due for these pious offices of Sister-
“ hood, which have given you such a Concern
“ in my Affairs. I am indeed too apt to believe,
“ that those who gave you this Information
“ were guilty of no Forgery, for I have never yet
“ beheld my Husband’s Face, nor do I know
“ who, or what he is ; and only hearing him
“ by Night, I support a Husband of an uncertain Condition, and one, that perpetually
“ shuns the Day-light. I am too apt to believe
“ him to be some such Portentous Thing, as
“ you describe, notwithstanding that malignant Power of *Venus* has robb’d my Senses
“ of their Faculties, so artfully to deceive them,
“ that he seems a beautiful Youth to my Finger’s, Embraces, and Kisses. For he has al-
“ ways

“ ways deterr’d me from a desire of seeing his
“ Face, denouncing most terrible Threats for
“ my Indulgence of any such Curiosity. If
“ you can, therefore, bring any help to your
“ unhappy Sister defer it not in her Danger.

THE wicked Sisters having thus open’d the Avenues to their pernicious Design, by a full discovery of their Sisters Condition, they now attack her with the Drawn Sword (as I may say) of open Fraud, addressing her in this manner. — “ The Tyes of Blood oblige us
“ to have no Fear of any Danger before us in
“ the Pursuit of your Safety, we shall therefore
“ discover to you the only way, that all our
“ many Thoughts and Consultations cou’d
“ furnish to your Deliverance, and that is thus,
“ Take care to hide a Razor perfectly well set,
“ on your side of the Bed, provide also a Lamp
“ well replenish’d with Oil, that it may give a
“ sufficient Light to gratify your Curiosity,
“ and Attempts at Liberty. Let this Lamp
“ be conceal’d from the most curious searching
“ Eye. Having made all these Preparations,
“ he being in his first, and soundest Sleep, then
“ slipping out of Bed take up your revealing
“ Lamp, and by its Light direct your Execution by cutting off the monstrous Head with
“ your Razor, and a bold Heart, and Hand.
“ Nor shall our Help be wanting to you, but
“ we shall wait near with an impatient Anxiety
“ till you have accomplish’d your Deliverance;
“ when

“ when bearing away all this Treasure we
“ will Marry you to a *Man*, since you are a
“ *Woman*.

HAVING with such pernicious Discourse corrupted and inflam'd the Bosom of *Psyche*, they leave her with all imaginable speed, fearing, that a Mischief so enormous shou'd reach e'en themselves if they stay'd near it: Born up by the swift gentle Winds they mounted to the Rock, and thence they make their utmost speed to their Ships, all whose Sails being fill'd with a favourable Breez, they flew from the Coast.

BUT *Psyche* being left alone (if she can be said to be alone, who is haunted by the surrounding Furies) is tost like a tempestuous Ocean with the Gusts of Grief, and Concern. And tho' she is fix'd in her Designs, and obstinate in her Determinations; yet is she uncertain what to do, and distracted in the Apprehensions of her approaching Calamities. She is now full of speed, then dilatory; now bold then fearful, she is diffident, and angry, and which is the greatest extreimity in the same Person she loves the Husband, and hates the Beast. But the Dusky Evening drawing on full speed, the gloomy Night, she prepares all the Instruments of her Nefarious Enterprize.

THE

THE Night is come, the Husband in Bed, and the first Enjoyments being over he falls into a profound Sleep; when *Psyche* otherwise of a tender Body, and Mind, the Cruelty of Fate assisting her now gathers Courage, and Force; and taking out the Lamp, and grasping the Razor her Boldness transform'd the Sex. But when by the Beams of the Lamp the Secrets of Bed stood discover'd to her Eyes, she saw the most Mild, and Sweet of all Wild Beasts e'en the very God of *Love*, the beautiful *Cupid*, lying most beautifully extended on the Bed. By the Aspect of whose Countenance the Lamp receiv'd a sort of Chearfulness, and the Razor repented it self of its Sacrilegious Edge.

BUT *Psyche*, terrify'd with so great and awful a Sight, impotent of Mind, a deadly Paleness usurping her Crimson Cheeks, and trembling every Limb, fell down on her Knees, not knowing where so well to hide the Steel, as in her own Bosom, which she certainly had done, had not the Razor afraid of a Wickedness so great, flown just then, in her Fall, out of her Hand. In the weariness of Fear, and Terror by looking on that Divine Face she is refreshed, and made Well. She sees the genial Locks of his golden Head all Essenced with *Ambrosia*. The Ringlets beautifully, and becomingly entangled, wand'ring
o'er

o'er his Milky Neck, and Purple Cheeks some pendulous before, and some behind, the brightness of whose Rays vanquish'd the sickly Light of the Lamp. On the Shoulders of the volatile God were plac'd two roseid Wings whiter, than Snow, with shining Feathers like the fragrant Blossoms of the Spring, and tho' they were not in motion yet the outward tender, and delicate Down tremulously moving, was unquietly Wanton. The rest of his Body was smooth and plump and not deform'd, and discolour'd with bristling Hair, but shining, and beautiful, and such as *Venus* had no need of being ashamed of bringing forth. By the Bedside lay his Bow, and Quiver with Arrows, the propitious Weapons of the great God.

WHILE *Psyche* thus with Curiosity, and Amazement surveys, admires, and handles her Husband's Arms, she draws out of the Quiver one of the Arrows, and with the Tip of her Finger touching the point to try its Sharpness, her hands trembling she pierc'd the Flesh so deep, that some Drops of her rosy Blood distill'd from the Wound. And thus ignorant *Psyche* voluntarily fell in Love with LOVE. Then burning more, and more with the Desire of *Cupid*, turning her greedy Eyes on him with insatiable Looks, and multiplying petulant Kisses, her only Fear was, that he shou'd wake too soon.

BUT

BUT while she was in this fluctuating Mind the ill-fated Lamp, threw out a drop of hot Oyl on the Right Shoulder of the God. *Cupid* thus burnt leap up in an Instant, and seeing the Evidence of a forfeited Fidelity without saying one word he vanish'd from the Arms and Bosom of his most unhappy Wife. But *Psyche* presently with her Hands caught hold of his right Leg, as he was mounting, the miserable Appendix of his sublime Journey through the Regions of the Air; but at last quite tired she fell down to the Ground.

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

Cupid's farewell Speech to Psyche, her attempt to Drown herself, is sav'd by the River-God, and Comforted by Pan; her Revenge on both her Sisters.

HER Lover God not yet forsaking her dejected on the Ground, flies to the Top of the next *Cypres* Tree, and from its lofty Top spoke to her in this manner. —

“ Thou foolish *Psyche*, I, not regarding my
“ Mother *Venus*'s Command of making you in
“ Love with some mean Son of the Mob,
“ chose rather to fly to you, as a Lover my
“ self. I know I have done this lightly, and
“ without Consideration, and I, who boast my
“ self so good an Archer, have wounded my
“ self with my own Arrow, and made thee
“ my Wife it seems, that you shou'd think me
“ a Beast, and reward my Indulgence with a
“ design to cut off my Head, that bears those
“ very Eyes, which are Lovers of you. This
“ was the fatal Danger I so often bid you be-
“ ware, and of this I gave you so often a kind
“ and benevolent Warning. But those egre-
“ gious Counsellors of yours shall speedily pay
“ me the Punishment of so pernicious an
“ Advice. But all the Punishment, that I
“ M “ will

“ will inflict on you, is immediately to take
“ my Flight from you for ever. With the
last Word he utter'd he mounted into the Air;
but *Psyche* lay prostrate on the Ground gazing
on her soaring Husband, pursuing him with
her Eyes as far as she cou'd, filling the Place,
and tormenting herself with mournful Lamen-
tations. But when by the Oars of his Wings
he had born himself quite out of her sight;
she threw herself from the Bank of the next
River headlong into its Stream. But the gen-
tle River God betwixt fear for himself, and
honour for the God, who us'd to set fire to
the Waters themselves, immediately on the
Back of an innoxious Wave deliver'd her safe
to the Green and flowry Bank.

IT happen'd at that Time, that the Rural
God *Pan* was Embracing the Goddess *Canna*,
on the Brow of the River, and teaching her
to Sing all manner of Words. Near them
brouz'd on the Grass a wanton Herd of Kids.
The Goat-God not ignorant of her Fortune,
calling *Psyche* quite spent and wounded to
him, soothes her Troubles with this kind Dis-
course. — “ I am indeed, my pretty One, a
“ Rural God, and a Goatherd, but by the Be-
“ nefit of Old Age I am become Master of se-
“ veral useful Experiments, and if I conjecture
“ right, from that reeling, and doubtful
“ Gate, and the too much Paleness in your
“ Countenance

“ Countenance, your perpetual Sighing, and
“ those Eyes full of Sorrow, you are extream
“ Sick of *Love*. Listen therefore to me, at-
“ tempt no more to Drown your self, or to
“ put any other untimely End to your Days;
“ lay aside your Grief, and put an End to your
“ Sorrows; and rather by your Prayers, and
“ Devotions pay the Worship to the greatest
“ of the Gods. And employ the same Arts,
“ and Endeavour to deserve him, as if he was
“ a delicate, and luxurious Youth, that is, by
“ kind, and soft Obsequiousness, and Duty.

PSYCHE without making any Reply
ador'd the Salutary Divinity, and proceeds on
her Journey: Before she had Travel'd far
with her painful Steps pursuing an unknown
Path it brought her to a City, where the Hus-
band of One of her Sisters was King; which
when she understood, she took care to have her
Coming made known to her Sister: To whom
being introduc'd, and the first Embraces of
Welcome being over, her Sister enquir'd the
Cause of her Visit, to whom *Psyche* thus re-
ply'd. — “ You must needs remember the
“ Advice you gave me, to kill with a Razor
“ that dreadful Beast, that lay with me under
“ the Name of a Husband, and wou'd soon
“ devour me: But as soon as the conscious
“ Light had discover'd his Face, my Eyes were
“ surpriz'd with a wonderful divine Sight, for

“ I saw the lovely Son of the Goddess *Venus*,
“ the very *Cupid* himself bound up in a gentle
“ Slumber, and while I was suspended with
“ Amazement and Confusion at the Sight of
“ so great a God, and labour’d under an impo-
“ tent Desire of Possessing, and disturb’d with
“ the Ardour of the Pleasure, by an unlucky
“ chance the burning Lamp boild’d up, and
“ sparkled on his Ivory Shoulders. Awak’d
“ by the Pain, and discovering the Weapon,
“ and Light in my hands he said — *For this*
“ *dire Wickedness immediately quit my Bed,*
“ *and get you about your Business, I will now*
“ *join my self in Marriage to your Sister. —*
“ Naming your Name, and so he immediately
“ commanded *Zephir* to blow me out of his
“ Territories.

PSYCHE had scarce done her Story but
agitated by the Sting of Madness, Lust, Envy
and Ambition, deceiving her Husband with a
plausible Lye of News of her Parents Death,
she went a Shipboard, and Sail’d directly for
the Rock. And tho’ another Wind then
blow’d, yet blind with a false hope cry-
ing out—*Receive me, Cupid, a Wife wor-*
thy thee, and thou Zephir take up thy So-
vereign; leaping up as high as she was able
she fell headlong down the Precipice, not
able ev’n in her Death to arrive at that
happy and coveted Abode, but as she de-
serv’d,

serv'd, was torn to pieces by the Rocks in her Fall, and so became Food for the Birds and Beasts of Prey.

NOR was the ensuing Revenge delay'd. For *Psyche* in her wandring Journey, arriv'd at last at another City, where the Husband of her other Sister reign'd; who deceiv'd, and Sinning in the same manner met with the same terrible Fate.

CHAP. VII.

The Discovery of the Amour of Psyche, and Cupid, made by the Sea Gull to Venus in the Court of Oceanus. The angry Speech she makes to Cupid, and Resolution of delivering him over to be punish'd by Sobriety. Her Complaint to Juno, and Ceres, their Defence of Cupid, and her Return to the Ocean.

WHILE *Psyche*, was wand'ring about the World in search of her beloved *Cupid*, he was confin'd to his Mother's Bed by the Anguish of the fatal Lamp, then that white Bird call'd *Gavia*, or the *Sea-Gull*, who Swims with his Wings on the Waves of the Sea, div'd down to the profound Bosom of the Ocean; where Swimming close by *Venus*, as she was a Washing and Bathing her self, in his Language (and *Venus*, that governs every Creature understands the Language of them all) informs her of the Burn of her Son, and the Pain he endur'd, his uneasie Complaint ev'n doubts of its Cure, " He told her farther, That the whole Family of *Venus* had none of the best Names " among the People, who complain that he " is retir'd to a Girl on the Mountains, and " you to your Swimming here in the Sea; " this

“ this double Absence of the Regents of Love
“ from the Affairs of Mankind had made e-
“ very thing in the World go to Rack. This
“ was the Cause, that there was no Pleasure,
“ no Gaiety, at all, but every thing Rude, un-
“ cooth and horrid. That all conjugal Nup-
“ tials, social Friendships, Love of Children
“ and Parents were all at an End, and nothing
“ but enormous Filth and unhappiness to be
“ found, and unsweet Loathsomeness of sordid
“ Compacts.

THUS did the loquacious Bird prate abu-
sing the Ear of *Venus* with Calumnies on her
Son. *Venus* being Angry at this Account of
her Affairs cou'd not contain her Resentment
in silence, but exclaim'd in this manner. —
So then, said she, this hopeful Son of mine has
got him a Mistress too? Come tell me thou,
who alone dost faithful Service to me, tell me
who has solicited, and corrupted the Naked
ingenuous Boy? Is she one of the Nymphs, the
Hours, the Muses, or of my Train one of the
Graces?

THE tatling Bird let her know that if
he was not mistaken the Name of the Object
of her Sons Love was *Psyche*. *Venus* at
that full of Indignation cries — Does he
then love that Rival of my Beauty, and Emu-
latress of my Name? Cou'd he find no other to

make his Property of but me, who first brought him to the Knowledge of her?

FULL of this Indignation she shoots out of the Ocean swifter, than an Arrow, and takes her way directly to her Bed-Chamber; where she found her Son sick, as she had been told, and raving at the Pain. —

“ These are very fine doings indeed young
“ Gentleman, said she in a Passion, and very
“ agreeable to our Dignity, and Birth, and to
“ your Temperance? First for you to tram-
“ ple on the Precepts of your Lady and Mo-
“ ther; not only not tormenting my hated
“ Enemy with that infamous Love, I or-
“ dain’d her, but that you shou’d take her to
“ your unripe Embraces, on purpose to make
“ my Enemy my Daughter-in-Law. But I
“ suppose you Trifler, that you think, I cannot
“ have another Son. Know, therefore, that I
“ will beget another Son better, than thee; or
“ rather, that you may find the disgrace, and
“ contumely the greater, I will adopt one of
“ my little Slaves, and to him will I give
“ those Wings, Flame, Bow, and Arrows,
“ and all my Furniture and Ammunition of
“ Love, which I gave you; for they come
“ not from your Father but Me. But thou
“ wert always untoward, and turbulent, how
“ many of the Older Gods hast thou woun-
“ ded, not sparing e’en me thy Mother, yes
“ even me thou Paricide thou hast frequent-

“ ly

“ ly wounded with thy Darts ; you use me
“ as if I were a Widow, and had none to
“ stand by me ; nor art thou affraid of thy
“ Father-in-law the Warriour God, nay to
“ my perpetual Plague thou hast help’d him
“ to many a Girl. But I shall take effectual
“ care to make you repent this Gamesome
“ Trick of yours, and to render your Nup-
“ tials bitter enough.

“ BUT being thus slighted, held in de-
“ rision what course had I best take to right
“ my self? How shall I punish that little De-
“ ceiver? Shall I apply my self to my Ene-
“ my *Sobriety*? Whom I have so often offen-
“ ded by the Luxury of the young Rogue?
“ Must I have Recourse to that filthy Rustic
“ Woman? That indeed I tremble at; yet
“ the Pleasure of Revenge is not to be ne-
“ glected from any Hand. I must, therefore,
“ and will go to her, and her alone, for she
“ will be sure throughly to correct that little
“ Trifler. She will rattle his Quiver, and dis-
“ arm all his Arrows, unbend his Bow, and
“ extinguish his Flame, and chastize his Body
“ with more violent Punishments. Then I
“ shall think my Injury attoned when I have
“ shaved off those Locks, which with my own
“ hands I often bound with Gold, and crop’d
“ off those Wings I have wash’d in Nectari-
“ ous Springs,

HAVING

HAVING given this vent to her Passion full of Venereal Spleen she trip'd out of Doors; where *Ceres* and *Juno* meeting her in this Mood, and perceiving her angry Countenance; ask'd her why she wou'd do so much Injury to her sparkling Eyes, by so fullen, and disagreeable a Contraction of her Brows? To whom *Venus* thus reply'd, ——— You are met very opportunely to be the Executioners of that Violence of Hate, and Anger, that rages in my Bosom. I beg you, therefore, with your utmost Care, and Diligence, to find out that fugitive Girl, *Psyche*. For to be sure the famous Adventures of my House, and of my Son cannot be unknown to you.

BUT they endeavouring to soften, and mitigate the cruel Anger of *Venus* ——— What strange Offence has your Son committed that you disturb his Pleasures with so violent a Rage? And seek to destroy her whom he loves? How can we impute it to him as a Crime, if he was pleas'd to be belov'd by a beautiful young Virgin? Don't you know of what Sex, and what Age he is? Or have you indeed forgot how Old he is? What because he carries his Tears pretty well wou'd you always make a Boy of him? Come, come, consider you are his Mother, a Lady of Prudence, and Wisdom; will you, therefore, always with so curious and inquisitive an Eye pry into his Sport, and blame his Dalliances and Loves,
and

and in your beautiful Off-spring you condemn your own Arts, and Delights. But what God will suffer you to scatter amorous Desires all about, and spread them among the People, when you restrain the Gallantry of your own Cupid, and the Amours of your own Family? And so shut up the public Shop, and Work-house of all Female Enjoyments?

THE Fear of his Darts made them pay this Flattery to *Cupid* in a gracious Patronage of his Cause. But *Venus*, angry at this ridiculous Treatment of her Injuries; leaving them in a huff pass'd on to the Ocean.

CHAP. VIII.

CHAP. VIII.

The anxious Travels of Psyche in pursuit of Cupid, her Adventures at the Temples of Ceres, and Juno. Their rejecting her Piety, and Prayers; and her Resolution to surrender herself up to Venus.

PSYCHE in the mean while was driven about from Place to Place variously wandering Day and Night without Ease or Repose every where enquiring after her Husband, made more eager of pursuing, by the difficulty of finding him; in hopes to propitiate his Anger with the most humble of Prayers, if she shou'd fail to do it by soft tender Words, and all the moving Allurements of Love and Desire. Casting her inquisitive Eyes on a lofty Mountain, discovering on its brow a magnificent Temple she sigh'd and said to herself *Perhaps my Love, my Lord inhabits there!* and immediately with hasty Steps she directs her Journey thither. Tho' tyr'd, and quite spent with her dayly Labours, yet spirited, and excited by Hope and tender Wishes passing the highest Ridges of the Mountain she enters the Temple.

SHE was no sooner Enter'd but she saw heaps of Corn in loose Ears, and some twisted
into

into Sheafs, and Garlands; with mingled Ears of Barley. Scatter'd about lay Reap-hooks and Rakes, and all the Instruments of the Harvest, without order or decency, as thrown carelessly out of the weary Reapers Hands in the sultry Hours of the Day.

THIS impious Confusion the pious *Psyche* puts an End to by seperating, and sorting ev'ry thing to its proper place and kind; believing that she ought to neglect none of the Temples of the Gods, but endeavour by her Piety to engage them all in her Protection. The holy *Ceres*, whose Temple this was, finds her thus Religiously employ'd, and thus cries out to her. — *Ab! Psyche truly worthy of our Pity! Venus full of Rage and Indignation seeks you all about the World, to inflict on your Devoted Head the extreamest of Punishments, directing the whole Force of her Divinity into one terrible Revenge. Yet regardless of thy own Safety thou art busie now about my Affairs.*

PSYCHE then throwing herself at her Feet, and washing them with Floods of pearly Tears, while her dishrevel'd Locks lie stragling on the Floor, with many an Ardent Prayer begs her Pardon. — *I implore you,* said she, *by that frugiferous Right hand, that scatters Fertility round. By the jocund Ceremonies of the Harvest! by the silent Rites of the Basket! By your Chariot drawn by flying Dragons!*
By

By the Furrows of the Sicilian Glebe ! By the rapacious Chariot ! The tenacious Earth ! By the gloomy Descent and Nuptials of Proserpina ! By the Discovery and Return of your Daughter to Light ! And the other Secrets, which are conceal'd on the Sacristies of the Attic Eleusinis ! Support the Soul of your Psyche worthy at least of your Pity ! Suffer me to lie hid here in yon heap of Corn a few days, till the cruel Anger of so great a Goddess be mitigated by Time, and remit of its Fury ! Or at least allow me so much Time as to refresh my weary'd Limbs, quite tired by Labour and Travel !

TO this Prayer Ceres made her this Reply. — *I am mov'd by your Prayers and Tears, and own a Desire to assist you; but that I know not how to bear the Reproaches of a Kindred Deity, with whom I have had an ancient Tye of Friendship. Depart, therefore, from this Temple immediately, and acknowledge my Pity, and your own Happiness in that I permit you to be gone, and do not seize you for Venus.*

PSYCHE receiving, contrary to her Hopes, a Repulse so severe, and oppress'd now with a double Sorrow, retiring, in the Valley beneath this Mountain discovers a Fane of elegant Structure surrounded by a shady Grove; and unwilling to omit any Way, tho' dubious, to better Hope, and Desirous of the Pardon of any of the Gods, approaches, with humble
Feet

Feet the sacred Porch. Being come to the Place she finds rich Offerings, and Presents affix'd to the Trees and the Pillars; which exprefs'd the Favour Receiv'd, and the Goddesses to whom they were Dedicated.

THEN throwing herself on her Knees, and embracing the Altar, and wiping away her flowing Tears, she address'd herself to her in this Prayer. — *Thou Sister, and Wife of great Jupiter, Whether you abode in the ancient Temples of Samos, which glories in your querulous Infancy, and Nourishment; or frequent the happy Seats of the lofty Carthage, which adores you yet a Virgin mounting to Heaven in your Chariot drawn by Lions! Or whether you preside o'er the Walls of Illustrious Argos, and the Banks of Inachus, which celebrate thee just Marry'd to the Thunderer, and Queen of the Gods! Whom all the East adore under the Name of Zygia, and whom all the West invoke in the Name of the Lucina! Be thou Juno the stayer of this Extreimity of my Misfortunes! Deliver and save me, quite tir'd out with the Fatigue of Labours so long, and so manifold, from the fear of that imminent Danger that threatens me! I know that of thy own Voluntary Goodness thou comest to the Assistance of those that are in Child-Bed; oh let not then my Invocation be in vain! —*

JUNO

JUNO on this Address immediately presents herself to her full of all the Native Majesty of her Divinity, and gives her this Reply. — *I wou'd most willingly, Psyche, have my Daughter-in-Law Venus yield to your Prayers ; yet Modesty and Decency require, that I do nothing in Despight of the Will, and against Venus, whom I have always lov'd as my Daughter. Besides the Law forbids me to receive into my Protection any fugitive Servant of another, without her Consent. —*

PSYCHE now quite confounded with this second shipwrack of her Fortune, and despairing of recovering her Volatile Husband laying aside all Hopes of safety, she thus Reasons in her own Thoughts — *To what other Relief or Defence can I flie from Miseries unsupportable, when the Goddesses, tho' willing, dare allow me no Assistance ? Whither or to what place shall I direct my wandring Steps, when Entangled in Nets so inextricable ? Hid in what Recess can I escape, or what Gloom is dark, enough to Conceal me from the inevitable Eye of all powerful Venus ? Assume therefore a Masculine Mind, my Soul, and dare to renounce all thy vain little Hopes, and voluntarily surrender thy self into the Hands of thy Lady, and Sovereign, and try to mitigate her kindled Wrath by thy Modesty tho' late ! Besides it may be thou mayst in his*
Mother's

*Mother's House find him, whom so long thou
hast sought every where else invain?*

HAVING thus fortify'd her Mind to
adventure on her dubious Duty, or rather
certain Ruin, she ruminates in her head how
she shall begin, and what say first to *Venus*,
most moving, and best to her Purpose, she
goes along.

N

CHAP.

CHAP. IX.

Mercury cries Psyche by the Order of Venus, with her Reward to those, who shall discover her. Psyche surrenders herself. Her punishment, and the three first Labours impos'd on her by Venus.

BUT *Venus* approving none of the Earthly Remedies she cou'd meet with, returns to Heaven. She commands that Chariot to be made ready, which *Vulcan* having wrought with admirable Art, and all the fine subtilty of the file, and pretious in a Waste of Gold, presented her before the Nuptials. Four little *Turtle-Doves*, out of many that perch'd by her Bed-chamber door, with joyful Ringlets assume the pleasing Yoke adorn'd with Gems, and taking up their Lady with joyous Wings support her through the Empireal Air. The Chariot was attended by Flock of *Sparrows* whose amorous Cherpings, with other Birds give notice of the Approach of *Venus*, in a natural, and sweet sounding Melody.

THE Clouds give way, and the Heav'ns expand their Bosome wide to their beloved Daughter, and the Highest Sky with Joy admits the Goddess. Nor does the Sonorous Family of *Venus* fear the awful *Eagle*, or rapacious *Hawk*. Then directing her Course to the Imperial Palace of *Jove*, where demanding

ding the Necessary Assistance of the Vocal God *Mercury*, *Jove's* azure Brow smil'd gracious his Assent. Then *Venus* accompany'd by *Mercury* flies triumphantly thro' Heav'n; and as they pass along she addresses her self to him in this solicitous manner, —

MY dear Arcadian Brother, you know, that your Sister Venus never did any thing without the Presence of Mercury; and you know how long I have sought in vain for my Female Slave, that hides her self from me; all therefore, that I desire of you is to cry her in a public manner. Take Care therefore to see my Commands punctually Obey'd, nor forget any of the Marks, by which she may be known, lest any one plead Ignorance for the Crime of concealing her.

SHE gave him on this a Paper with *Psyche's* Name and all else, that was necessary to be mention'd; and immediately went hence to her own Palace. *Mercury* neglected not the Performance of her Commands for passing through all Nations he cry'd her in these Words.

Mercury's Proclamation of Psyche.

IF ANY MAN, OR WOMAN IN
COUNTRY, TOWN, OR CITY CAN
TELL TALE OR TYDINGS OF, OR

SEIZE IN HER FLIGHT, OR DISCOVER WHERE HID A FUGITIVE KING'S DAUGHTER, AND SERVANT TO VENUS, PSYCHE BY NAME, LET HIM OR HER COME TO MERCURY THE CRYER, AND RECEIVE AS A REWARD OF THE DISCOVERY FROM VENUS HER SELF SEVEN KISSES, AND ONE ENCHANTING TOUCH OF HER CHARMING TONGUE.

MERCURY having thus proclaim'd it, the Desire of so vast a Reward rais'd an active Emulation among all Mortals who shou'd gain it. This took away from *Psyche* all manner of doubt, and delay ; so that now approaching the Gates of her Ladies Palace, she is first met by one of the Domestics of *Venus* call'd CUSTOME, who cry'd out immediately as loud as she cou'd — *Ho ! do you at last most undutysful, and faithless of Servants begin to imagine that you really have a Mistress ? And do you as you see, pretend Ignorance of the Pains, and Fatigue, you have cost us in seeking you out ? But it is well, that you are fall'n into my Hands, and that you think fit even in the Gripe of Death to flie home, to receive a Punishment for your Contumacy.*

HAVING utter'd these insulting Reproaches Twisting her hands in the Hair of her

her head she dragg'd her in a door without any Resistance. *Venus* beholding her thus brought in burst out into a Loud but Scornful Laughter, and shaking her head ——— *Are you at last pleas'd*, said she, *to come and pay your Duty to your Mother-in-Law? Or did you rather come to see your Sick Husband, yet lay'd up of the Wound given him by his loving Wife? But be not in Fear, I shall give you such a Reception as becomes my Sons Wife, and my Daughter-in-Law. Where are my Maids, SOLICITUDE, and SORROW?*

THOSE being call'd in, she deliver'd her over to them to be tortur'd. They in Obedience to their Sovereigns Commands having lash'd her all over, and put her to the other Torments, which they usually execute, bring her back before *Venus*: Who laughing again with a Malignant Joy, burst out at last in this manner ——— *But behold*, said she, *her swelling Belly moves my Compassion, since by that it is, that she is to make me a happy Grand-Mother. That Venerable Name is a Happiness indeed to be desired in the middle of our Age! And the Son of a vile Slave shall be honour'd with the Name of Grand-Son of Venus! Tho' I wrongfully call him my Grand-Son, for there is no Parity, nor Legality in the Match budled up in a Village, without Witness, and the Consent of his Parents,*

which makes the Nuptials illegal, so that if I shou'd suffer thee to bring thy infamous Offspring to light, it must be a Bastard.

HAVING said this she flies upon her, tears off all her Garments in several places, and having cut off her Hair, and beat her about the Head, taking *Wheat, Barley, Millet, Poppy-seed, Vetiles, Beans, and Lentils*, she mixt them all together throughly in one Heap, and thus she spoke to her with Contempt, — *You seem to me a Servant so deform'd and ugly, that the only way, that you can merit your Lover must be by dint of Industry and Diligence; and therefore I will my self make tryal of your good Housewifry, and Care; take and sepe-
rate all these Grains, and put each of the same kind in a parcel by it self, an easie and small Task for you to finish before the Evening.*

THUS having set her so large a Heap of blended Grains to sepe-
rate she departed to her Supper.

BUT *Psyche* in a perfect Consternation at the Enormous Work sat stupid, and silent without moving a hand to the inextricable Heap.

IN the midst of this Despair *Cupid* stirs up the little *Ant*, the Native of the Fields to take compassion on her in so insu-
perable

perable a Difficulty; the Leader execrating the Step-Mothers Cruelty summons together all the busie Legions of the Neighbouring Emets in sounds mystically signifying these Words, — *Take pity ye active Nurselings of the Omniparent Earth! Take Pity, and with speed make Haste to my Assistance of the Wife of Love, a beautiful young Woman and in danger of Ruin.*

ON this whole Floods of the six footed People, with utmost diligence seperated the Heap, Grain by Grain; and having sorted each to its Parcel, they vanish'd out of Sight in a moment.

VENUS at the approach of Twilight returns from the Nuptial Feast, moist with Wine, scenting of *Balsommon* and her Body hung round with shining Roses. And having cast her Eye to the Work said thus to her, — *This is not yours, you wicked one, nor the Work of those Hands, but of his, whom to your own, and his Misfortune you have pleas'd;* and throwing her a piece of black Household Bread, she past on to Bed.

IN the mean time Care was taken to keep *Cupid* confin'd to his Chamber very exactly to keep him from the Company of his beloved, lest by a Petulant Luxury he should injure his Wound. Thus therefore the Lovers

being separated under one Roof pass'd away the Night. But no sooner had *Aurora* usher'd in the Morning, but *Psyche* being call'd, *Venus* thus delivers herself to her — Behold yonder Grove, which stretches it self a great way along the Margin of the Flood, whose lowest Waters survey a Neighbouring Fountain. There will you find Sheep feeding without a Shepherd, with Golden shining Fleeces on their Backs. I therefore order you immediately to go and fetch me a Flock of that precious Wooll, gathered from every one of their Fleeces.

PSYCHE went willingly away, not with any Design of putting this Command in Execution, but to put an end to her Misery by throwing her self off the Rocks into the River. But when she came to the Brink, the River God inspir'd the Reeds with harmonious Murmurs, which breath forth these Words in soft Music. — *Psyche* exercised in great Sorrows, Pollute not my holy Streams by your Miserable Death, nor yet venture to the formidable Rams on the other side, as long as by the Influence of that heat they borrow from the Sun, they burn with a cruel Rage to the Destruction of Mortals either with their sharp Horns, stony Heads, or venomous Bites. But when the Noon-ty'd Sun has driven the Cattle to the shade, and the serene Spirit of the Flood lull'd them to Rest, you may hide your self under yon tall Plantan Tree, till the Rams
having

having mitigated their Fury, and left the Neighbouring Wood, you will find the woolly Gold sticking to the Roots of the Trees.

THUS the compassionate River God by the Murmuring Reed gave *Psyche* Instructions how to return in safety; and observing all the Directions she found her Obedience not in vain, but return'd to *Venus* with her Arms full of the golden Fleece, and easie Theft. But found not the Approbation of her implacable Mistress by her second Danger, and Labour; for pursing up her Brow, with a bitter, and formidable smile she speaks thus to *Psyche*.—— *I am not ignorant, that you are not the Performer of this Task; but I will now experience whether you are endow'd, or not with Courage, and Prudence. Do you see the Top of yonder lofty Mountain from which springs a black Fountain, whence falls down the dusky Stream, which included in the Channel of the next Valley tumbles into the Stygian Lake, and supply, the boarse Streams of Cocytus, bring me, with all Expedition, in this little Urn the liquid Dew of the inmost Spring of the deepest Well.*—— Saying which she gave her a small Cup smooth with Chrystal, with Threats of greater hardship when this was over-come.

PSYCHE, with her utmost speed, mounts to the very Top of the Hill, there at last to find a Period to her Miserable Life. But
when

when she came to the confines of the Summit she discover'd the fatal Difficulty of the vast Undertaking. She saw a Monstrous large and lofty Rock, dangerous, by inaccessible Ruggedness, vomit out of its middle the horrid Stream, which being immediately drawn from the Channels, whose Mouths were bent downward, fell perpendicularly through a close and cover'd Pipe into the subjacent Valley; on the Left, and on the Right they creep thro' hollow'd ragged Rocks; o'er which cruel Dragons stretch out their scaly Necks, and never closing their Eyes keep a perpetual Watch. The Vocal Flood seem'd to shake, and Murmur to it self as it pass'd along; *Depart; What do you attempt? Look and see what you do; have a care; flie, or you perish.*

PSYCHE almost petrify'd with Grief at the view of the Impossibility of accomplishing the Task, present in Body, but absent in Mind, stupid with the Danger she had not so much as the least Ease of Tears in her Extremity. But the anxiety of the innocent is never unknown, or unheeded by *Providence*. For the rapacious *Eagle*, that regal Bird of supream *Jove* on a suddain flew to her with expanded Wings, and mindful of the Service *Cupid* had done him, in making him the Instrument of bearing up the *Phrygian* Cupbearer to *Jupiter*, in Regard of the Deity of the God, and the Suff'rings of his Wife, thus in
the

then Language of his Kind, address'd her self to her ——— *Can you, of a plain and undesigning Mind, ever hope to steal one drop of this holy and no less Terrible Fountain; or even to touch it? You have heard at least, that these Stygian Waters, are dreadful to the Gods themselves; who, as you, by their Divinity so they swear by the Majesty of Styx. But give me the little Pitcher, and I will perform it for you. ———*

TAKING it in his Beak, and failing with his moving Wings betwixt the extended Necks, and gaping Mouths of the Dragons he steers his Course to the Right and to the Left till he arrives at the Waters, and the willing Waters yield him what he comes for, as by the Commands of *Venus*, to whom he was to bear them, which was his Pass and Credentials of Success.

PSYCHE's succeeding in this dreadful Affair cou'd not appease, by her past Dangers, and Labours her Wrath, which still threatened her with greater and more dangerous Labours. ——— *You appear to me, said she, to be a detestible Socrerss, and Magician profound, that cou'd with such Address perform all these difficult Commands. But I have yet another Task for you to execute. Here take this Box and go your Way to the Infernal Shades, and the feral Palace of Pluto; where giving this*

this Box to Proserpina, say Venus desires you to send her a little of your Beauty, at least enough to serve an Hour or two, for while she attends her Sick Son she has made use of all she had. But be not too long on your Errand for I must paint myself with it to be at the Circle of the Gods and Goddesses.

CHAP.

C H A P. X.

Psyche's Descent to Hell to fetch Venus a Box of Proserpina's Beauty. Her Return; The Fatal effect of her Curiosity: She is recovered by Cupid, by whose desire Jupiter makes her his Wife and Immortal, and of her is Pleasure Born.

PSYCHE was now truly satisfied of the last extremity of her evil Fortune; and finds that all further pretences being laid aside, she is too manifestly forc'd to immediate Destruction, being oblig'd to go with her own Feet directly down to Hell. Wherefore to make no delays of what was not to be avoided; she goes to the top of a certain high Tower, thence to precipitate her self headlong; thus she should most directly descend to the Shades below. But being come there she heard a Voice break from the Tower in these words.

“ W H Y poor unlucky Girl dost thou
“ design to put a Period to thy Days in a
“ manner so hideous? And what Cowardice
“ makes thee sink under this last danger?
“ Who hast been so miraculously supported
“ in all thy former? If this way you take
“ you will certainly go down to the bottom
“ of *Tartarus*, but shall never thence return
“ any

“ any more. Listen, therefore, to me. *Lacedemon* a noble City of *Achaia* is not far
“ from hence. Near to this City hid in the
“ devious Places seek the *Tenarus*, and there
“ you will find the Cave of gloomy *Dis*,
“ where the invious Road is discover'd thro'
“ the wide yawning Gates. Having past these
“ Bounds you go into a direct Path to the
“ Palace of Hell ; but you are not to pass
“ those Shades empty handed, but must take
“ in each Hand a sop of Barley Bread soak'd
“ in sweet Wine, and in your Mouth too
“ Fares. When you have past the best part
“ of the deadly Journey you will o'ertake a
“ lame *Ass* laden with Wood with a Driver
“ as lame as him, whose Burthen being fall-
“ ing he will ask you to reach him a Cord or
“ two to fasten it. But do you besure to pass
“ by him in silence. When you come to the
“ dead River, in which *Charon* immediately
“ asking his Fee in his old patch'd Boat wafts
“ the Passengers to the farther Shore, so that
“ *Avarice* lives e'en among the Dead. Nor
“ does *Charon* himself the Father of *Dis* do
“ any thing without his Hire. The Poor
“ Man, that Dies must provide his *Viaticum*,
“ and none you find departs this Life with-
“ out his Penny in his Hand. To this squalid
“ old Gentleman, give from your Mouth
“ one of the Fares to his Hand. When you
“ are once in the sleepy Pool, you'll find a
“ Ghost of an old Man swimming on the
“ Waters,

“ Waters, and lifting up his Hands to beg
“ you to take him into the Boat and give him
“ a passage with you ; but be not you affe-
“ cted with an unlawful Piety. Having past
“ the River, and gone a little way you will
“ find some old Women Spinsters, setting
“ their Woof in order who will desire your
“ helping Hand, but it is not lawful for
“ Mortal Fingers to touch it. For all these
“ are Traps set by *Venus* to make you let
“ fall one of the sops out of your Hands ;
“ nor do you imagine that such a Loss is a
“ Trifle, since the loss of but one deprives
“ you of a return to Light. For there is a
“ great huge Mastiff Dog with three Necks
“ and great Heads, Cruel and Formidable and
“ Barking with his thundering Mouths, soar-
“ ing with vain Fears the Dead, whom he
“ cannot hurt, being a perpetual Sentinel be-
“ fore the Black Palace of *Proserpina*, and
“ guards the empty House of *Dis*. Appeas-
“ ing this Dog with one of your sops, you
“ may easily pass by him, and immediately
“ come into the Presence of *Proserpina* ; who
“ will receive you very courteously, and de-
“ sire you to repose your self on a soft
“ downy Seat, and partake of a curious and
“ delicate Banquet. But do you sit humbly
“ on the Ground and beg a little brown
“ Bread. Then telling your Message and
“ taking what you come for, giving the Dog
“ the other sop secure your Passage back to
“ Charon,

“ *Charon*, and having given him the other
“ Fare in your Mouth, and past the River,
“ keep on the Path you formerly went, and
“ that will bring you to the same Celesti-
“ al Light which you left. But of all things
“ this is chiefly to be observ’d by you, that
“ you never once open, or look into the Box
“ that you carry, nor have any *Curiosity* to
“ pric into the Treasure of the Beauty of the
“ Goddesses.

Thus spoke the Voice from the Tower;
And *Psyche* making no delay goes directly to
Tenarus, and having got her *Sops* and her
Fares she goes into the infernal Paths; and
having past the lame *Afs*, and given the old
Ferry-Man his Fare, moved by the Prayers
of the floating Ghost, and deaf to the subtle
Requests of the old Spinsters, and appeased
the Rage of the Dog with a *Sop* she came to
the Palace of *Proserpina*, and not accepting
the delicate Seat or delicious Banquet, that
was offer’d her, but contented with Bread
for her Food she deliver’d her Embassy from
Venus. She presently receiv’d the Box shut,
and fill’d with the fatal Secret; and so ha-
ving appeas’d the Dog with the other *Sop*, and
given the Ferry-Man his other Fare she re-
turn’d to Light much more vigorous, than be-
fore. And having paid her Adoration to the
bright Day, tho’ in haste to deliver an Ac-
count of her Voyage, and fairly acquit her
self

self of the dangerous Embassy, yet was she seiz'd by a pernicious Curiosity.----- *What, said she, shall I, the Carrier of this Divine Beauty, not steal the least bit to put on my Cheeks to appear the more lovely in the Eyes of my Beautiful Lover?*

No sooner had she said this but she open'd the Box; and found nothing there of any Beauty at all, but an infernal, and truly *Stygian Sleep*, which being thus set free from its Prison invades her, and with a thick soloriferous Cloud spreads all over her Body, and takes possession of her while she falls down in the midst of the Road, a sleepy Corps, or dead Body without Motion.

But *Cupid* being now recovered of his Wound, and not bearing any longer the Absence of his beloved *Psyche*, slipping through the smallest Window of the Chamber, to which he was confined, and his Wings being much stronger by so long a Repose, he flew with incredible swiftness to the Relief of his *Psyche*, and gathering up the sleep from her Body closes it again in the Box, he wakes *Psyche* with a light touch of one of his Arrows.----- *Again, said he, hast thou almost perished by the same Curiosity. But now do you perform exactly the Task imposed on you by my Mother, and I will take care of the rest.*

Having said this the *Lover* flew aloft on his Wings, and *Psyche* carries *Venus* the Present of *Proserpina*.

Cupid in the mean while pining with excess of Love, and fearing the sudden severity of his Mother, returns to his Armory, as swift as Lightning penetrating the Heights of Heaven he comes to *Jupiter* with his Supplication, in which he pleads and defends his Cause.

Jupiter then stroaking his little Cheeks with his Cloud-compelling Hands, and Kissing his little Fingers, speaks to him in this manner, ——— *Tho' you my domineering Son, never pay that deference to that Honour, which has been decreed me by the Consent of the whole Synod of God's ; but daily wound this Breast, by which the Laws of the Elements, and the Motions of the Stars are order'd, and dispos'd ; and often sully'd it with the Adventures of Earthly Intrigues, to the Violation of the Laws, and the Breach of even the Julian Law, and Publick Discipline, giving my Reputation and Fame frequent Wounds, by Adultery, and changing his Serene Countenance into every Form for that end, into Serpents, Fire, Wild Beasts, Birds, and even Cattle : Yet remembering your own Moderation, and that I have Nurs'd you up with these Hands, I will do all that you desire. While*
you

you are aware of your Enemies, and know your Friends ; and if you are sensible, that you ought in return for this Service, to give me notice of any Charming Beautiful Girl, that is now upon the Earth.

Having made this Speech to *Cupid*, he sent for *Mercury*, and order'd him immediately to Summon, on the severest Penalties, that Gods were capable of, all the Gods to a general Council. Which being by *Mercury* perform'd there immediately appear'd a full House, lofty *Jupiter* sitting on his Sublime Throne deliver'd himself in this manner to all the Coelestial Family.

Jupiter's Speech to the Gods, and Decree in Favour of Cupid.

Ye Conscript Gods (in the Muses White Roll) you all know and are very well acquainted with the little Boy, whom I have Nursed up with my own Imperial Hands ; It was my Opinion, that the heat of his first Tears ought to be restrain'd by some Bridle or other. 'Tis enough, that he is the daily Talk of the Universe for Adulteries, and all manner of Corruption. All occasion of this is to be taken away, and his puerile Luxury bound up with the Noose of Matrimony. He has chose for himself a Beautiful Young Lady, and rifled her Virgin Treasure. Let him therefore hold her, let him

possess her, and embracing his Psyche, let him Eternally enjoy his Love.

Then turning his Face to *Venus* he proceeds,—— *Nor be you my Daughter* (said he) *troubled at this Decree, nor fear that your mighty Off-spring shall be disgrac'd with the Nuptials of a Mortal; I now make them an equal Match according to the Civil Law.*-----

On this he commands *Mercury* to fetch *Psyche* up to the Heavenly Assembly; who being in a Moment arriv'd, *Jove* lifting out to her a Cup of *Ambrosia* said——*Drink this Psyche and be Immortal, nor shall Cupid ever go from the Knot in which he is ty'd; but these shall be to you perpetual Nuptials.*

THE Wedding Supper being immediately serv'd in with great Plenty, the Husband being plac'd at the upper end of the Table held in a strict Embrace his *Psyche* in his Bosom, next him was *Jupiter* and *Juno*, and after them all the Gods and Goddesses in their Order. Then the Rustic Cup-bearer fills a mighty Bowl of *Nectar* to *Jove*, and *Bacchus* to the rest; *Vulcan* was Cook, and dress'd the Supper: The Hours with *Roses* and other fragrant Flowers strow'd all the Place and every Thing: The *Graces* sprinkled *Balsam*; The *Muses* sung with Melodious Voices; *Apollo* sung to the *Lyre*; *Venus* with unequal'd Har-

Harmony of steps Danc'd to the Musick. The Order of the Pomp was that the *Muses* should sing the *Chorus*, *Satyrus* play on the *Flute*, and *Paniscus* speak to the *Pipe*. And thus *Psyche* came rightfully into the Hands of *Cupid*; and they had in Mature Time a Daughter, whom we call *Pleasure*.

THUS Madam, concluded the *Provincial*, you find Love and Perseverance has Cur'd the Wounds of Curiosity, and that there is no strait so great, from which Providence cannot deliver us. I will not detain you after so long a Story with a tedious Moral, since I think it is every where visible to a Hearer so sensible as *Donna Theresa*.

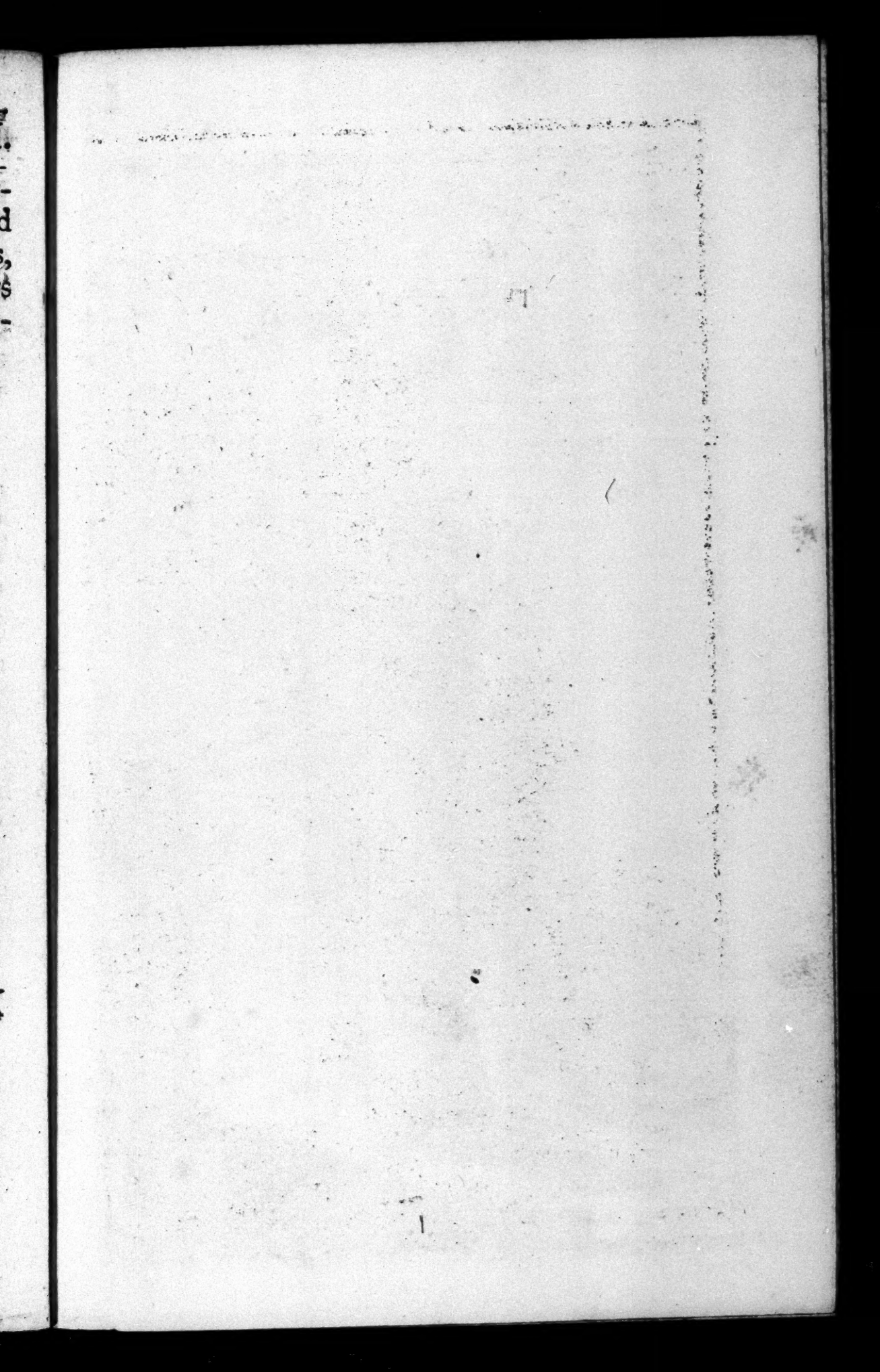
Theresa seem'd mightily pleas'd with the Odness, Variety, and Moral of the Fable; and the Air of Antiquity, which it every where carry'd with it seem'd to add to her satisfaction. She assum'd a more sprightly Air, and return'd the *Provincial* many Thanks for his Story, but more for his Dog: who leaving me then behind retir'd to his College.

I was pleas'd with the exchange, since it made me a safe Witness of her Conduct, and Condition when alone: By which I soon discover'd the Perfection of Female Hypocrisie,

finding her pretended Quarrel with the Cardinal, and her dissembled Melancholy, and Grief was only to cover her private Intrigues, by shutting her self up two, or three Hours in a Day with her Gallant without Interruption.

The End of the Fifth BOOK.

B O O K





BOOK VI.

CHAP. I.

Fantasio discovers Donna Theresa's Intrigue with Count Luciano, and the Cardinal's Footman at the same time. An Account of the Conversation at the Dutchess of Bracciano's.

THE Provincial was no sooner gone but *Theresa* runs into her Bed-Chamber with me in her Arms, where I found *Uberto* a Footman of the Cardinal's waiting for her, and they were no sooner met but that she quitting me advanc'd to the Bed with *Uberto*, Cursing the Provincial's Story, that had held her so long from his Arms.

Scarce were the first Joys over when we heard the noise of Footsteps in the Anti-chamber, and *Uberto* was forc'd to run under the Bed in the Condition he was in, and *Theresa* to the Chamber Door where now she heard her other Lover's Voice. Who entring clasp'd her in his Arms, and in a thousand Kisses

avow'd his Constancy and Passion. She was not behind hand in her Protestations of Love, and Fidelity : accusing the tediousness of the Hours of his Absence, which to her was the Winter of all her Joys, in which nothing but cold sighs and flucy Tears govern'd her unhappy Hours, except when warm Desire and Imagination thaw'd the Icy Region.

THIS double Hypocrisie being pretty well over, and their desires being mutually rais'd by Lies, or Lust, they repair to the Field of Battle, where the Woman is always the Conqueror. Their Vigour spent, and Desire by Repetition cloy'd after some forc'd Embraces, the Complement of sated Appetite *Luciano* retir'd. For it was Count *Luciano*, whom she chose rather to reward, as a Gallant, than Husband, for his former Sufferings, and Services. But e'en in her Justice she mingles the Falshood of the Sex, and divides that Heart, which he had so long merited, betwixt him and a Senseless Slave.

Luciano being gone, *Uberto* comes again in Play whose Honour in being at all admitted to the Arms of so Beautiful, and exalted a Lady was sufficient to calm the Resentments of such Usage. At last like a second *Messalina* tir'd but not satisfy'd, she dismiss'd *Uberto*, and retir'd to Repose.

A S much a Dog, as I was I found in my Breast a generous Indignation against so abandon'd a Creature, resolving the next time the like occasion offer'd I would discover her Baseness, with which, and some Moral Reflections on the Falseness of Women I fell into sleep.

THE Morning being now come I rose from the Bed and the hated Bosom of *Theresa*, who made it Noon before she was dress'd. The Evening being come she took me with her to the Dutchess of *Bracciano's*, where was generally an Assembly of the Wits of both Sexes, who by the prudent Conduct of that Dutchess obtain'd a Freedom of Conversation, not before usual in a Country so Jealous of their Women. But the great concourse of French Ladies, and Persons of Quality, who manag'd the Affairs of the *French* at that Court, had much alter'd the Moroseness of the Husbands of *Rome* ; where now there were frequent Meetings of both Sexes without their Ancient Restraint.

WE found at our Entrance the Count *Luciano*, and two of the Academy of the *Humoristi*, and one of the *Fantastici*, the first *Fabretti*, and *Bellori*, the second *Capreolo*, and the Prince *Borghese*. Of Female Wits there was the Dutchess her self, *Donna Theresa*,

resa, and *Donna Ophelia*, a Lady belonging to the *Opera*, yet for her Wit and good Sense receiv'd among Ladies, and Gentlemen of the best Quality in *Rome*.

Donna Laura Mellini, & *Signor Tassi* were just gone, and as is usual we found the Discourse on them tho' in borrowed Names, for the *Romans* would not be guilty of the Breach of good Manners, as to abuse any one by Name.

“ In my Opinion (said *Bellori* to the Prince
“ *Borghese*) *Torquatus* brings that as the
“ Marks of his Merit, which is only so of his
“ Impudence, his Acquaintance and Familiarity with Persons of Quality and Sense.
“ Since Interest of Fortune, or Reputation,
“ draws many Fools to besiege the Great and
“ pester the Wise. Besides Desert is but accidentally the Care of the Great, according
“ as they are endued with your Highness's
“ Noble Qualities.

“ For my part (said *Capreolo*) I think
“ *Phryne* and he are well met, silence will
“ never dwell in the House with them if they
“ should be confin'd to one another. Tho' in
“ my Opinion *Phryne* ought never to talk
“ but Sing, and *Sylvia* ought never to Sing
“ but Talk; for the first is a Fool with a
“ good Voice, and the later a Woman of Wit
“ who,

“ who can’t sing a Tune : And yet *Phryne* is
“ always talking and sings not without Re-
“ luctance and Importunity, and *Sylvia* is
“ ever humming some broken Notes of a Song,
“ that have no Relation to each other. So
“ apt we are to mistake our Talents.

“ Prithee *Capreolo* (interrupted the Prince)
“ cast an Eye on thy self, and if you find
“ your self not free from that, or some other
“ Folly, condemn not another. Nay if a
“ Man must condemn nothing (my Lord)
“ but what he’s free from himself (reply’d
“ *Capreolo*) what would become of all the
“ Satiric Wits of the Age? It must all be con-
“ fin’d to *Pasquin*. For then this Lady could
“ not rail at the Pride, Vanity, Coquetry,
“ Indiscretion of another.

“ NOR this Beau (assum’d *Ophelia*) laugh
“ at that Fop, and so the prettiest, Thought-
“ less talking things in the World would be
“ all silent. Or how then would the Wits be
“ able to dissect one another’s Works, to find,
“ and screw out a Fault for the Subject of their
“ Discourse, if they were to lash nothing but
“ what they were free from themselves?

“ That would be (pursu’d the Dutchess)
“ the way to ruin half a Hundred Criticks,
“ and Wits, who set upon no other Fund
“ imaginable, and would be just like other
“ Folks

“ Folks if you rob them of this vent of their
“ ill Nature.

“ I hope Madam (reply'd *Fabretti*) your
“ Grace would not exclude true Criticism,
“ for that would be to level the Fool, and
“ the Man of Wit ; the Pretender and Ma-
“ ster of his Art, than which there can be
“ nothing more prejudicial to Merit, and good
“ Sense, in any of the Arts which have been
“ esteemed by Men of Judgment and Polite-
“ nefs.

“ I am not so much a Woman (return'd
“ the *Dutchess*) as to have no Taste of true
“ Criticism. I am of a Country where it has
“ appear'd in all its Glory, and in our Mo-
“ ther Tongue, which has admitted the Ladies
“ a little into that Knowledge, which other
“ Nations have excluded them generally from.
“ But it is against the Pretenders to Criticism,
“ that I speak, who are perpetually railing in
“ the wrong place, and at the wrong Person,
“ only to be taken notice of.

“ Right, Madam, (assumed *Capreolo*) if a
“ Man has never such Success Envy boils them
“ up to the Intemperance and Ill Manners of
“ contradicting the Judgment of the Town ;
“ and makes them Conjure up the Dead to
“ Damn the Living. They make you Deaf
“ with *Horace*, *Ovid*, *Virgil*, and *Tibullus*,
“ Nay

“ Nay some will not stop here but pass the
“ *Adriatic*, and the *Archipelago*, and Muster
“ up the Posse of *Greece*, *Sophocles*, *Euripi-*
“ *des*, *Anacreon*, *Homer* and *Aristophanes*, to
“ confound our present Endeavours on the
“ Modern Foot. When they might as well
“ talk to us of *Phidias*, *Praxetiles*, *Apelles*,
“ *Zeuxis*, and the rest of the *Greek Painters*
“ and Sculptors in opposition to *Michael An-*
“ *gelo*, *Raphael* and the rest of our Modern
“ Performers in these two Arts.

“ For my Part I can see no Reason why
“ what we write now should not be, as good,
“ as what they wrote at *Athens* or *Rome* so
“ many Hundred Years ago. If they are not
“ to be brought to the same Standard, I know
“ not why their's is to be preferr'd to ours.
“ There must be great Allowances made for
“ the Alteration of Customs, Manners and the
“ like ; and since to *Please* is the End of all
“ these Arts, that End being obtain'd by us
“ as well, as by them, I shall always think
“ we are on as good a Foot of Reputation, as
“ the Ancients. I must own, that I can't but
“ esteem our *Opera's* as excellent, as the Tra-
“ gedies of *Sophocles* or *Euripides* ; they please
“ us more, and are adorn'd with the Advan-
“ tages of such charming Voices, as *Ophelias*,
“ and heighten'd by Action as just as hers al-
“ ways has been allow'd to be, to the infinite
“ Pleasure of all Spectators.

“ Your

“ Your Complement, *Signor*, to me can’t
“ bribe my Judgment, (Reply’d *Ophelia*);
“ and tho’ I am not a competent Judge of the
“ Excellence of the *Greek* Dramatic Poets,
“ yet by the Translation of some of their
“ Plays, which I have read in *French*, I must
“ avow my disgust of our *Opera*’s, which
“ have nothing to recommend them but the
“ *Musick*, *Voices* and *Action*, all the while
“ they are shocking our Reason and Under-
“ standing. Poetry in my Opinion ought to
“ be a Picture of Nature, and when ever an
“ Author, or Poem deviates from that glori-
“ ous Path, I think him worthy of Contempt
“ tho’ applauded by all the Fools in the
“ Town. Nor can there be any thing more
“ absurd, than to Quarrel Singing, Fight
“ Singing, Read Letters Singing, nay and
“ Die Singing? These are all Contradictions
“ to Nature, and evidently therefore contra-
“ ry to Reason, and can please none but such
“ as are more taken with Sound than Sense.
“ What Merit our *Songsters* and *Rhimers* may
“ have in comparison of *Horace*, and the rest
“ I can’t pretend to Judge; but yet I may
“ venture to say this, that if *Virgil*, *Horace*,
“ and the other Wits of Old *Rome* knew, and
“ wrote, as little of Nature, as those of new *Rome*
“ do now, Poetry is a Soil, that will admit of
“ vast Improvements. And if *Ovid*, *Tibullus*,
“ *Horace* and *Catullus* have written so much
“ better on Love, than the Moderns I am
“ affraid

“ affraid they were better Lovers, and had
“ stronger Beauties to inspire them, which is a
“ great Mortification to the Ladies of this Age.

“ By no means (reply'd *Bellori*) it is an
“ Argument rather of the stupidity of the
“ Men, that having stronger Charms of Beau-
“ ty to inspire them, fall yet so far short in
“ the Passion and expression of Love, that
“ ought in Reason to be so much the more
“ violent. But it must be confess'd, that we
“ lie under a disadvantage, which the Anti-
“ ents had not, which is of directing our Poe-
“ try by very bad Precedents. *Petrark* is in
“ our Mother Tongue, and started out from
“ the Barbarity, of the *Goths*, *Vandals*, and
“ *Huns* with a chime of Words, and Thoughts,
“ that pleas'd the Ignorant Age with the
“ Jingle, which was new and diverting; and
“ took so strong Root through *Italy*, and
“ other parts of *Europe*, that his Authority
“ grew Sacred, and every new Writer sought
“ Perfection in the Imitation of him.

“ The *Antients* were almost unknown in
“ those Ages, and tho' *Petrark* was a Scho-
“ lar, I mean knew *Latin* very well, yet his
“ Taste fixing him on *Martial*, he made the
“ Epigram run through all his Poems. He
“ found a Point, and Wit much easier for him
“ to hit, than the Springs and Lineaments of
“ the Passions. A happy Knack, like that of
“ Pun-

“Punsters was sufficient for the former, but
“it was Necessary to study and know Nature,
“and the humane Soul perfectly to succeed
“in the later. By *Succeed* I mean not, what
“*Capreolo* does, the Applause of the Mob,
“Success with the ignorant, but the Aproba-
“tion of the Judicious. Else we take away
“all Standard of Right, and Wrong and leave
“no Rule of Distinction of Merit but Chance,
“which confounds Wit, and Folly, Pretence,
“and Reality; and *Durescio*, is a Better Poet
“than *Capreolo* himself, for he has had grea-
“ter Success with the Many, than he: And
“yet I am affraid *Capreolo* wou’d be apt to
“take it for an Affront to be put in a Classe
“with *Durescio*.

“IN my Opinion (assum’d the Prince)
“with Respect to *Capreolo* he ought to be
“yet in a lower Classe, because *Durescio* being
“ignorant of the Antients, is incapable of
“forming his Judgment by their admirable
“Performances; He has never had the Means
“of Studying Nature, but knowing nothing
“but his Mother Tongue takes the best Au-
“thors in that for his Pattern, and has ar-
“riv’d at the Happiness, and Merit of plea-
“sing not only the Vulgar, but the Fair, and
“the Great, whose Minds are generally other-
“wise employ’d, than to know how to dis-
“tinguish betwixt a good and a Bad Poet.
“But *Capreolo* on the other Hand, has *Homer*,
“*Euripides*,

“ *Euripides, Horace*, and the rest of the *Heroes*
 “ of *Parnassus* always in his Mouth, he is so
 “ perfect in them, as to repeat you Hundreds
 “ of Verses together out of them; and yet, as
 “ if untouch’d with their Beauties, and unim-
 “ prov’d by their Excellencies, he sinks into
 “ the Track of the Moderns, and is willing
 “ from his own Mouth here to throw himself
 “ on a Level with *Dureficio*, and the rest of
 “ the illiterate Pretenders to the Muses, rather
 “ than ingenuously to own his Incapacity of
 “ following the arduous Track of the Antients,
 “ or like a true Son of Art throw off the ful-
 “ som Dawb of the *Moderns*, and shew his
 “ generous Aims at the unsophisticated Beau-
 “ ty of the *Antients*.

“ *CAPREOLO* (pursu’d Count *Luciano*)
 “ is in for it, and since your Highness has lead
 “ the Way, he must have Patience to have his
 “ Errors Corrected, tho’ in so awful an Assem-
 “ bly, since he has here thrown in his De-
 “ fence of a Folly he ought rather to relin-
 “ quish, than plead for. You seem *Capreolo*
 “ to place all Merrit in Success with the
 “ People; that is you wou’d have the Blind
 “ Judge of Painting, and the Deaf of Music,
 “ if they hit right in their Applause it is more
 “ the effect of Chance, than Skill. I suppose
 “ you will allow Poetry to be an Art, and
 “ then it certainly follows, That there are
 “ certain Rules by which we may Judge when

“the reformation is just and when otherwise.
“For every Art proposes something as the
“End, to which it is directed, and consists of
“Means, and certain Rules of attaining that
“End. As in *Architecture*, or the Art of
“Building the several Rules of making the
“Fabric compleat, are known, and allow’d on
“all hands, and he that pretends to be an Ar-
“chitect, and observes not these Rules is uni-
“versally condemn’d as a Medler, a meer Pre-
“tender. Every one knows (that knows the
“Art) that in every regular Building there
“must be, *Solidity*, *Convenience*, and *Beauty*,
“*Order*, *Disposition*, *Proportion*, and *Decorum*;
“for *Economy* relates more to the Conduct of
“the Architect, than to the Art of the
“Fabric.

(original text: Building) SOLIDITY consists of a good Founda-
“tion, and sound Materials. *Convenience* is
“when the Parts of an Edifice are so order’d
“and dispos’d, that they may not embarrass
“one another. *Beauty* is, that agreeable Form
“and pleasing Appearance, which the Build-
“ing presents to the Eye of the Beholder.
“From *Order* each Part receives its just Big-
“ness, whether we consider them a part, or
“with Relation to the whole. *Disposition* is
“a due Ranging, and agreeable Union of all the
“Parts. *Proportion* is the Relation which
“the whole Work has to its parts, and which
“every one seperately has to the Idea of the
“whole

“ whole. Thus the Diameter of a Pillar, and
“ the length of a *Triglyph* gives us a right
“ *Idea* of the whole, to which it belongs. *De-*
“ *corum* or *Decency* consists in making the
“ whole Aspect of the Fabric so correct, that
“ nothing appears, but what is founded
“ upon, and approv'd of by establish'd Au-
“ thority. *Decorum* further teaches us to
“ have Regard to *Design*, *Custom*, and *Nature*,
“ directing us in *Design*, otherwise for a Pa-
“ lace, than a Church; *Custom* gives Orna-
“ ments to the Porches, and Entries of those
“ Buildings, that are Magnificent within.
“ *Nature* prescribes our choice of different
“ Prospects for different Parts of the Building,
“ exposing the Bed-Chambers and Libraries
“ to the Morning Sun, Winter Apartments to
“ the West, Closets of Pictures, and the like to
“ the North, because they require an equal
“ Light.

“ BY this short and general View of *Ar-*
“ *chitecture* we find, that there are certain
“ Rules in this Art, the Observation, or neg-
“ lect of which is a Proof to the Learned of
“ the Excellence or Defect of the Artist.
“ Every other Art has its peculiar Rules to
“ direct to the end it aims at, and if Poetry be
“ an Art, as it has hitherto, for these two
“ thousand years and upwards, been acknow-
“ ledg'd, it must have, and has as certain
“ Rules to fix our Judgment of the Merit, or

“ demerit of the Performance; but then it
“ must be allow’d every ignorant Hearer or
“ Reader is not a Judge of them.

“ SHOUd any one in Architecture make
“ his *Architrave* of one Order, the *Frieze* and
“ *Cornish* of another, the *Capital* of a third,
“ and so on; shou’d he form a sort of Pillar
“ out of the *Capitals* of the *Tuscan*, *Doric*,
“ *Ionic*, *Corinthian*, and *Composit*, and sup-
“ port these with the *Caryatid* or *Perfic* it
“ wou’d be monstrous to an *Architect*, but to
“ a vulgar, or ignorant Eye might appear
“ charming, since all these *Capitals*, *Archi-*
“ *traves*, &c. are in themselves beautiful
“ and in their proper places, but so prepos-
“ terously clap’d together must be ridiculous
“ and absurd. Thus in Poetry the *Epic*,
“ *Lyric*, *Elegaic*, *Tragic*, *Comic*, and *Epi-*
“ *grammatic* are all very beautiful in them-
“ selves, but hudled into one Poem must be
“ abominably preposterous to a Judge, tho’
“ this medley might and certainly wou’d
“ please an ignorant Reader or Hearer. For
“ indeed too many of the Moderns have been
“ guilty of it with Success. While they
“ have join’d the *Elegaic* and *Epigrammatic*
“ perpetually; nay have let the *Epigram*
“ over-run the whole Province of *Parnassus*.
“ Which if there were not certain Rules
“ drawn from *Nature*, and the *Antique* to re-
“ gulate

“gulate it wou’d be a Land of *Confusion*
“and a second *Babel*.

“AS in *Architecture* there is no Excel-
“lence, or Beauty in the whole but what
“is from Geometry and the Proportion of the
“Parts according to the Rules of Art, so
“neither can there be any Perfection in
“an Poetry but in the Justness of the Design,
“and the harmony of the Parts, and their
“correspondence with, and dependency on
“the whole Poem. For the Rules of this Art
“are nothing but Nature (its only Object)
“reduced into Form. So that he, that has
“no Art cannot have much of Nature, and
“he that is destitute of Nature can be no Poet,
“let the Smoothness, or Loftiness of his Stile
“be adorn’d with all the Beauties of Rhetoric
“imaginable, and cry’d up by the injudi-
“cious Applauses of the great *Vulgar* and the
“*Small*. *Capreolo* therefore emulate the
“*Antients*, with whom you are so well ac-
“quainted, and like *Horace* be content, nay
“proud of a few Judicious Approvers, rather,
“than ambitious of the Dregs of a precari-
“ous Reputation among the Ignorant, that van-
“ishes in a Day, and leaves you in contempt for
“the next Coxcomb that Fancy sets up.

“CAPREOLO (assum’d *Ophelia*) you
“must either allow, that there is some Stan-
“dard of Excellence, or that there is none.

“ If there be any you must either allow that
“ of the Antients, or set up some more cer-
“ tain and clear. If there be none then
“ you can value your self on no performance
“ since after you have pleas’d your self, and
“ taken some Pains to please others your Work
“ may be, for all that you know, not worth
“ one Farthing. If the receiv’d Rules of
“ Poetry be faulty, correct them, but let us
“ have some Rules, or you destroy the Art;
“ and if you forsake the Rules of Art (let
“ them be what they will) you are no Artist,
“ and by Consequence no *Poet*.

“ I CONFESS (*pursu’d Frabretti*) I
“ think Signor *Capreolo* has been very un-
“ fortunate in his Instances, when he tells
“ us, that we might as well urge *Phidias*
“ *Praxetiles*, *Apelles* and *Zeuxis* against *Mi-*
“ *chael Angelo*, *Raphael*, and the rest of the
“ Moderns, as *Homer*, *Virgil*, *Sophocles*, *Euri-*
“ *pides* and *Horace* against the Modern Poets;
“ For it is notorious to all the World, that
“ we owe the Revival of *Sculpture* and *Pain-*
“ *ting* to those invaluable Relicks of Anti-
“ quity, that were imitated by those great
“ Masters of the forgoing Ages. It is allow’d
“ on all hands, that our Painters, and Statu-
“ ries are only so far excellent, as they imi-
“ tate the *Antique*, and that not because those
“ are pieces of *Phidias*, or any other *Greek*
“ Sculptor, but because those Artists had
“ so

“ so happily, and so judiciously follow’d, and
“ heighten’d *Nature*, that we can find no
“ way of arriv’g at a higher Perfection. We
“ find the way made easier by imitating them
“ and studying their Labours, and what Ex-
“ cellence we have in either of those Arts
“ we owe to the *Antients*.

“ THE same may be said of the Poets of
“ these times, they had *Nature* always in
“ View, arriv’d at such an Excellence in their
“ Draughts of her, that it is impossible to go
“ beyond them and the Study of their Works
“ will be a vast Assistance to our Poets in
“ the pursuit of the same End. *Poetry, Musick,*
“ and *Painting, and Sculpture*, have generally
“ flourish’d together, but we, who have ex-
“ cell’d all the Moderns in the three later
“ come behind almost all *Europe* in the
“ first.

“ TRUE (assum’d *Bellori*) if we look
“ into every Part of *Poesie* we shall find it ;
“ all our *Lyric*, or Songish Poetry is now
“ confin’d to some few sounding but sense-
“ less Words, which may furnish the Compo-
“ ser with an opportunity of an *Arrietto*, or
“ melting Notes to charm the Ear but ne-
“ ver touch the Mind, and Understanding. Our
“ only Attempt at the *Epic* was in *Tasso*, and
“ *Ariosto* the later as much debauch’d the *Epo-*
“ *pee* with frantic Enchantments, ridiculous

“ Adventures, and Romances, as *Petrarch* has
“ done the *Lyric* and *Elegy*. *Tasso* indeed has
“ come nearer the Model by having *Virgil* in
“ view, but he cou’d not keep clear of the
“ *Lyric*, and *Pastoral*, two species of Poetry of
“ no Relation to the *Epopee*.

“ THEN for the *Dramatic* I know not
“ whether I shall say we never had any thing
“ of it, or that you will oppose me by telling
“ me of the *Aminta* of *Tasso*, and the *Pastor*
“ *Fido* of *Guarini*; or lay before me *Andrea*
“ *Cicognini*, *Il Cieco d’ Hadria*, and the rest of
“ the inferiour Classe. Yet I must continue
“ in the same Mind, that we have not had in
“ *Italy* so much as the Shadow of the *Drama*,
“ tho’ the most Noble, most Useful, and most
“ Entertaining Part of *Poetry*, while the *Tra-*
“ *montani* of whom we falsely have a very Con-
“ temptible Opinion, have made great Advances
“ in so noble an Art, and publish’d such admi-
“ rable *Criticisms* upon that, and its Authors
“ of Antiquity, that ought to make us blush
“ to find our selves still pursuing the Shadow
“ in Sound, while they are aiming at the Sub-
“ stance in Sense.

“ Encouragement (*assum’d the Prince*) is
“ the Life of Arts; *Painting*, and *Sculpture*
“ strook the Eye, and were of use to the Orna-
“ ment of our Houses, and our Churches; so
“ *Pride* and *Religion* join’d to exalt it to Per-
“ fection

“ fection, and the *Drama* was only for Instru-
“ ction by Pleasure; but the peculiar Tendence
“ of this Nation to *Musick*, made us content
“ with *Pleasure* in that, without rising up to
“ *Sense*, and the Nobler Draughts of the Hu-
“ man Soul, in all its Affections, and Habits.
“ The Church likewise has been a mighty
“ Promoter of *Musick* in the Provision she has
“ every where made for Professours, and Per-
“ formers in that Art.

“ BUT there is another Reason (*pursued*
“ Bellori) that *Tragedy* has met with no En-
“ couragement among us. It was begot, born,
“ and came to perfect Age in *Liberty*; and
“ that is what has been departing from *Italy*
“ for some Centuries, and scarce now has any
“ footing left in all the Nations of it.

“ *LORENZO di Medici*, on his Reviving
“ the Stage and promoting the *Politer Arts* at
“ *Florence* stopt at the *Opera* and his Head was
“ too busie in maintaining his Power in the
“ State against the perpetual Assaults of his
“ Foreign and Domestick Enemies, to bring
“ this to that Perfection he had else the Capa-
“ city of doing. And *We* live always under
“ an old Monarch, that has other Aims, than
“ things of this Nature. The good Fathers of
“ the *Society*, indeed Yearly visit us with some-
“ thing of this kind; but alas! it is not the
“ Province of School Boys, and Pedagogues!

“ A

“ A *Dramatick Poet* ought to know all Man-
“ kind, from the Prince to the Peasant, the
“ different Characters of Men, which distinguish
“ the Mind as much as the Features do their
“ Faces. He ought to know the Duties of
“ a *Prince*, of a *Commander*, a *Statesman*, a
“ *Soldier*, and so through the Rest of the Or-
“ ders of Men, else he will commit a thousand
“ *Solicisms* in the Manners which will shock
“ a Judicious Reader; for he will do what
“ was said before in *Architecture*, join a Capi-
“ tal of the *Corinthian* to a Pedestal of the
“ *Ionic*, and yet value himself, if the Fools,
“ that know not the Error applaud his prepo-
“ sterous Production.

“ I HAVE been in *Spain* (said Count
“ Luciano) where they have Abundance of
“ these *Dramatick Performances*, but very few
“ worthy the Name. When I was at *Madrid*
“ there was a Young Student of *Salamancha*
“ much applauded at that time for several
“ witty Copies of Verses which he had wrote,
“ but full of the Vanity of *College Applause*
“ he comes to the *Metropolis* and wou'd needs
“ write a *Play*. He chose for his Subject *Phæ-*
“ *dra*, but knew so little of the Character of
“ a Queen, and a Woman of Vertue, that he
“ made her more Impudent, than a Common
“ *Prostitute*. *Euripides* makes her Unfortu-
“ nate indeed, but this Gentleman made her
“ Guilty. The Greek Poet made her, by the
“ necessity

“ necessity of the Revenge of *Venus*, under the
“ Curse of an involuntary Passion for her Son-
“ in-Law, and gives her such Difficulties of
“ discovering it, that her very Nurse, that had
“ bred her from a Child, and alone, cou’d find
“ it out only by a chance Word; but the
“ *Spanish* Poet gives her the Assurance (to call
“ it no other Name) to make her own it to a
“ Minister of State, and a Man (to say nothing
“ of her Guard) and before the very Mistress
“ of *Hippolitus*.

“ I T was full of these Absurdities, yet he
“ found some Men of Figure, that espous’d it
“ in a violent manner. For my Part I won-
“ der, that the Dignity of the Character of a
“ Queen, and Woman of Vertue prostituted in
“ so Ignorant and Scandalous a manner did not
“ give an Abhorrence of the Author, and con-
“ fine him to *Odes* or *Epigrams*, a Province
“ fitter for a young Student ignorant of the
“ World, than *Tragedy*, the most Illustrious of
“ *Parnassus*.

“ T H E R E was another Author there,
“ that brought on *Tamerlane* with Applause,
“ and made him a meer Talking, Sauntring
“ Hero, full of musty Morals, but guilty of
“ no Action in the whole Play contrary to
“ his Character, as either a *General*, *Conqueror*,
“ or *King*. In another Play the same Author
“ lays his Scene in *Italy*, and makes his *Heroine*
“ Debauch’d

“ Debauch’d before Marriage, and not very
“ Chaste afterwards, and yet all patiently
“ born by the Husband, and she never repen-
“ ting of all her Wickedness when she had
“ added *Self-Murder* to *Adultery* and *Fornica-*
“ *cation*.

“ THESE Absurdities I urge to show you,
“ how necessary it is for a *Dramatic Poet* to
“ know and follow the Rules of his Art as well
“ in the *Characters*, and the *Decorum*, and
“ *Rights* of each *Character*, as in the *Plot* and
“ *Design*. His *Tamerlane* ought to have been
“ confin’d to a Country School, and not have
“ preferr’d to the Buskin, and his Lady manag’d
“ in another manner, and sent to the *Brothel*,
“ not the Eye of an Audience. But few Po-
“ ets among the Moderns know either how to
“ chuse a Subject, or how to contrive, dispose,
“ and write it when chose, because they are
“ ignorant of their Art. And think its Per-
“ fection to consist in Words, in fine Language,
“ and not in the Justness and Correctness of
“ the Design, the well marking the Manners,
“ and true, and Artful Draught of the Passions.

“ THAT in my Opinion (*interrupted*
“ *Ophelia*) is as if a *Painter* shou’d value him-
“ self more on the drawing the Drapery, than
“ the Figure; for Language to a Play does
“ not seem to me so much, as ev’n the Dra-
“ pery to a Picture. A Jingle, or at least a
“ Set

“ Set of Words, and Phrases supplies one, but
“ the other cannot be had without a Know-
“ ledge of Nature ; of all the Movements of
“ the Soul ; and all its Qualities, Habits, and
“ Affections, and the several Blendings of those
“ several Qualities, from which arises that
“ difference, that distinguishes Mankind one
“ from another.

“ YOUR Notion is admirable (*assum'd*
“ Bellori) Charming *Ophelia* in this Point,
“ and sufficiently decisive. The other Absur-
“ dities I observ'd (*said Luciano*) on the Spa-
“ nish Stage, were in their *Plots* or *Designs* ;
“ they mingled sometimes *Comedy* and *Trage-*
“ *dy* in the same Poem ; and wou'd not be
“ satisfy'd to give us any one Action for their
“ Subject, but stretch the *Time* sometimes to
“ Ages ; and *Place* all over a Kingdom, nay
“ sometimes to half the Universe ; and have
“ Marriages, Children born, and grown up in
“ one Play of two hours, and half. This in-
“ deed *Cervantes* in his admirable *Quixot*
“ complain'd of long since, and urg'd it to
“ their Authors, or rather Players, to consider
“ the Honour and Reputation of their Coun-
“ try, whose Sense, and Understanding wou'd
“ be censur'd by Strangers of better Judgment,
“ as Barbarous and Ignorant.

“ *CERVANTES* indeed (*pursu'd Ophelia*)
“ has a good deal on that Head, and I was in
“ hopes

“ hopes the Authority of so great a Man had
“ reformed that Abuse before this Time.

“ B Y no means (*reply'd* Luciano) Errors
“ that have got footing in Wit, as well as
“ Religion, are not remov'd but by a superiour
“ Power of State, or Revolution of the People,
“ the *Spanish Players* that have the Administra-
“ tion of the Stage, and are ignorant, and yet be-
“ lieve themselves Judges; and such Absurdities
“ having pass'd so long, they believe them
“ Excellencies, and as long as the Stage con-
“ tinues in such hands it can never be other-
“ wise.

“ A S for their mingling *Comedy* and *Trä-*
“ *gedy* (*said* Ophelia) it seems such an Incon-
“ sistence, that I wonder any rational Creature
“ cou'd ever unite them, did I not find some-
“ thing of that nature in all our *Operas*, which
“ are a sort of Musical *Tragedies*; for we have
“ two buffoon Parts in e'ry *Opera*. But that
“ I look on more tolerable since we pretend
“ not to move the Passions so strongly as a
“ *Tragedy* is suppos'd to do; for thus to pass
“ from Tears to Laughter seems monstrous,
“ and shocking to common Sense. 'Tis not
“ in Nature, for when a Heart is possess'd
“ with Grief, it is impossible to affect it in a
“ Moment with Joy, without removing the
“ Cause; and much less with Laughter. And
“ in a Play it must break, and weaken the
“ Pity,

“ Pity, and make such a Confusion in the De-
“ light, as must render it not at all agreeable
“ to the Gusto of any one, that thinks with-
“ out Confusion.

“ A S for the Absurdities you mention of
“ the Plot, and Conduct they are so ob-
“ vious to common Sense, that I wonder
“ they cou’d obtain. The Subject of a
“ Poem like that of a Picture ought to be but
“ one Action. As the Victory of *Constantine*
“ over *Maxentius* done by *Raphael’s* own hand,
“ the *Painter* has given us a wonderful variety
“ of Figures; Actions of Particulars all con-
“ tributing to the common and publick Action
“ of the Battle: And for him to have added
“ all the Battles, Actions publick and private
“ of that Emperour to this Piece, had been so
“ monstrous, that that alone must have damn’d
“ his Piece; such a difference of Subjects must
“ have distracted the Attention, which by be-
“ ing divided must be lessen’d. Besides, tho’
“ all or every of the Actions of that Hero may
“ have a Harmony each peculiar to it self, yet
“ it is impossible to preserve such a Correspon-
“ dence as wou’d make a Harmony of the
“ whole.

“ NATURE it self has excluded this Ab-
“ surdity from Painting in a Visible manner,
“ for no space is sufficient to make the Perfor-
“ mance in its just proportion; and if in the
“ same

“ same Gallery there be several Actions of the
“ same *Hero* represented they are every one a
“ several Picture, with Beauty peculiar to its
“ self, and incommunicable with the Rest,
“ with which there can be no universal Cor-
“ respondence.

“ THO’ this may not to the *Spaniards*
“ appear so visible in a Play yet to any by-
“ Stander, that is skill’d in the Art it is as
“ plain as in the Picture. The Unity of the
“ Action does not exclude variety of Chara-
“ cters, as is plain from the Historical Pieces
“ of most of our *Painters*, but it admits none,
“ who are not immediately concern’d in the
“ grand Action of the Piece.

“ THE passing from Country to Country
“ falls under the same Rule, and is for the
“ same Reason absur’d; since it must include
“ variety of Actions, which are not reducible to
“ one View. I am however more satisfy’d, on
“ your Relation of these Absurdities of the
“ Foreign *Drama*, that we have nothing here
“ at all of that Poem; for it is better to have
“ none of it, than to have it so debas’d, as dis-
“ covers a Dullness, and want of Judgment in
“ the Audience.

“ BUT if my Lord (*pursu’d she addressing*
“ *herself to the Prince*) your Highness wou’d
“ exert that great Interest, and Power you
“ have

“ have, with all those Advantages of Art, and
“ Nature to the settling of a perfect and regu-
“ lar Stage, I know not any thing cou’d be
“ more distinguishing and worthy your Glory,
“ it being the most rational Diversion, and the
“ Noblest School of Vertue, which conveys
“ its useful Instructions, in the charming Ve-
“ hicle of Pleasure, and will strike those, who
“ have little Regard to the Church. Besides
“ it being the highest Perfection of the Wit of
“ Man, it will be an Argument of the pecu-
“ liar Excellence of your Highnesses Sense,
“ and grand *Gusto* by Establishing this Science.
“ ’Tis true it will be some trouble for *One* to
“ undertake it, yet any *One* Man of your Qua-
“ lity and Interest might soon bring over those,
“ who have an Opinion of your Understand-
“ ing, at least if they do your Highness that
“ Justice, which I shall ever endeavour to
“ do.

BELLORI, and the Dutchesse join’d in this Particular, the Dutchesse assuring him, that the *French* Stage had been as Ridiculous as the *Spanish* till *Richelieu* took care to reform it in spite of those who had kept it so long under the Libertinism of Ignorance.

THIS Discourse being over *Ophelia* paying her Respects to all the Company according to their several Qualities withdrew, and cast a pleasing Smile on *Bellori*, as he waited on her

Q

her to the Coach. When *Bellori* return'd he found the whole Company engag'd in Admiration, and Praise of *Ophelia*, which gave him an Opportunity of speaking on so pleasing a Subject with a Satisfaction that was visible to the Company.

BELLORI (*said Donna Theresa after Ophelia and Bellori had left the Room*) cou'd not conceal the Satisfaction he had in taking the hand of *Ophelia*, nor she the Pleasure of giving it to him.

I KNOW not (*reply'd the Prince*) how far *Ophelia* has gone in the Heart of *Bellori*, or what Interest he has in hers, but I think each of them have Charms enough to engage any Lady or Cavalier in Rome. *Bellori* is a Gentleman of a good Estate, a great many Personal Qualities, that will always have their Value in the Eye of the Fair, and as many considerable Endowments of Mind, as are sufficient to gratifie all the People of Sense. He has Learning, Wit, and Judgment, which are seldom Companions in one Man. He has besides good Humour and Generosity; is always ready to do a Service, where the Object has any Pretence to Compassion, or his own Honour require it. In short I think him the fittest Man in the World to be either a Friend or a Lover, which is a Praise I should be Ambitious of my self.

BUT

BUT tho' so qualify'd for a Man of Pleasure, yet Gallantry does not engross him, Business shares his Time, and the Publick Revenue is the better for his Care.

A S for *Ophelia* (*said the Dutchess*) I will presume to be her Advocate in her Absence, as your Highness has been for *Bellori*. *Ophelia* knows how to value, and make use of those Freedoms, that are justly allow'd her by the Quality; which she has obtain'd by the Force of her Merit.

A S the Dutchess was saying these Words *Bellori* return'd to the Company, and the Dutchess went on.

AND as her Eyes have always (*pursu'd the Dutchess*) inevitable Charms for the Men, so her Conversation has too many Graces not to render her extreamly desireable to the Ladies. Tho' were her Quality equal to her Desert, I am afraid she would have fewer Friends, and more Envyers among her Sex. But we Ladies, whom Birth, and Fortune have set so much above her, are satisfy'd to behold those Charms in *Ophelia* now, which we cou'd not bear on a Level. For tho' Personal Merit be certainly more valuable in Reason, than the Advantages of Fortune; yet the Pomp, and Adoration, that Quality is attended with, makes us apt to be content with that, undisturbed by

any generous Emulation of Virtues (that we want) in our Inferiours.

I MUST own, that tho' I may be as frail as the Rest of my Station, yet I have that deference to real Worth, that I esteem the Honours I pay *Ophelia*, over-ballanc'd by her own unborrow'd Excellence.

I AM perfectly (assum'd Bellori) of your Graces Opinion, and I wish, that your Grace cou'd propagate so just a Principle among the Quality, Vertue wou'd be more encourag'd, and Wit, and Learning thrive infinitely more, than they have of late Years. There are not many Ophelia's in an Age, and therefore by a Singularity of Excellence she challenges more, than a Common Regard. Beauty sits in all the Sweetness of its Majesty in her Face; and Wit flows from her Tongue with all the Divine Enchantments of Harmony with good Sense, and good Judgment. She is as Generous, as she is Fair, and as Compassionate of the Misfortunes of the Unhappy, as she is Witty. She raises the Wretch by her Interest, for no other Bribe but the Largeness of her own Soul, and the Necessities of her Suppliant. The Interest she has is ever employ'd for the Ease of the Afflicted, or to do Good to some Body, or other. As her Beauty is without Art, her Wit without Trifling, her Satire without Malice, her Gayety without Lightness, her Sense without Affectation,

tion, and her Judgment without Sourness; so is her Friendship without Interest; her Generosity without Design, and all her Good Deeds without self Prospect.

IF you consider her in the Performance of her Art who is to compare with her? Who so form'd for the Stage, in Person and Genius. She gives by the Grace and Emphasis of her Action a Soul to the Words, which the Poet never understood, and the Musick cou'd not express. Tho' she is very well read in the Nature of the Mind, and the Passions, and knows how to deliver every one in its proper Gesture, and Look, yet she has help'd Nature out by the Study of Art. She has a Collection of the finest History Cuts in the World, which with the Pictures she every where here meets with, she consults in the Passions, observing what Gesture, Countenance, and Look the Sculptor or Painter has given each Passion, and how every one may be variously and justly express'd. By these means she's arriv'd at this Excellence, and every Actor in Operas or Plays ought to follow her Example in this if they will not approach her Perfection.

THE whole Company agreed in the Justice that the Duchess, and Bellori had done the Charming Ophelia. And the Assembly now breaking up we retir'd home to the Cardinals.

C H A P. II.

Fantasio's Revenge on Theresa by discovering Uberto under the Bed, by which she lost both her Lovers at once. How he ran away to Cardinal Ottoboni's, and sets out from Rome with Donna Angela to Venice.

THE Scandalous Infidelity of *Theresa* gave me much Pain, and Thoughts of Revenge if ever I cou'd come at the Means, with which her Lewdness and Folly soon after furnish'd me, For *Uberto* being again forc'd under the Bed by the unexpected coming of Count *Luciano*, I took care to Bark, Snarl, and make such a Noise, that the Count drawing his Sword forc'd the *Footman* to appear from out of his Covert, and make such a discovery that *Theresa* was in no manner pleas'd with.

THE Count upbraiding her Falshood, and Degeneracy went away in a Passion. And *Uberto* all trembling with fear got out of the Appartment, and soon out of the House, and for fear of some fatal Revenge from the Count he speedily left *Rome*, secure in the Lowness of his Condition from a Pursuit, or Discovery. I found my self in Disgrace for the Injury I had done her Pleasure by depriving her of two Gallants at one Time. A Bit and a Knock was
now

now all my Lot, but many a Kick more, than Morfels. Upon which I took my Opportunity to give her the Slip, and made my way to Cardinal *Ottoboni's* who with his Niece I understood were going for *Venice*. There was no Place I hated more, than *Rome*, and the farther I went from it, the nearer I hop'd my self to my Restauration to Humanity.

I GOT safe into the Cardinal's Palace, and run up to the Apartments, remembring the House ever since I us'd to wait on *Theresa* to *Donna Angela Ottoboni*. My Beauty was my Credentials, and I was no sooner seen but admir'd, taken up, and carry'd to *Donna Angela*, who very much pleas'd with my Appearance, took me immediately into her Protection, little imagining, that I was a Fugitive from her Rival *Theresa*. For *Luciano's* Affair was not so secretly carry'd but *Angela* by her Spies had made the Discovery of enough to convince her that she had an Affair with the Man, that was design'd for her Husband, which had a long time caus'd a Breach betwixt the two Ladies, and made them grow from the most intimate of Friends the most inveterate of Foes. By this means I thought my self most secure in her Hands from the odious *Theresa*.

I WAS surpriz'd and pleas'd to find so happy a change of Condition, and Ladies.

THERESA was young, gay, very Beautiful and very Lewd. *Angela* was something younger, not so beautiful, but yet incorrupt in her Chastity. *Theresa* seldom thought of God, never of Religion, but always of Pleasure. *Angela* had Heaven ever before her in the holy Virgin, and Saints, was always Zealous in the Duties of Religious Worship, and seem'd to have no Notion of the Pleasures of the Fair, and the Young. *Theresa* hated to employ her hands in the ingenious Trifles of the Needle, but when she was not acting the Joy, was preparing her Mind, and raising her Appetite by such Books, or Discourse, as were most luscious, and provoking. *Angela* divided the Day betwixt Devotion, and Work, and never read any thing but the Legends of the Saints, and Martyrs. *Theresa* never rose till Noon, but *Angela* with the Lark. *Theresa* was passionate, revengeful, talkative, and had some Wit, and thought she had more, which always heighten'd her Impertinence to the Destruction of what she had. *Angela* was mild, humble, and modest, and if she had not Wit, her silence kept the defect a secret, and made her much more tolerable, than a loquacious Wit of that Sex.

I HAD entertain'd a mighty good Opinion of my new Lady for a Devotion without Hypocrisie, so common to the Sex, but I found

found at last, that a Womans Virtue is always full of the Alloy of the Neighbouring Vice; and that while *Angela* devoted herself so entirely to Religion, she fell into *Biggotry*, and *Superstition*. There was indeed the Form of Devotion but the Essence, the Soul of it was lost, and vanish'd; and tho' she sent fourth abundance of Prayers every day, yet God never had the Tith of them, the Blessed Virgin, and the Saints intercepted all, and out-rival'd Omnipotence with this foolish Devote.

SHE perform'd her Devotions every Evening before she went to Bed, but they consisted in sprinkling the Chamber, and Alcove all about with holy Water, Prayers to her Guardian Angel, and the Virgin, and her Patroness. *St. Bridgets* Prayers, the *Rosary*, and such Whimsical Medleys were ever in her Mouth, such wonderful Indulgences, and Benefit being annex'd to them. Then she believ'd all the Legendary Miracles of the Saints, more firmly, than the *Gospel*, of which she knew not one Word. She perfectly believed *St. Dennis* the Areopogite took up his Head in his Hands after the Executioner had cut it off, and carry'd it two Miles. That *St. Dunstan* took the *Devil* by the Nose with the *Tongs* as he look'd in at his Window, and made him roar out like a Bull. That *St. Bernacus* by

by changing one Letter turn'd *Leaves* into *Loaves*, and *Stones* into *Fishes*, and *Water* into *Wine*; that he fail'd over the Sea upon a Stone; as an hundred and fifty of the Disciples of *Joseph* of *Arimathea* did on his Sons Shirt, and Fryer *Herveus* on his Mantle. That *St. Nicholas* when he lay in his Cradle in Respect to the Fasts of *Wednesdays*, and *Fridays* wou'd only Suck once. That *St. Christopher* sticking his Staff in the Ground it immediately budded, and brought forth Leaves, by which he Converted eight thousand *Pagans* to the Christian Religion. That Bishop *Trian* having kill'd his Cow and his Calf to entertain *St. Patrick* and his Followers, Both of them, the next Morning were seen feeding in the Meddow. That a Sheep being Stolen, and not restor'd to the Owner, as *St. Patrick* had commanded; the Saint made it bleat in the Belly of him, that had Stolen, and Eat it. That *St. Briccus* being but a Boy saw the Devil behind the Altar noting down the Faults of the People, and that when he wanted room to Write on, he pull'd, and stretch'd the Parchment so hard with his Teeth, that he knock'd his Head against the Wall; and that *St. Martin* conjur'd him with that Vehemence, that he blotted out all; that he had Written. That when the King of *Silena's* Daughter had cast her Girdle about the Dragons Neck by *St. George's* Order, he follow'd

follow'd her up and down as tame and gentle as a Lap-Dog : That *St. Godericus*, ten years before his Death saw plainly all that was done in ten Miles of his Residence, and often all the World over : That *St. Dominick's* Books being fallen into a River, a Fisherman took them up three Days after, as dry as a Feather : That *St. Romualdus* discours'd of the sublimest Points of Divinity, as soon as he was born, and immediately after his Baptism Preach'd a very learned Sermon : That *St. Christina* spoke when her Tongue was cut out : And *St. Margaret* being swallow'd by a Dragon, had no sooner made the Sign of the Cross but the Dragon burst in two, and set her at Liberty, as sound, as a Roach.

THESE with a thousand more as ridiculous as these were the daily Subject of her discourse, and reading, and fill'd her Head with such Religious *Chymera's*, as made her perfectly superstitiously Mad. All her Conversation was with *Fryars, Monks, and Jesuits*, in whom she had so great a Faith, that if they had told her it had been Merit to prostitute her self to them, she wou'd have done it, tho' naturally of a cold Phlegmatic Constitution.

IN the midst of all this Medley, this Fairy-Land of Religion, she had found some
Regard

Regard for Count *Luciano* approving him for a Husband above all Men; and having some small Grounds of Jealofie, ſhe employ'd her Spies ſo well as to make a Diſcovery of *Thereſa's* Intrigue with her deſtin'd Husband which has a ſufficient Cauſe of an irreconcilable Breach betwixt the Fair.

CHAP.

CHAP. III.

Fantasio's *Journey from Rome to Spoleto, Assisium, Mount Alvern, Valumbrosa, and the Holy Defart; the Cardinal's discourse to an Hermit that had not been out of his Cell, nor spoke a Word for forty Year together. The Cardinals speech against Solitude.*

CARDINAL *Ottoboni* and his Train set out of *Rome* by the *Porta del Populo*, along the *Via Flaminia*. We soon past *Ponte Molo*, famous for the Victory of *Constantine* over *Maxentius*, *Narni*, and *Terni* till we came to *Spoleto*. Where it was resolv'd in Compliance with *Angela's* desires to turn from *Foligni* to *Assisium*, the place of Nativity of *St. Francis*, Founder of all the *Fryars*.

HERE the young Lady was told by the Cardinal's Chaplain, that the Bodies of *St. Francis*, and *St. Dominick* stood hand in hand without any Support, and incorruptible. But it was not possible to see them without suffering Death, as one of the *Popes* had done for his Presumption. It was a great Mortification to *Donna Angela*, that she was deny'd the Happiness of seeing the Body of a Saint, whose Spirit she had so frequently invok'd in her most serious Devotion. Never reflecting,
that

that it was a manifest Mark of a Cheat to pretend it to be impious to behold the Dead Carcass of that Saint, who when it was a living Body expos'd it to Publick View. But these good Fathers are not the only Pretenders to these holy Saints Bodies; the *Socolanti* declare, they have the same at *Portiuncule*; and the *Dominicans* of *Bologna* assert themselves Possessors of the Body of their own Founder.

FROM hence we went to *Portiuncule* a Chapel of the *Virgin*, and so to Mount *Alverno*, where we had a View of the broken Rocks, cleft as they told us by the Earthquake at the Crucifixion of our Saviour, with the Impression made by the Body of *St. Francis* to avoid the Devil, who was coming to throw him down the Precipice. Thence we took our Religious Journey to *Valombrosa* chosen by *St. John Gualbert* for his Retirement among vast Woods of Pine, where now is a very Famous *Abbey*, built in a most Magnificent manner, and where the Monks lead a very pleasant, and commodious Life; varying the Pleasure by exchanging now and then with the Monks of *Florence*.

FROM this place we went to the *Holy Desert*, or to *Camaldule*, there is a Monastery of Monks built on the middle of the Hill, where as they had a noble Revenue, so they
were

were much more Hospitable than in the other Convents we met with, nor were they so much fallen from their first Institution. Here we rested a Day or two, being sufficiently fatigued with the two or three last Days Journeys among the *Appenines*, and being then refresh'd, the Cardinal, at the Desire of his Niece inform'd the Monks that he design'd the next Day to go to the *Holy Desart*. Upon which they call'd us up in the Morning by Five a Clock, and made us sit down to eat at Six, assuring us, that without thus fortifying our Stomachs we shou'd not be able to support the sharpness of the Air in the Ascent; since we were to Clamber up on Foot thro' the Snow for Six Miles together.

THE Cardinal wou'd fain have dissuaded his Niece from so great a Fatigue, but she wou'd not hear any thing of the matter, so he order'd three of his Retinue to attend, and carry his Niece by turns, who bore me in her Arms, not caring to venture to leave me behind her in the Monastery. Having eaten our Repast, of which my Mistress was sure to give me my share, we left the Monastery about Seven, and compassing always the Mountain we struggled towards the Top, through a perpetual Forrest of Firr-Trees. One Inconvenience was, that these Rocks were full of Springs, whose little Streams disperse themselves all over the Paths we were to pass; and these
several

several Rivulets meeting sometimes form a Torrent, which we went over on Firr-Trees for Bridges. The Cardinal was pretty Old, and soon tir'd with the Difficulty of the way, was fain to have one of my Mistresses Attendants to hold him up and assist him.

ABOUT Noon we got to the Top of the Mountain, where it is so cold, that when it Rains beneath it always Snows there, which then were so high, that at a Distance we cou'd only discover the Spire of the Church, and the Tiles of the Cells. There were about sixty of them twenty Paces distant each from the other; and every one has several Rooms, and a Garden. Among the Rest there was one of a venerable *Hermit*, who they assur'd us had not stir'd thence these Forty Years, and still liv'd there in perpetual Silence, they put his Food into him by a little Window, and which he took with a great deal of Moderation, and Temperance, in so much, that he was there look'd on as a Saint.

THIS Reputation of the *Hermit* was sufficient to raise the Curiosity or Devotion of *Donna Angela* to such a Degree, that nothing cou'd satisfy her but a sight of him, and the hearing him speak. The Difficulty was urg'd but the Authority of a Cardinal was sufficient to break through common Obstacles, and so we were admitted into his Cell; and the Cardinal

Cardinal urging his Power prevail'd with him to hear and answer his Discourse. *Ottaboni* was a *Venetian* by Birth, a People not very Famous for all the Nicest, and severest Sentiments of *Religion*. He was besides a Man, that had been so Conversant in the Court of *Rome*, that Devotion had no great Root in his Heart. He was a *Cardinal* and that shew'd him to be a Man for Interest, in which he was more skill'd, than in the Sower Precepts of the Melancholy Recluses. With all these Qualifications, after his Niece had knelt down, and receiv'd the *Hermit's* Blessing, he thus address'd himself to him.

“ HOLY Father (*said he*) what I shall
“ say is not to condemn the pious Institutions
“ of our Ancestors, and Saints receiv'd into
“ the Cannon of the Church. But the great
“ Reputation you have got by secluding your
“ self so many Years from the World, makes
“ me desirous to know not only your Motives
“ of so severe a Retreat, but ev'n your Reasons,
“ which ought to justify a thing, which per-
“ haps has not the best Foundation in *Nature*.

“ LET us look into the Origin, and Nature
“ of Mankind, and we shall easily find, that Man
“ was form'd by the Divine Architect a Sociable
“ Creature; nay he has plac'd Man in such a
“ Condition, that he can be neither safe nor
“ happy without the Benefits of Civil Society.

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Nor

“ Nor cou’d ev’n you in this terrible Solitude
“ live either securely, or at all, without the
“ Defence of the State where you live, and
“ the Assistance of the Monastery of *Camaldule*,
“ which sends you Provision for your very
“ Subsistence, so weak and so inconsiderable is
“ one single Man quitting the Advantages of
“ Human Society. God has given us Tongues,
“ and Language to make use of to the better
“ Comfort, and Preservation of this Civil So-
“ ciety for which he made us, now you by a
“ sort of Presumption reject the happy Gift,
“ and condemn your self to the Curse of
“ Dumbness, as a Thing more pleasing to the
“ Author of Speech.

“ SOCIETY being thus plainly the End
“ of God in our Creation, those Vertues which
“ contribute most to that End must be most
“ valuable, and belov’d by his holy, and sacred
“ Wisdom: But a Recluse Life, by a selfish
“ sort of Avarice, draws all Considerations to
“ your self, and banishes all thoughts of the
“ Benefits of Civil Life, as less agreeable to
“ God. For take your *Hermitical Life* in the
“ best Sense, it can only reach to your own
“ Advantage, in fencing you from those Fa-
“ tiques, and terrible Trials which Men in
“ the World are oblig’d to Encounter, and the
“ Victory, in which, must be much more great,
“ and Glorious, because undergone for the
“ Good of Mankind, and in pursuit of that
End,

“ End, for which all Men were born. While
“ you remote from Care and Danger, pass an
“ idle, and supine Life, wholly directed to
“ your own Benefit, and like a Coward run
“ out of the Warfare of the World to secure a
“ Fastness against the Invasions and Assaults of
“ the Enemy. Shou’d this Distemper, and
“ Pusillanimity spread, it must bring all Man-
“ kind into Confusion, to a period in One Age;
“ and that, whose Consequence must be de-
“ structive, and whose very Being is so opposite
“ to the Publick Good and Security can ne-
“ ver in my Opinion be a Vertue in it self.

“ THERE seems a prevailing Error in all
“ things of this Nature, that we are only born
“ for our selves, whereas there is no Man in
“ the World, that considers his Duty but will
“ find, that he is born a Member of Society,
“ and therefore, that his Duty reaches to
“ others.

THE Cardinal had not long done but the
Hermit making a Dutiful Bow, with a Grave
and Modest Aspect thus endeavours to answer
what the Cardinal had urg’d.

C H A P. IV.

The Hermit's Defence of Solitude.

TH O' I have not spoke to any one of Human Race these Forty Years, yet since Obedience is better, than Sacrifice, I shall not dispute a Command, which is impos'd by one of the sacred Purple, whose Authority has made me break that Silence, which has so long preserved my Tranquility to return to the Use of Speech, which I am affraid I shall scarce discharge without some of those Vanities and Passions, that usually accompany the Use of the Tongue.

YOUR Charge my Lord if I take it right is contain'd under these following Heads.

I. **THAT** all Men being born for *Society*, those Vertues which tend to the Preservation, and Service of that *Society* are preferable to those, which we only imagine in *Solitude*.

II. **THAT** God has given us *Language*, for the Use, and Promotion of this *Society*, but this Voluntary Abdication of *Speech* seems Impious, and Presumptuous, in rejecting a Gift of God as evil, or unuseful.

III. **THAT** as no Man is born for himself,
so

to every Man has an incumbent, and indispensable Duty to Common *Society*; but *Solitude* disclaims this Duty, and prefers the *Private* to the *Publick*, contrary to the received Maxims of *Morality*, which prefers the *Publick* to the *Private*.

IV. THAT it is a sort of Cowardice to fly out of the Field of Battle, and remove from the Warfare of the World, to retrench our selves in Fortifications inaccessible to the Enemy.

V. THAT if this Zeal for *Solitude* shou'd prevail, it wou'd put an End to *Society* and *Mankind* in One Age, and to destroy the very Aim of God in the Creation. And, therefore, that what has a Consequence so impious, can never in it self be good or justifiable.

I HOPE, my Lord, I have put your Arguments in their full Force, and not rebated the least Edge of your Reasoning. Now, therefore, permit me to answer to the Charge, and acquit my Profession from those Evils your Excellence is pleas'd for the sake of Argument to load us withal.

(I.) I therefore allow that the Vertues, that contribute to the Service and Good of Mankind, and are fairly directed to the happy, and just Administration of Human Society, are as

far above those Vertues, that reach only Particulars, as the *General* excels the *Particular*. In this I absolutely allow, that He, who employs his Time, and fatigue for the Benefit of the publick, is infinitely preferable to him, who in the Calms of *Solitude* seeks only his own Welfare. You have it therefore my Lord, granted you, that the Vertues of *Society* are preferable to those of *Solitude*. But my Lord this is no proof at all for the Preheminence of those busie Men, who for their own Interest, and Advantage thrust themselves into the Administration of Human Affairs, and yet have nothing less in their Eyes, than the Good of the People who are under their Care.

GOVERNMENT, my Lord, was made for the easie, and happy Living of each Community under such Laws, as by mutual Compact they had agreed to their mutual Security in their Liberty, and Property. Whence it is plain, that the Magistrates were made for the sake of the *Governed*. For the Rights of the People being allow'd the End of all Human Society, the End must, most certainly, be more excellent, than the Means, and by Consequence the Governed, than the Governour. But to take a View of the World at this present we shall find all, or at least the Chief Ends of *Society* destroy'd, and *Rapine* and *Oppression* spread over the Face of the Earth. Princes take their People for Slaves, and their
Venal

Venal Property, whom they may use as they think fit, Spoil, and Sacrifice for their Honour, that is their Ambition, as they please, and this they pretend to establish on a Divine Right as if the Eternal Cause, who is no Respector of Persons, made Millions for the Humour and Whim of One Man, whom yet he has not endow'd with more *Senses, Religion, Wisdom, Knowledge, or Vertue*, than the Rest,

WHERE yet the weak Remains of *Liberty* are found (*Liberty* the Native Right of all the Images of God) you find *Faction, Passion, Self-Interest, Sordid Gain* Triumph over *Right and Justice, Publick Good, and Liberty* it self, whose glorious Principles they profess to get that Popularity which may enable them to destroy the very Principles they pretend to. I am my self one of the Family of the *Passi*, great Opposers of the Greatness of the House of *Medici*, whose Power at last suppress the Liberty of *Florence*. The *Factions* of this City, my Lord, were arriv'd to that Height, that neither *Party* consider'd in their publick Transactions what was really for the publick Good, but what was so far plausible, as might promote their own *Party*, and defeat their *Antagonists*, and it was sufficient to disappoint the most beneficial Designs for their Country to have them propos'd by the *Party*, that was weakest. Nay to get *Proselytes*, our *Florentines* so jealous of their Honour, have

have not scrupled to Prostitute their own Wives.

BUT to go from the supream Directors of States whether *Monarchick* or *Republican*, let us take a View of the great yet, inferiour, Administrators of Nations. Instead of correcting the Oppressions of their Masters, and advising them for the Good of their People, whose Happiness, and Rights are committed to there Charge to preserve, not destroy; instead of informing him of the true State of Affairs, and the Grievances of the People, their only Care is to encrease their own Power, and Riches, without any Regard to the Prince, or the Subject, but what is necessary to keep them from the Vengance of an enrag'd Multitude, or the nearer Discovery, and Resentment of the Prince. How hard will it be, my Lord, to find a Minister of State, at least in *Italy*, that so much as thinks, or has really any Notion of the *Publick Good*, or the Service of his Prince? To see the Fields uncultivated, and Cities desolate, and the remaining People, Ghosts not Men, perpetually groaning under Oppression touches them not, they believe they deserve no better, while they arrogate to themselves a sort of Superiority of Kind, and add to their Luxury from the Sweat of the poor Wretches, they make so.

SURE

SURE my Lord, your Excellency will not insist, That any of these sort of Fiends have any Right to claim the best share of Political Virtue; while they are the Destroyers of all the Ends of Human Society, and not the Benefactors to it, as they ought; when they are the Executioners not Preservers of the People?

THUS your Excellency will gain nothing by my Concession of the Preference of *Political*, to *Œconomical* Virtues; since none of these are to be found in them, and we hope we are not wholly destitute of these. It is better to enjoy a private Honesty, than aim at a public Villany. 'Tis better in a publick desolation to flie to the nearest place of Safety my self, than to run into the common destruction without being able to prevent or delay it.

YOUR Excellency's second Argument is, *That God has given us Language for the Promotion of this Society, but the Voluntary Abdication of Speech seems impious, and presumptuous in rejecting the Gift of God as Evil or Unuseful.*

I WILL not, my Lord, mention the great Esteem *Silence* has been in among the Wisest of the Antients, the *Hieroglyphics* of the *Egyptians*, or the precepts of *Pythagoras*, because

cause those may be questionable Authorities. I shall only therefore answer for my Practice by Reason. It is granted my Lord, that *Speech* is a Gift of God, and useful to Human *Society*; but so is the Sun, my Lord, yet no Man was ever thought impious for seeking the shelter of the Shade, from its scorching Beams. The Tongue is given by God for the Benefit of Society, yet where there is no Society it can be no Crime to be silent; else we must be oblig'd, in a solitary Walk by our selves in the Fields, to exercise it to no purpose. Now my Lord a solitary Walk was never yet thought a Crime against Human *Society*, and ours is but such lengthened out into Years. *Language* I have allow'd to be the Gift of God, but God has not so dispers'd his Gifts, as to secure them from an Abuse; and that of the Tongue my Lord, is not only a thousand times inveigh'd against in the Holy Scriptures, and Fathers, but is observable in every Company almost, that you come in. Take away Vanity, Pride, Calumny, Railing, Prophaness, Obscenity, and the other Vices of Conversation, and how little real use will you find of the Tongue; and even there how few make use of it to the End design'd. Tho' the Tongue be a Gift of God, yet no-body was ever yet so wild to imagine, that we ought always to speak, for that would not only be against all Maxims of Wisdom, but wou'd really introduce a New, and more troublesome *Babel*,

Babel, and Confusion, where all wou'd be Hearers, and no Speakers, even Work than perpetual Silence since by Motions and Gestures we may be understood, but by the other not at all. Hence it is plain, that every Man is Judge when he is to speak, and when hold his Tongue, that is when Silence is to be observed, and when to be broken; but when a Man acts according to the decision of his Judgement in this particular, he cannot be condemn'd of a Crime. The Scripture tells us, *That if our Eye offends us we must pluck it out*; and yet the Eye is as great a Gift of God as the Tongue, yet submitted to be destroy'd by us according to our own Judgement.

IN this *Solitude* we have no need of discourse and by avoiding that we avoid Backbiting, Slander, and Idle Words, which interrupt Contemplation, and injure our Souls. We have therefore, in this only follow'd the Rule of the Scripture already quoted, which I hope will be Justification enough of our silence to your Excellence since we despise not the Gift of God, but only use it not, for fear of the Abuse into which our Frailties are apt to throw it.

YOUR Excellency's third Argument is, *That as no Man is born for himself alone, so every Man has an incumbent, and indispensable Duty*

Duty to Common Society: But Solitude disclaims this Duty, and prefers the Private to the Public, contrary to the receiv'd Maxims of Morality which prefers the Public to the Private.

MY Lord I grant, that no Man is born for himself only; but I deny, that Solitude disclaims the indispensable Duty of *Common Society*, which being deny'd the rest of your Excellency's Argument falls to the Ground. If by our Duty to *Common Society* is meant, that every Man is oblig'd to have a Hand in the Management of Public Affairs, it is most evidently erroneous, for that is no where now practic'd, nor is it almost possible in a State of any Bigness. Such an Opinion must produce only Anarchy, and Confusion, which are certainly destructive to *Human Society*, but this Duty in Particulars, or Private Persons must be no more but a peaceable subjection to the Laws, and the doing all the good we can to our Neighbour without Injury to our selves. Now my Lord, the Solitude, that we make Choice of is within the Compass of *Human Society*, it is subordinate to the Government, that allows and protects us, and we do what Good to our Neighbour, we can with our Prayers, which only are in our Power. It is seldom minded where Beggars resort, whether in Woods, or High-ways, in Streets or in Solitude. The State expects no more
Service

Service of them, than the Protection it gives them. We are my Lord Beggars, and live here on the Charity of our Founders we are incapable of serving the Public, and may well therefore be allow'd to retreat to our selves alone, and our God, the Cause, and end of our Beings, and seek in him, that Peace, and Happiness, which we cou'd no where find in the World, as long as we are Obedient to the Laws, and Injurious to None, but Well-wishers to All.

THE third Objection is, *That it is a sort of Cowardice to flie out of the Field of Battle, to retrench our selves in Fortifications inaccessible to the Enemy.*

MY Lord I hope it will rather look like a prudent Conduct, than Cowardice, to retreat from an Enemy, that has too often been too hard for us in the open Field; and to seek our Defence in Fastnesses, that are not so easily approachable. It would be the highest Temerity imaginable in me to venture into the Field, and bid Defiance to an Enemy, that is so advantageously Posted, and has so very good a Correspondence in my own Camp; no 'tis more like a Wife General of over-harass'd, routed, and weaken'd Troops to make a fair Retreat to some Eminence of difficult Access, where the Victorious Foe, cannot bring up all its Train of Artillery against us, nor make Advantage of the Treachery of the Traytors within

within. Here, my Lord, Ambition, Hope, Desire, Lust have no way to betray us, who are dead to our Passions, and every Day waiting the Death of our Bodies, to be dissolv'd, and be with *Christ*. *Bubbles* in all our past Stock we are willing to mannage well the last Stake, on which the Success of the whole Game depends. Nor are we here so secure but that alas! we often find the undermining of the subtle Foe, and have many terrible Bickerings in our Countermises to beat him out of our Trenches. Our Retreat, therefore, is *Prudence*, and not *Cowardice*, and by Consequence a *Vertue* not a *Vice*.

THE *Hypothetical* Fear of this Zeal prevailing, my Lord, to the Destruction of Society, I am affraid is too pleasant to challenge an Answer. The World has too many Charms, and our Passions too great a Prevalence to suppose any Probability of so total a Defection from the World, the Flesh, and the Devil, to imagine, that we shou'd have many Profelites; the Provision is too small to furnish many, and impossible to subsist all Mankind. But this I assure your Excellence when ever there is any Danger of this, if it happen in my Time, I will be the first that shall quit my Retreat for the World, to preserve that *Society* which was falling on so extraordinary an Occasion. I perswade my self that your Excellence threw in this fifth Argument are
Abundance,

Abundance, not to lay any great stress on its Force.

HAVING thus, I hope fully answer'd your Objections against our happy, and singular *Solitude*, I hope you will give me leave to take a View of both States, and see which is most worthy of a rational Man, and then submit to your Excellency's determination the Justice of the Cause.

CHAP.

C H A P. V.

A Continuation of the Hermit's Harangue against the World, and in Defence of Solitude, being a general Satyr on the several States, and Pleasures of Life.

AH! my Lord, the Life of the World is but a wretched Stage, whose whole Business is meerly to support it self. The Men of the World Pray, Cringe, Lye, Flatter, Swear, and Forswear, Murder, Cheat, and perpetrate all the Villanies in *Nature*, meerly and poorly to prolong a wretched servile Life, without the Use of Reason or Benefit of Living. The Soldier wades thro' Seas of Blood, and Death only to continue Life in Toils, Devastations, Hardships, Hazard, and Brutal want of Thought. The Merchant ventures thro' Rocks and Quick-Sands in the pursuit of that Gold, which when obtain'd he wants Soul to enjoy, and Judgment to use. The Lawyer deals in Perjuries and Forgeries to feed a Noisie Bawling Life. Man turns a *Spaniel*, Fawns on Fools, and Rascals only to fill his craving Paunch, to Drink and Sleep. And so thro' all Degrees, each struggles to maintain that Life he knows not how to make his Advantage of, or to distinguish from a *Brutes*. My Lord, I have run thro' most Stations of Life, and cannot find any one worth
the

the Ambition of a Man of Sense, not to say a Man of Religion. Reason distinguishes Man from Beast, but when a Man relinquishes his Reason in his Conduct, nothing but the Form of Man remains, and he is only a Brute erect. Why then shou'd a Man, who knows, that Reason, and Justice has long since forsaken the World pursue either Happiness, or Peace where those Foundations of them are no more?

THE Princes Vices raise Men not his Vertues; Power is got Drunk and orders things so Madly, that Men thrive now by their Vices not their Vertues; nor is it now how innocent you are, or guilty, but how much, or how little Money you have. Small Faults are Villanies but Excess makes them Vertues. Thus the little Pad is hang'd for taking of your Purse, and the Lawyer grows a Judge by robbing whole Estates. The Courtier, on your Counsel looks not on your Merit, or the Goodness of your Cause, but your *Gold*. If your Purse be weak in vain is your Merit great, or your Cause right. For Desert, and a good Cause without Money is the *Torpedo* of the Tongue; but let your Merit be small, and your Cause bad, and your Purse strong, Preferment and Victory are your own.

WHAT Path, what Station of Life wou'd you take to give me a Proof, that Man, rational Man pursues Reason? There is a Universal Taint

in the Kind, and there is no way of being free from the Infection but by quitting *Society*.

THE Fundamental Rights, the Foundations of that Happiness for which *Society* is valuable are dissolv'd, vanish'd, dead. *Security*, *Liberty*, and *Property* are no more; the People, for whose sakes Government was erected have now no Benefit by it, and those are only the happiest, that are the least Slaves. Let us go to *Venice* my Lord, your Excellencies Country, and see what their Boasted Liberty is, and we shall find it confin'd to a few, who Lord it o'er the many in so exorbitant a manner, that must have dispeopled their Dominions long since had not *Fortune* plac'd them in the midst of greater *Tyrants*.

CAN a Man of Reason bear with Patience to see his Fellow Creatures, the equal Images of God trampled under Foot, and put on an equal Level with Brutes? And yet it will be hard to find a State, that does not this with the Many, who ought always to be the Chief Object, and Care of Government. What Man of Reason can bear to see a Dropsical, Paralytic, Drunken Murderer assume the Title of a God, place himself on a Level with Omnipotence, when he has neither the Honour, Justice, Understanding, nor Sense of a Man? Nay and to hear rational Men pleading for the

the Preheminence of Servitude, and that it is our Duties to be Beasts of Burden.

GO from the Heads to their Ministers and find me one in Ten thousand, that have Honour, Honesty, Understanding, Justice or Generosity. They tell us indeed of Old, that Noblemen were Wise, Brave, Generous, Hospitable, Just, and Good, but the Truth of the Assertion we must not bring to the Test of our Times, when they are either Slaves to *Avarice*, like *Traders* Cunning, or like *Bullies* Loose, squandering their Substance profusely on *Fools*, *Knaves*, and their own *Vices*; or Penuriously, and Scandalously griping of all they can lay hold of. All Thought of *Publick Good* is laugh'd at, that comes athwart their *Private Gain*; to which they blindly offer every thing that ought to be valu'd by them, Friends, Children, Parents; all Tyes of Honour, Honesty, and Religion.

THEY use Men as their Fools, and Property, throwing false Hopes and flattering Smiles around them to cram their *Levees* with the Shoals of Gudgeons, that croud each Day to nibble at the Bait, which, like the Fruit of *Tantalus*, they see, still fly pursuing Mouths. Merit they let starve while Fools enjoy their Smiles: Or if by wondrous Chance they grow familiar with needy *Worth*, ev'n in their Bosoms, they let it live on hope, and

trifling Toys, while their pert, sawcy, senseless Menials Thrive, and get Preferments more Substantial from them. They generally make use of Priviledges, and Titles, to evade the sacred Tyes of Common Honesty, swelling upon the Spoils of trusting Bankrupts, robbing the industrious Toil of the poor Trader. Or if they pay their Debts it is because they think it Popular, not because 'tis Just; besides they sell the Publick, and may well afford it, bartering the Princes Places and his Trusts with any Fool or Knave for *guilty Gold*. Or if without a Bribe they do a Favour, they clog it so with *Fawning*, and *Attendance*, with such a long Idolatry of Body, that Men of Sense can't pay the vile Extortion: Dull slavish Souls indeed, Unthrifths of Time, that kick'd like Spaniels will fawn on them still, and by Importunity, and Impudence of bearing, wrest from them what they'd have, and use the Benefit like Knaves, which they got like Fools.

PASSING, my Lord, from these Great Ones to the bulk of Mankind and what a medly do we find, a perfect Farce, or like Sick Mens Dreams without Order, or Connection. Formality, and Business in every Man's Face, but neither Thought, nor Reason in their Conduct, or Conversation. Here you see a pert Sot reading News, Letters, and Verses in the Street, to contradict his Discourse, by an unreasonable Proof of his Reading and Writing.
There

There a Gay Fop ratling along in his Chariot, prouder of the Beauty of his Livery, and Equipage, than of his own Understanding. There a crack'd Sempstrefs dress'd like a Ladies Daughter. Here an Ostler's Son with his Sword by his side like a Gentleman; and there a Man of Birth in a tatter'd Coat, and out at heels. Here rides an ignorant Emperic in Velvet, and there trudges a Learned Man on foot up to the Knees in Dirt; all Hats fly off to that Fool in Office, while that Man of Sense is jostled by the Porters and Footmen. Who can endure to hear that Rascal call'd a Man of Honour because he dares Fight in Vindication of a Villany? Or that Uferer call'd a prudent, industrious Man, because from a bare-footed Vagabond he has got a vast Estate by squeezing the Needy, and imposing on the Ignorant.

TRUST not to Wit it may introduce you indeed to the Fair and the Great, but it is only for a Laugh no more, never thought on but when present, nor then for your sake, but their own; the Diversion you give, not you is regarded. But if you wou'd pass successfully, and effectually to the Fair, and the Great, you must *Game*; that brings the Lacquey to the Board with Kings, and Queens; if you Lose, you oblige with your Money; but if you Win you Command with your Fortune, the Lord's

your humble Servant, and the Lady what you please.

IS there any thing so contrary to good sense, and so thoroughly ridiculous, as to see a Man of Fortune and Quality raking, and scraping together immense Sums of Money, by the Oppression of the Poor, and the Betraying his Prince, and Country, when he has not the Soul to use what he has already, and must lose the whole as soon as ready Death intercepts his Lunatick Hopes and Desires, or the Destruction of that Country he has Sold, has Subjected it to the Enemy? They must be look'd on, as a sort of Mad Men, and ought to be confin'd in close Rooms. For they Act without Aim, and Fatigue themselves Day, and Night for heaps of Wealth, they know not who shall enjoy.

IS there any thing more ridiculous except the former, than to see a Man, who ought to follow Reason, running Night, and Day after a Drab, that values him no more, than she does Sense, and Understanding; and still pursuing the same Game after he has found out the Folly? He that places his Happiness in Woman builds on Quick-sands, and never can find Rest or Satisfaction, his Days are haunted with Noise, and his Nights with Fears. And Diseases, and Poverty is the Quarry he must hope for.

WHAT

WHAT can I say of Ambition that Avarice of Glory, or Power, the former more excusable than the later, since the Publick may be benefited by the Former, but himself only by the Latter. To see Men of Gravity and Years Caballing, watching whole Nights in countermining an Opposite; betraying all the Laws of Right, and Wrong meerly for a Place depending on the Prince, or the People; both whose Favours are fickle, and frail, and of a Day when they are gain'd by Cunning and Trick, not by Merit.

MY Lord I shou'd be tedious to take a full view of the very ridiculous Face of the World in all their preposterous Cares, by which they banish the happiness they pretend to pursue, and which are not worthy a Man of Honour, nor Sense. But if we look on these things with a Religious Eye, they then present a terrible Prospect, and wou'd tempt a Man to think that Hell was broke Loose, and that there cou'd be no greater Devils, than are now in Possession of the World. Nay they in some measure exceed the Wickedness of the Devils themselves, they know and tremble at the Being of God, these scoff and laugh the Notion of a Deity quite out of the World. Nay having quitted Reason in the whole Conduct of their Lives, they will shake hands with a Fool in their Opinions, lest they shou'd destroy their Aims, and foolish Desires. Thus

they will rather be guilty of so monstrous an Absurdity as the attributing the Rise of *Order* to Chance, than allow it the Work of an Omnipotent, All-Wise, All-just, and All-Good *Creator*. While they insist that *Nothing* can come of *Nothing*, they wou'd allow the Formation of All things to *Nothing*, for *Chance* is nothing, it has no *Being*, and by consequence must be nothing; and wholly depending on Causes and Beings preexistent to it self, and nothing akin to it. Thus they wou'd cover one Absurdity with another, while they hide, and shelter their wicked, and irrational Actions under wicked and irrational Principles; fond of Fatigue, and Trouble, and averse to Happiness, and Ease.

QUITTING now this Lake of *Sodom* the World, let us lift up our Thoughts to Objects worthier a Man of Reason, and Religion, for he who pretends to Reason, and yet wou'd disclaim Religion, is a Cheat, being equally destitute of both. Like Men escap'd a Storm we behold from the secure Beach, the Wrecks, the boisterous Waves, and the tost Vessels, blessing Heaven for our Deliverance from a Tempest in which we see so many Perish, averse ev'n to the Shore, that shou'd save them.

HERE we have Objects capable of employing our Thoughts and Contemplation perpetually without Satiety; when Infinity is the
Consideration

Consideration we can never want Motives of Wonder, or Desire, that which fills up the Happiness of all Eternity is sufficient to overflow the most Exalted, and most Capacious Soul in this frail Flesh. Oh! Infinite Goodness whether we Contemplate thee in all the Myriades, thou, and Omnipotence have produc'd, of living Beings capable of thy everlasting Blessings; or whether we go further and admire thee in the re-establishing the lost Race, and setting open the Gates of *Heaven*, at the same Time, that the Sins of Man shut those of *Paradise*. Whether we view thee in the Stupendous Oeconomy of the World, in thy Wonders thro' all the Vast Expanse, Numberless, and Endless in thy Glory, and thy Power. Or whether we Contemplate thee in thy Wonderful Dispensations to Mankind; the Meditation perpetually fills the Soul with a Pleasure proportion'd to the vastness of our Wishes and Desires, for proceeding from Omnipotence, nothing else can be able to give us true, sincere, and perfect Satisfaction, and divine Pleasure but Omnipotence it self. To which I recommend your Excellence, with my humble Desire that you permit me to return to that holy Silence, to which I owe Joys so sublime, that no Earthly Consideration can compensate the Loss of.

THE Cardinal seem'd a little uneasie, and shagrin'd at the bold Truths, which the
Hermit

Hermit had utter'd, but tho' his Conscience was a little wounded, yet returning from the holy Defart, and coming to the warm Monastery restor'd him to his former Follies ; and Cardinalish Principles, and Conduct. *Donna Angela*, who hoped to have heard from him some Legend of *St. Romualdus*, was terribly disappointed when none of the Saints, nor the *Virgin* her self had any share of his Discourse.

CHAP.

CHAP. VI.

Of the Cardinals return to Foligni, his passing the Appenines, and Arrival at Loretto, and his Journey thence to Ferrara, the Miraculous Conception of a Venetian Woman told Donna Angela by a Priest on the Road.

BEING refresh'd at the Monastery Donna Angela prevail'd, that we might return the same way we came, that she might again hear the Legends of *Valombrosa*, and *Alverne*. The Cardinal in compliance with her Desire went back the same way, and visited the same Places, and from *Mount Alverne* went down the other side of the *Apennines* and passing thro' *Fossombrone*, and *Urbano*, we came to *Fano*, a pretty City on the *Adriatic*. Being come thither, and refresh'd our selves the Cardinal's Calashes, and Equipage, that were left at *Foligni* met us.

GOING out of Town we had not travel'd far but we discover'd a Troop of People dress'd in a comical manner, and mounted as pleasantly. They prov'd to be *Pilgrims* going from *Bologna* to *Loretto*, about fifty riding on *Asses*, a Way of travelling much us'd in the *Marca di Ancona*. They were all in their *Pilgrims* Weeds, an Ash grey colour'd large Linnen Vest, by their Girdles a large pair of Beads, on their Breasts their *Scuola*, and in their
Hands

Hands their *Staves*, blest'd by the Curate of their several Parishes.

WE had not Rode far but we were come up with about twenty Calashes of Ladies, or the *Pilgrims*, all Relations or Mistresses of the former Troop of *Male-Pilgrims*. They were all richly dress'd gay and Airy, with little Pilgrims Staves of Gold, Silver, or Ivory fasten'd to the Body of their Gowns, and powder'd o'er with Pearls, and Dimonds; some were compos'd of *Orange-Flowers*, others of the artificial Flowers of *Bologna*; others had cram'd the curious Work of Years into that little Compass.

BEING come our first Stage *Donna Angela*, immediately strook with this Devotion, desired to dine with the He and She *Pilgrims*. But finding their Discourse run all on their Mistresses Staves, and Gayeties little suiting the Occasion she express'd her dissatisfaction to a Pilgrim, that apply'd his Discourse to her, which was wholly on the Miraculous house of *Loretto*, how it was Born from the Holy-Land by Angels first into *Dalmatia*, then into another Place in *Italy*, and lastly fix'd where it was by Hands divine. And a thousand strange Miracles perform'd by the holy Chapel. To *Angela's* complaint he reply'd, *That they were most of the Men and Ladies of Quality of Bologna, that at Times of Repast they were*

were allowed to divert themselves, but that all was innocent as free.

THIS Pilgrim who was a *Bolognian* Earl took a mighty fancy to the Simplicity of *Donna Angela*, which encreas'd by the continual Converse he had with her to *Loretto*, and in that Place. The more to engratiate himself he assured her, he was a Priest, but that in Honour to the Pilgrimage he had quitted his Habit for that of a Pilgrim of *Loretto*. From whence, he told her, he design'd to go to *Venice* to see some Relations who liv'd in that City.

IT was an odd undertaking of this Priest or pretended Priest to attaque the Vertue, and Chastity of a Cardinal's Neice then actually under his Protection; yet Industry, and little Religion were great Helps to his Success, which he accomplish'd in a little Time after our Arrival at *Venice*.

BEING come to *Loretto* *Donna Angela* perform'd all her Devotions, and visited the holy Chapel in all the Formalities of the most Superstitious Biggotry.

OUR stay at *Loretto* was not long enough for me to make any fresh discoveries of the Folly of the People, or the Knavery of the Priests, who are fond enough of such Pilgrims, but sufficiently rude and cruel Rude to those, who
are

are poor, and depend on their Charity. They take it to be a sort of Interloping on them when any one pretends to Charity but themselves. But these are things known to every One.

THE Cardinal having done his Business at *Loretto* and his Neice her Devotions, we set out for *Venice*, with this good Father in our Retinue, who rode by the Calash which carry'd *Donna Angela* and entertain'd her with Stories of Saints, and wonderful Miracles. Among the rest he said a Pious Relation of his in *Venice* who had long born great Devotion to the *Virgin*, and continu'd in honour of her a Maid, had a desire seeing the Corruption of the World, that she might have a Child by some Miraculous Means without the help of a Man, who by consequence not being born of corrupt Seed might be a Medium of recalling the depravity of Mankind from their Wicked Ways, and restoring the pure Worship of the *Virgin* and all the holy Saints, especially to recall *Venice* from that *Supinity* in, and almost disbelief of all Religion, which now reigns in that City. This good Pious Woman made use of the Prayers of good St. *Bridget*, which if you say thirty days together you infallibly obtain whatsoever you demand; by which means, and the peculiar Favour of the *Virgin*, the Angel *Gabriel* was sent to her, and got her with Child; of which she

she was no sooner brought to Bed but, the Child spoke to the People, and threaten'd great Judgments if they continu'd in their Wickedness; but the good People that were at the Labour considering the severity of the Government of *Venice* advis'd a perpetual Silence of this Miracle till the Child came of Age sufficient to execute the Message he was sent on. So the Boy was immediately convey'd out to Nurse, and the Mother arose from her Bed as well and unconcern'd as if she had ne'er had a Child, and yet continues a Zealous Worshipper of the *Virgin*, that had allow'd her a Favour so peculiar.

THE Cunning Impostor Preach'd not to the Deaf for the innocent *Angela* not only believ'd him, but stricken with the singularity, and Novelty of the Miracle began to hope for a like Celestial Amour; since she had found so much falsehood in her Earthly Gallant. The Credulity of Superstition, and Biggotry is incredible, and it is impossible to invent any thing so monstrous, and impossible, which will not seem extreamly Probable, and likely when view'd with Eyes deluded by those Follies.

ANGELA ask'd whether this Lady were alive, and whether it were possible to have a few Words with her about a Miracle so extraordinary.

traordinary, which had mov'd both her curiosity and Admiration.

MADAM, said the Priest, I am unwilling to tell you a Lie, and yet I see a great Inconvenience in answering truly. Should I tell you she were Dead I shou'd act with more Prudence, tho' I told you a Falsity because she really is alive, and happy in dayly Conversation with the Angels and Saints. But then on the other hand shou'd I tell you, that you may see her and Converse with her, I betray my Trust, since if it should be known to the Magistrates, who are all Wicked Men or even to my Lord Cardinal your Uncle, who out of want of Faith or Curiosity not Devotion, shou'd enquire into it, it wou'd be displeasing to the *Virgin*, to the last degree, and sufficient to put both her and my self out of her Favour. I wou'd, Madam, with all my Heart comply with your Desires, since I believe them founded on Faith and Devotion, but I am not willing to run to desperate a Hazard of offending the Glorious *Virgin*, who alone worketh great Miracles, and is the Gate of Heav'n, by exposing her Hand-Maid to the Insults of Infidels, before the Time allotted for her Appearance with her Son.

THIS cunning Discourse rais'd yet *Donna Angela's* desires to a greater Pitch, and made her assure him, that if he wou'd comply with her in that Particular she wou'd keep it a
secret

secret from all Men, and particularly from her Uncle, and to this she invok'd the Virgin to Witness, and deal with her as she discharg'd her Engagement.

BUT, Madam, (pursu'd he) not only not to speak of this is sufficient in so weighty an Affair, but there must be Caution us'd ev'n in the Interview; you will be watch'd, you are a Lady of too Great a Figure not to be observ'd, and an Eye kept on your Motions where-ever you go, now the Danger is near Equal, whether the Discovery be made by our Tongue, or our Conduct.

I AM willing (reply'd *Angela*) to do any thing, you can in Reason desire to obtain so singular a Happiness; and if you will instruct me how I shall behave my self, under your holy Conduct, I hope I may merit the Service.

WELL, Madam, (returned the Priest) I cannot determine much on the Matter at present, but I will consult the Blessed Woman, and as she directs I shall do. You shall see me in *St. Marks*, at high *Mass* e'ery Sunday, and if in any Disguise you will come thither the first Sunday after your Arrival, I will inform you of what Progress I have made in the satisfaction of your Wishes.

DONNA Angela was infinitely satisfy'd at what was past, and nothing cou'd now please her but an Angel for a Husband. Being come to *Ferrara* the Priest took his Leave, but not without her putting him in mind of his Promise, and his Assurance of not forgetting it. The Cardinal had some Affairs to dispatch of the Pope in this City, and so staid there some Days; but the suppos'd Priest went directly for *Venice*.

C H A P. VII.

The Cardinal's Arrival at Venice ; the Adventure of Donna Angela with a Priest, whom she took, for the Angel Gabriel.

AFTER more than a Fortnights Delay, the Cardinal set out for *Venice* to the satisfaction of his Niece, who was sufficiently impatient to see and Experiment the Wonders she hoped to find real in her own Person. She Thought and Dream'd of nothing else, for she in her Sleep wou'd often caress me, and cry out, O! *holy Angel thy Handmaid is not worthy of this Honour.*

BEING come to *Venice*, and fix'd in a Palace of the *Ottoboni*, *Donna Angela* was at a loss how to contrive her, meeting of the Priest; but Womans Wit seldom fails them, at a dead Lift, tho' they be never so silly in all things besides. She made an Excuse of going to see a sick Relation muff'd up in her Veil attended but by one Maid. As she pass'd by the Church of *St. Mark* she pretended, that she wou'd go in and hear *Mass*.

THE Priest had heard of the Cardinal's Arrival, and therefore was ready just within the Door; *Angela's* Eyes were about her to see for her Guide, and both being diligent in

the same matter they soon came to meet, but the Priest observing her Maid, said nothing to her, but gave her a Note with order to burn it, as soon, as she had read it, and punctually to observe the Directions he had given her in it.

THE Priest past away, and *Donna Angela* burnt with desire of Reading the Billet, which contain'd the Sum of all her present Desires. Having made her Visit, heard her *Mass*, and being return'd Home she retir'd to her Closet and read this Note.

Letter.

I HAVE, my good Daughter, been diligent in accomplishing your Wishes ; and the Blessed Woman having found you a Favourite of the Holy Virgin, has consented, that you shall see her, if you nicely regard her Directions ; you must say the Rosary five times a Day till next Sunday, and St. Bridgets Prayers once a Day to obtain whatever you most desire, then come alone to St. Marks to Vespers, and I'll conduct you to her.

THE Rosary and St. Bridgets Prayers now took up all her Time, and what she desir'd was to be the Mother of an Angels Child, as this peculiar Servant of the *Virgin* had been. Her Devotion for this was so much, that I
had

had fasted to her Prayer, had I not found Favour in the Eyes of her Maid and the *Cardinal*, for Merit is always dear to the *Great* and the *Fair*. The Sunday comes, she goes to the Sacrament, and after locks her self up in her Closet as to retire all Day to Prayers; where in the midst of her Devotion she put on a Disguise, which before she had procur'd, and under a Veil goes undiscover'd to Vespers at *St. Marks*. Her Guide was ready, and after many By-Turnings, and passing by two or three Canals, we arrive at a very handsome House; are conducted by the Good Priest up to an Apartment, where we found on her Knees before a Picture of the *Virgin*, a Venerable tho' not Old Lady praying aloud for *the Completion of her Promise, in adding to her Son a Help and Assistant in the great Work that he was to undertake; and that since she had reveal'd to her, that this Young Virgin shou'd be the Vessel Consecrated to this Office, she beg'd the Hour might not be long defer'd.* The Picture by some Art seem'd to Nod a Consent. *Donna Angela* was not a little pleas'd, and surpriz'd at what she heard, and saw, hitting so strangely her Desires, which she had not communicated by the least Word to the Priest. But she did not consider, that he had sufficiently discovered by her earnest Request to see this Miraculous Woman, that she not only believ'd the Fiction, but was desirous of the same Fate.

THE Pious good Woman, after her Prayers, greets *Donna Angela* with all the holy Sentences, that cou'd serve to raise her Opinion of her, and confirm her Hypocrisie. She magnify'd the wonderful Power of the *Virgin*, and lessen'd the Wonder, when she was capable of doing all things by the Help of her Son, who never cou'd deny her any thing, she ask'd. That the Age was now so wicked, that nothing but a very great Miracle cou'd recover it, and save their City from being swallow'd up by the Sea. *I know, my good Daughter* (said she) *that thou art fully sensible of this Necessity, and of the Miracle, and the Power of the Virgin to work it; and, therefore, as a Reward of thy Faith in her, she has chosen thee, as an Instrument of this Wonderful Work, and by me tells thee thy Desires are granted, and what thou hast been Praying for shall be accomplish'd in a Week. For as I was made Pregnant by the Angel Gabriel, so shalt thou be by the Arch-Angel Michael. But thou must in the meantime purifie thy Body, and thy Mind; and as thou hast to Night, attend at the same Place, and the same good holy Man shall conduct thee to the Heavenly Vision, and Joy that no Tongue can express, nor any Mind imagine.*

THEN joining Hands, and saying the *Rosary* together, and after the Lady of the House had urg'd the *Virgin* to confirm her Promise to *Donna Angela*, the Picture bow'd,

bow'd, and from its Eyes and Mouth darted flashes of Fire, which expired in clouds of Smoke, that perfum'd the Room with all the Sweets of *Arabia*. *Donna Angela* was in such a Rapture, that they might have then put an End to that Farce, had the Good Priest thought one Enjoyment enough for his Stomach. But he lik'd her too well to be satisfy'd with that; but having thus Artfully brought her Credulity to an absolute Certainty he convey'd her back again to the Place where he met her, and with his Benediction dismiss'd her.

THIS Week was the most tedious, that ever *Donna Angela* had known. She number'd the Hours, and follow'd her Prayers to such a degree, that the *Cardinal* was affraid Devotion wou'd make her Mad, and therefore propos'd to her to go to the *Opera* to Divert her; that the Mind was too frail in this Body to be always intent on Devotion, and shou'd therefore besometimes unbent to recruit its strength, and enable it to return to pious Duty, with greater Force, and Efficacy.

BUT the *Cardinal* might have preach'd his Heart out before he cou'd have prevail'd with her to go to an *Opera* of the Flesh, when she was waiting for so speedy a One of the Spirit. She put the *Cardinal* off, with Indisposition, and Aversion to Noise, and Company,

ny, and such like Excuses ; and retir'd to her Closet to enjoy her Prayers, and Wishes.

A T last the happy Day approaches, and by the same means she had before, she got to St. Marks, and finding there her Guide, she commits herself to him, and arrives at the Matrons House, conducted up Stairs, and not now into the Appartment, where she had been before, but into a lofty Chappel all adorn'd with Pictures, at the upper End a Magnificent Altar, and on it the Picture of the *Virgin*, on each side of which supported by Pillars stood Two Marble Statues of St. *Gabriel*, and St. *Michael*, the Later with flowing Loose Robes, with a Spear in his Hands, with which he pierc'd the Devil, who in a hideous Form he trod under his Feet.

BEING come to the Chappel Door the Priest took his Leave of her, and committed her to the Matron, since the Misteries, that were to be perform'd were not for such unhollow'd Eyes, as his to behold, or for any Man how Pious soever to be present. So recommending himself to her Prayers, he went about his Business, with a Promise to return by the Dusk of the Evening to convey the Lady home again.

THE Priest being gone the two Ladies enter'd the Chappel, and immediately lock'd
fast

fast the Door after them. Approaching the Altar thus, both Knelt down, and after many tedious Prayers, they Rose up, and the Matron led her to a side of the Chappel, where stood a rich Couch, and by it a little Bath, which she assur'd her was holy Water consecrated by *St. Michael* himself, and in which she must Bath her self before she could be capable of his Embraces. The simple Girl began to undress her, and now all Naked discover'd a Body, that might Tempt any Angel of Flesh and Blood. The Bath was most Odoriferous, and warm enough to instill a sort of Looseness of Wishes, and Appetites for the Occasion. After she had Bath'd a little while the Sheet on the Couch was laid open to receive her, and dry her Body, which done she was order'd to lie there in that Posture till the Approach of the Angel, whose Presence none was to see but the Person he favour'd in that manner.

THUS the Matron withdrawing left none but my self and *Donna Angela*; she in expectation of the happy Moment, and I to see what the End of this Farce wou'd prove. The Matron had not been long gone, but there was a little Rumble as of distant Thunder, and immediately the Room was all fill'd with Light, and the Statue of *St. Michael* flew down from the Pillar, to both our great dread, and astonishment, when another Clap of Thunder turn'd all the Marble into flesh, with

with Eyes, and Hands that began to move. I fled under the Couch now for fear, and *Donna Angela* was in a Trance, when the flowing Garments fell off, and deliver'd a Man stark Naked to the View, only round his head there was a Wreath of Lawrel, which shone like Fire, and in his hand he still held the Spear he did, when he was Marble.

IN this posture he approach'd the Couch, and took easie Possession of *Angela's* Person, it being some time e'er her Fear wou'd suffer her to know what she was doing, and when she came to her self, the Joy she experienced made her give a Loose to her Pleasure in the Embraces of an *Angel*.

SOME hours they pass'd in this amorous Encounter, and *Donna Angela* by Art laid fast asleep. Then I saw them remove the whole Machine, and place it again on the Pedestal, and the Pious good Priest remain in his Mortal State, while the Pious Matron help'd him to his Cloaths, and being dress'd retir'd till *Angela* Wak'd.

THE hour being come the Matron comes in and receives her in her Arms, having first paid her the Respect of a Consecrated Vessel. Now being Cloathed she was led into a Room where the Priest waited for her, and where she was refresh'd with a little Collation.
And

And then re-conducted to St. *Marks* as was usual.

DONNA Angela, who had no Aversion to the Pleasure but what she derived from her supposing it a Sin, being now freed from that Fear was unsatisfy'd, that this shou'd be the only Time of a Happiness, which she still more desir'd. She had recommended her self to the Prayers of the Matron of the House, for the continuance of the Favour, till she found her self with Child, and now forgot not to desire the Priest to put her in Mind of her Promise.

HAVING made another Appointment, and parted with the Priest she return'd home in good Order, and got in undiscover'd.

I WAS not able to bear so impious a piece of Blasphemy, and Prophaness, and was therefore resolv'd to undeceive the poor Lady from another Abuse. Accordingly being return'd to the same Scene of Impiety, and *Michael* now disclos'd to the View, as formerly with nothing but his Spear in his hand, he having at the Feet of the Couch, laid it down I leap'd at his Naked Leg and gave him such a squeeze as his Resolution was not able to support his *Angelhood* under the pain, but crying out, in a pittiful manner, endeavour'd to gain his Spear to run me through. But *Donna Angela*

gela finding by his Voice and this Action how she had been abused, flew in his Face, and gave him such Bruizes in dangerous Parts, that he fell on the Couch, and roar'd out so loud, that the pious Matron came in, in a Fright, and left the door Open. *Angela* had by this time got on some of her Cloaths, and ran out the Moment, that the Bawd came in, and I with her down Stairs, and thence into the Street. *Angela* was in too great a Fright herself to look after me too, so that as she was taking a *Gondala* I was whip'd up by a Rogue, who made it his Business to Steal, and Sell Dogs of any curious Make. And having got me, soon brought me to the *French* Ambassador's Lady, who gave him two Ducats for me intending to carry me into *France*, whether she was going with her Husband, who was re-call'd, as soon as the *Carnival* was over. I was pleas'd, that Fortune had thus thrown me into the only Hands I cou'd desire, except those of an *English* Ambassador returning to *London*, where I cou'd only hope the Herb *Sana Mente*. However *France* was not out of my Way, and the Discoveries I made during my Abode in that Nation were a sufficient amends for the delay of my returning to *Manhood*.

THE Confusion of the approaching *Carnival*, was I suppose no small Advantage to the Escape of those concern'd in the Affair of
Donna

Donna Angela: For I never cou'd hear, during my small stay at *Venice*, that they were discover'd, or brought to any Punishment for so impious a Villany.

I SUPPOSE the young Lady was not fond of making a discovery so injurious to her Reputation; or if she did, it was with so little Noise, that it reach'd not my Lord Ambassador.

CHAP.

CHAP. VIII.

A Trick put upon a French Man, by a Venetian Sharper. The Adventures of Feroce, and those of Don Superbo of Sardinia.

THO' I had thus chang'd my Quarters from *Italian*, to *French*, yet the Perfections of my Person were such powerful Credentials, that they recommended me in a most particular manner to my Lady Ambassadress, her Cousin, a young Lady of about eighteen, and my Lady's principal Woman, about twenty two, who had a Rest of Beauty enough to engage more Hearts, than One in *Venice*; as is plain from the Addresses of Don *Feroce*, and Don *Superbo*, the former of *Valedolid*, the later of *Sardinia*, both now of the Train of the *Spanish* Ambassador to the most Serene Republic.

I HAD not been long in this Family before Dinner, and before that was over there came a poor *Frenchman* to speak with his Excellence, and when the Table was remov'd he was admitted to his Audience; the substance of it was to this Purpose;

THAT he had been basely Cheated by a Venetian of above three hundred Crowns, and he therefore beg'd his Excellence to stand his Friend

Friend to the Magistrate, that he might at least have his Money again.

MY good Friend, said the Ambassador, you must be a little plainer in your Account, you must let me know in what manner the Cheat was committed, what Witnesses you have of the Fact, and what measures you desire me to take, in order to redress your Grievance.

MY Lord, reply'd the Frenchman, I have not been long come to Venice, where I had Letters of Recommendation to the Sign of the Sturgeon to take up my Quarters while I staid in this City, as a place conveniently situate for my Affairs; which oblig'd me often to receive, and pay away Money, and to look to my Cash. In the same Inn lodg'd the Italian, who has done me this Wrong. He observing me frequently counting my Money in Public, with a false Face of Friendship, told me, That it was by no means safe in this City for any Man to make so public a shew of his Money: And therefore advis'd me, as a Friend, when ever I had Occasion to weigh my Gold, or tell over my Silver, I shou'd lock my self up in my Chamber, since by doing it so openly I expos'd my self, and to the Tricks of the Rogues of the Town, who were perpetually on the Watch for Prizes of that Nature, especially of Strangers, whose Ignorance of the Place, and People, might best secure them in their Robbery.

ADVICE

ADVICE that seem'd so disinterested, and since from almost a perfect Stranger, gave me no small Opinion of his Candour and Honesty, which produced at that Time my Thanks for the Information, and afterwards an Intimacy, and particular Friendship. He having thus laid the Foundation of his after Roguery, one day applies himself to me, for three hundred French Crowns, which he wou'd pay me for in Pistols, and give me a reasonable Allowance for the Exchange.

I TOLD him very sincerely, that this was the smallest Return I cou'd make for the Favours he had done me during the short Time of our Acquaintance; and that therefore I wou'd comply with his Desires, as soon as he pleas'd. He thank'd me for my Readiness to serve him, but desir'd me to remember what he had told me not long before, about keeping my Money close from the Eyes of all Men. Wherefore, (continued he) I take the securest way for both of us is to take a Gondola, in which rowing up, and down in the great Chanel, we may weigh our Gold without any ones seeing us, the Gondoliers being with their Backs always to us.

I TAKING this Proposal to be the Effect of his great Caution immediately comply'd with his Desires. The next Morning therefore taking a Gondola we row'd into the Rio Grande, where we weigh'd all my French Crowns with
the

*the utmost nicety, and then put them into his Purse, and thence convey'd them into his Pocket, as if thence he were drawing out the Pistols which he was to give me in Exchange; but by a secret Signal given the Watermen the Boat was run ashore near the By-Alleys, and Lanes; where he soon gave me the Slip, who was ignorant of the Turnings, and Windings. So having pursu'd him in vain, I took another Gondola, and directed him to my Quarters, and examin'd my Landlord, but all he cou'd tell me, was, that he came to his House but two Days before me; but as for his Name, or where to find him, he knew no more, than I did. This is the whole Case, my Lord, and what I have to beg of you is ——— What (interrupted the Ambassador) to show my self as great a Fool as thee?—No, no, go and learn better how to deal with these *Venetians*, nor trust them any more, than they will you. Be perpetually on your Guard; and suppose your self surrounded with *Pick-Pockets*, and *Cheats*, this Conduct may protect you from future Mishaps, but for the past I know of no Remedy but Patience.*

THE poor Man was fain to retire with this Lecture instead of any Hopes of Relief.

THE Ambassador had some Business abroad, and took his Lady with him, leaving at home, *Madammoiselle Charlotte* her Cousin, and *La Nivelle*,

Nivelle her Chief Woman to attend her, and me to comply with her Desire. The Ambassador, and his Lady had not been long gone but *Don Feroce*, and *Don Superbo*, came to make a Visit, the former to *Charlotte*, and the latter to *La Nivelle*, but finding them both together, they sat down, and on Enquiry made about the News of the Town, *Don Feroce* gave us an Account of a considerable Sum of Money lost by a *Magnifico* the Night before to a *Gamester* of no great Reputation.

GAMESTERS in my Opinion (said *Don Superbo*) are the Pests of a State; they destroy Families without any Punishment, when a Rogue that steals but a Pistolette shall be Condemn'd to the Wheel. So safe are Rogues, that prey on our Follies, and so unsafe are those, who only Thieve to supply their Necessities. How many Men of Family, and Fortune have I known in Spain reduc'd to Beggery by them, while they get Respect, and Esteem by the very Villany they commit.

I DO not justify the ill Practices of the *Gamesters* (assum'd *Don Feroce*) but yet I can't but oppose you, when you do what is too generally done in the World, condemn a Vice you have no Inclination to, and do yet practice a greater without any Remorse. How many Mens Wives, and Daughters have you corrupted for your Profit, more than Pleasure,
and

and yet scarce ever thought it worth your Repentance? The *Sharper* 'tis true often gets the Estate of a *Fool*, but then he is more on the Square: His Profession is known; every Man is sensible, that *Gaming* is his Livelihood, and that his Business is to impose on you if he can; so that if you are Master of the least Prudence in the World you will not be drawn into his Snare. But you, under the Mask of Friendship, endeavour the Ruin of Families, by alienating the Affections of the Wife from the Husband, and putting your own Issue in a Family that knows not how to prevent the Injury, because it is Clandestine, and performed by Stealth. 'Tis a Cowardly Stab in the Back, against which the Person attacked can have no Defence.

THO' you address your Discourse to me (reply'd Don Superbo) with as little Manners, as Wit, yet I must in Answer reply, first that I have nothing to do in the Cause, and next that you have stated it wrong. For all Hus-
bands in Spain, and Italy, take the State of
Matrimony to be a State of War, and e'ery day
expecting some Amorous Stratagem on his Wife,
sets a perpetual Guard upon her, so that
he who gains her, does it by the Strength of
his Cunning, and Courage, and is so far from
Surprizing an Unarm'd Man, that his Attacks
are made on Fortresses well Manned. But I
am the more Surpriz'd at your Discourse in this

Place, and of its being directed to me, because you are sensible, that I am pretty well acquainted with your frequent and extraordinary Efforts in that way.

I FREELY confess (*interrupted Don Feroce*) that I have always an entire Deference to the Ladies; that it has been the Aim, and Business of my Life to prove my self their Vassal: But Pleasure in this Chace has been my only Object, and I never make any other Benefit of the Favours I receive, than what I find in the Arms of my Benefactress.

DON *Superbo's* Colour came and went on these Words of *Feroce*, so that the Ladies fearing some dangerous Event, seperated them immediately from each other. *Charlotte* taking *Don Feroce* by the hand led him so speedily away, that she left me behind her. *La Nivelle* in the mean while endeavoured to pacifie *Don Superbo*, as much as she cou'd; not disdaining to allay the Heat of his Choler, by raising the Heat of his Love, so to extinguish one Fire with another. The *Don*, tho' full of Rage, at his Comrade, yet cou'd not be insensible of the Favours of his fair *French Woman*, so giving a Truce to his Resentment, apply'd himself wholly to Love. *La Nivelle* was of an amorous Constitution, and found too little Checks on her Mind to disturb its Satisfaction, so that she easily admitted him
to

to Freedoms, which were not wholly new to him; and being secure of *Charlotte*, and her Paramour, they set no Bounds to their Wishes but one anothers Arms.

THIS made me reflect of how little Advantage it was to a Woman's Vertue to have those Liberties allow'd them, which the *Italians* deny them. For indeed they do not seem proper Trustees for such a Charge, as the Honour of a Family, and ought only to be manag'd as in *Italy*, *Spain*, or the more Easterly and Southerly Countries of *Asia*, or *Africa*. 'Tis true it is a hard matter (as I had found by what I had seen) to secure a Woman with the utmost Caution, but then the Opportunities being so rare, the Crimes must be the fewer.

THE Enjoyments of *Superbo*, and *La Nivelle* being now pretty well over, she ask'd him the Reason of that ill Humour, that *Don Feroce* seem'd to express. I know not (ceply'd *Superbo*) the Cause, nor do I much trouble my Head about it, but the Effect I shall resent in another manner, and in a more proper Time and Place. But be you Judge, my Fair *Nivelle*, if he of all Men ought to fall on me for my Affairs with the Ladies, when I will give you Instances of his Efforts that way, that none but a Man of the last Assurance cou'd ever have attempted.

THERE liv'd in *Madrid* one *Don Hortario*, a Physician, whose Practice being not considerable enough to answer his Expences, betook himself to the Coining false Money; which Course he had follow'd with some Success. But Crimes, that must have Confederates, are not long conceal'd, so *Hortario* being betray'd by one of his Confidants, was taken up, Try'd, and Condemn'd to Death for what he had done. There is a space allow'd betwixt the Sentence, and Execution, which his Handsome Wife endeavour'd to improve by his Pardon. She was advis'd by a Friend to apply herself to the *French* Ambassador, of great Interest then at Court, to mediate with his Majesty. And an Old Gentleman of *Feroce's* Acquaintance, introduces her to him to draw her Petition in *French*, which he understood; which being done, the Old Gentleman stept to the Ambassador's to know how long it wou'd be before they cou'd speak with him; in the mean time *Feroce* not touch'd with the forbidding Circumstance of the young Lady, all in Tears for her Husband's Danger, and her own Distress, which must follow his Death, ventures to make his Address of Love to her, with a strange Impudence of Hope of Success on so unlovely an Occasion.

THE Old Man goes and returns three or four Times, before the Time of the Ambassador's Leisure; and *Feroce*, improv'd e'ery
Moment

Moment of his Absence, till now having her in his Arms, and pressing her close she let her head drop with consent into his Bosom, he takes the kind Summons, and losing no time obtains the last Favour before the Old Man's last Return; when they all went together to the Ambassador's Quarters and deliver'd their Petition; and this *Ephesian* Matron with Improvements, after a Visit to her Husband in Captivity, retires to *Feroce's* Arms, and there pass a more pleasant Night, than the *Doctor*.

THE Ambassador cou'd only prevail for his Body after the Execution, which his Virtuous Wife carry'd home in her Lap; and soon having interr'd him, went to remove so disagreeable a Companion as Sorrow, in the Arms of her New Lover.

HER Beauty soon got her a New Husband, tho' her Necessity made her content with an Old *English* Knight, who cou'd maintain her above Contempt, and who doated on her with a Passion, that requir'd more Gratitude, than ever she shew'd him. For *Feroce* was still in her Heart, and she seldom pleas'd when she was out of his Arms. But this Commerce cou'd not be so privately carry'd on, but the Old Knight had some secret Intelligence of the matter; which he cou'd not disguise from the fair Offender, who was sure to inform *Don Feroce* of the Suspicion in order to redouble

his Caution. However it so happen'd, that, in the midst of their Joys, they heard the Husband coming up Stairs, and all the Time he had was to slip out of the Room, and place himself on the Stairs that went up to another Story, which yet he cou'd not ascend by reason of a little Hatch, that he cou'd not in the Hurry unlock; so that he was forc'd to stand squeez'd up in the little Noock, that was left, in hopes the Knight might pass by, and not see him; but it happen'd, that there was a Window on those Stairs, that cast the Shadow of the upper part of his Body on the contrary Wall, which made the Husband look directly on *Don Feroce*, who finding himself discovered made him a reverend Bow, and told him *He was come to wait on him to justifie himself against the Calumnies, that had been rais'd on him of having a Criminal Affair with his Lady, whom he verily believ'd to be a second Lucretia.* The Knight had not imbib'd any of the *Spanish* Humour, but receiv'd him very Civily, and assur'd him, *That tho' he had heard such a Report, yet he was better satisfy'd in his Wives Honour, and his, than to give any Credit to the Story;* So after a short Visit, *Don Feroce* took his Leave; and the Knight waited on him down Stairs, as if the most contented Cuckold alive; or rather as if entirely satisfy'd of his Wife's Innocence.

THE next Morning early who shou'd come to his Bedside but the Unfortunate Lady with Tears in her Eyes, and melancholly Complaints, that he had been her Ruin ; for the Knight after his Departure had declar'd his dissatisfaction, and seperating Beds that very Night, had the next Morning turn'd her out of Doors, with Protestations of never more having any thing to say to her. Tho' this was a Punishment much milder, than cou'd be expected from any one that lived in *Madrid*, yet *Don Feroce* to comfort her perswaded her to return, and throw her self at his Feet, to own that he had cause of Suspicion, but to avow her Innocence, and assure him, That she wou'd never more see, or admit *Don Feroce* any more into his House ; and not to leave him till her Tears and Prayers had remov'd his Indignation. *For, said he, the English are of such a Temper, that cannot resist imploring Beauty, and will sooner believe a Woman's Protestations, than their own Eyes.* So drying her Tears with Kisses banish'd her Concern with Caresses, that were still too agreeable to her, tho' she had run such a Risque of her Ruin already for the unlawful Pleasure.

DON Feroce's Advice prov'd so successful that the Lady was again received into Favour, and so far kept her Word, that she never admitted her Gallant any more within the House, but found means, as often as Opportunity offer'd

fer'd to meet elsewhere, and carry'd on the Intrigue till the Old Knight was gather'd to his Fathers; and left her a brisk Widow to enjoy her Pleasure with Freedom and Beauty.

BUT this is a Proof of the fickle Inconstancy of *Don Feroce*, his Mistress being now at Liberty, and he having free access to her, was so inconstant as to prove false to her with her Maid. For coming one day to Visit her, she was abroad, and therefore he retir'd into the Parlour with the Maid, who had desired him to walk up to her Lady's Apartment in vain. Having got her, as he supposed, alone, he threw her on the Bed, and notwithstanding all her Strugling had accomplish'd his Desire, but feeling something else move on the Bed he remov'd the Curtain, and discover'd a common Soldier fast asleep. Alarm'd with this Disappointment he let the Maid go; and went up to attend his Mistress's Return.

BUT I shou'd tire your Patience shou'd I give you a full Account of all the Rambles of this faithless *Don Feroce*, who meerly out of spite has attempted to blast my Reputation in your hearing. But I hope my dear *Nivelle*, you will not give any Credit to so manifest a Calumny.

LA Nivelles assur'd him of her good Opinion of his Sense, and his Constancy, and was only troubled, that my Lord Ambassador's sudden Departure wou'd deprive her of a Pleasure, which could else have no End but Death. After some Complements of this Nature *Don Superbo* took his Leave, and *La Nivelles* went immediately to *Madam Moisselle Charlotte*, with me in her Arms. We found *Don Feroce*, and his Lady in serious Discourse; which *La Nivelles* interrupted in this manner; *You had need, Don Feroce, to accuse Don Superbo, when you knew how guilty you have your self been of the Crimes you laid to his Charge. You have forgot Hortario, and the English Knight at Madrid.* — She wou'd have gone on but that *Charlotte* interrupted her by asking the meaning of what she had said, so setting me down she repeated all the Story, which she had heard from *Don Superbo*.

TO deny the Affairs (said *Don Feroce*) is unworthy of my Honour. I do confess, that most of what he has told you is Truth; but where is the Treachery of this, or what Man of Honour cou'd resist the Temptation of willing Beauty? But since you have heard his Account of my Affair, pray do me the Justice to hear what I have to say of his Life and Conversation.

YOU

— YOU must first know then, that notwithstanding his Professions of Love for *La Nivelle*, I have discover'd his designs on Madam *Charlotte*, which was the Occasion of my treating him in that Manner before her. And if hereafter, he shou'd endeavour to lessen me I desire you to reflect, that it comes from the Mouth of a Rival, and a Native of *Sardinia*, who shou'd always be with Justice suspected in what he says of a Man, that he looks on with a Jealous Eye in the Chace of his Pleasure or Profit. 'Tis but too Natural for a Rival to defame a Man, that is his Competitor for Beauty; and Generosity in few can prevail over *Self-Love*, not regarding the baseness of the Means, that brings them to the Possession of their Wishes. 'Tis true it is always a sure Proof of a great Barrenness of Merit, and a slavish Fear of that of the Person, that he wou'd supplant. This sordid Temper of Rivals in general receives yet a grosser Alloy from the Native Country of *Don Superbo*. The Principles of the Gentlemen of *Sardinia*, are sufficiently known in *Spain*, to spring from Dulness, Self-Interest, and Malice. For almost the only Venemous Beasts of that Nation walk upon two Legs. They have the Serpents Cunning and Sting, and instead of Toads, and Vipers they have Hypocrisie, Deceit, Calumny, Pride, Poverty, and Malice. As the Fogginess of their Climate clogs their Wit, and Understanding, so
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the Weakness of these make the easier Way for vile Treacheries, which Men of generous Souls, and good Sense can never be guilty of. For a Fool has not Matter enough to make an honest Man of, as a Country-Man of yours Madam has justly observ'd. Thus doubly corrupted by Passion, and Principle, as a Rival, and *Sardinian*, he may endeavour to make way for his own Pretensions, by extinguishing those favourable Thoughts he imagines your Ladship entertains for your humble Servant.

BUT to do *Don Superbo* Justice I must tell you, that he is a Gentleman of an Antient Family in *Spain*, but his Ancestors for their own Advantage remov'd into *Sardinia*, where they had a considerable Estate, which being encumber'd by his Father was entirely Sold by *Don Superbo*. Tho' his Fortune was gone his Pride of Birth remain'd, to which he added by ancying himself a Wit, tho' a Wit of *Sardinia* is the oddest Monster in Nature.

HE was always extreamly inclin'd to the Fair Sex, and when yet very Young was drawn in to Marry a *Courtesan* of the Town. But coming to himself, and detesting his Folly, he left her, and by his Interest soon got a Commission in the Army, by which he remov'd far enough from that Domestick Ignominy. Having acquitted himself very honorably

rably in his Post, on the Peace he returns to *Spain*, but the Wife was Dead, and he in the Bloom, and Vigour of his Youth, yet he had so great a Dread of Matrimony, that no Advantage cou'd engage him again in the Noose ; but resolving to revenge himself on the whole Sex, he establish'd this Maxim in his Mind, *That no Tyes of Conscience, and Morality extended to the Affairs of Man and Woman.*

HIS Success was so considerable, that tho' he had not one Penny left in the World of Estate, he always kept up the Port of a Gentleman, and kept the best Company, and was receiv'd well at the Court, and the Houses of the *Grandeess* ; which gave him the better Opportunity of pursuing his Designs of making *All* the Sex pay for the Transgression of *One*.

I WILL not detain you with an hundred extraordinary Adventures of his (which I shall reserve to a better Opportunity) but only give you a Succinct Account of One, from whence you may draw your Notion of his Principles in regard of Womankind.

DON *Alonzo de Almeida* is a very near Relation of *Don Superbo*, who being sensible of his Necessities invites him to his House, and makes him as free there, as if his own Son. But *Don Superbo* cou'd not live without

out an Affair, tho' with his own Relation, and the Wife of his Benefactor. For as I told you before, he look'd on all the Rules of Morality, and Honour void in Amours.

YOU see, that he is a Man of a very good Shape (as most of the Men of his Country are) a tolerable Address, and other Accomplishments, that may please a Woman, especially one that is debarr'd all other Conversation. *Donna Elvira*, the Wife of *Don Alonso*, was a Lady of some Remains of Beauty, and had yet in her Bosom some Embers of that Fire, which once had burnt with a more outrageous Heat. She had besides the Provocation of a peevish old Husband, that squander'd away even that little Stock of Love, which his Years allow'd him, on her Maids, or his Tenant's Daughters, for a sickly Stomach always requires variety of Meats, while that, which is robust, and strong, eats heartily of One.

DON Superbo had not Love enough to be Jealous of his Wife, and he was satisfy'd, that his Obligations wou'd be a sufficient Curb to the Licentiousness of *Don Superbo*, shou'd he have any Temptations to do him any Injury of that Nature; but finding no Charms in his Wife himself he was perswaded she was incapable of stirring up Desire in any One else.

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IN these Circumstances, and free Access it is no great Wonder, that *Elvira*, and *Superbo*, came at last to a better Understanding; and in a little time to those Familiarities, whose Guilt was enhanc'd by Ingratitude. But *Superbo* having made what Advantage he cou'd of *Elvira*, and weary of a Country Retreat, fell into an Acquaintance of *Donna Catharina*, Wife to a rich Banker of *Seville*, and whose Relation to *Elvira*, had brought her to see her in her Country Retreat.

THIS new Intrigue, tho' not yet brought to perfection, cou'd not be hid from the Observation of *Elvira*, who was sensible of the decay of the Fire of *Superbo's* Affection, but not of the cause; till their Indiscretion made the Discovery. This bred a Mortal Quarrel betwixt the Lady's, and soon made *Catharina* depart for *Seville*. The Anger of *Elvira* was not appeas'd by the Absence of her Rival, or the renew'd Addresses of *Superbo*, and nothing but Revenge wou'd satisfy the Affront, she thought put on her Charms, by his preferring the Beauty of *Catharina* to hers. She therefore employs one of her Maids to procure her some Poison, which she was resolved to administer; which happen'd luckily for *Don Superbo*, that his very *Falshood* was now his Deliverance, for he had received lately some Civilities from this Maid, which gave him that Interest in her Heart,
that

that she told him of her Mistresses Order to procure her some Poison, and that she had Reason to believe, she meant him no Kindness.

DON Superbo, suspicious enough by Nature, soon took hold of the Hint, and goes to Don Alonzo, and desires him to give him leave to return to Madrid, since he had some Affairs that requir'd his immediate Presence. Alonzo laugh'd at his Excuse, telling him, *That he cou'd not imagine what such pressing Affairs cou'd be when he had neither Place, Money, nor Estate.* Superbo then told him, *That he was weary of the Country, which did not agree with his Health.* Then your Countenance, reply'd Alonzo, *very much belies your Constitution, for I never saw you look more healthy in your Life.* In short Superbo made several other frivolous Pretences, that cou'd not pass Muster, till at last he was fain to tell him, *That the Reason was not fit for him to know;* and by artful degrees work'd up the Old Gentleman's Curiosity the more. Till having had his Word to decree nothing fatal on the Discovery; he told him, *That in Gratitude to him, and Care for himself he must be gone; since his Wife had made known her Inclinations to him in such Terms, that he must either injure his Friend, Relation, and Patron, or else run the Risque, by a Refusal of Poison; which she had al-*
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ready order'd to be bought, or of losing his Favour by her accusing him of some Attempts, since Phædra, Faustina, and others were Examples, that a Woman balk'd of her desires stick at no Revenge on the Cause of their Disappointment.

TO confirm this he shows her fond Letter before Enjoyment, and calls the Girl, that was to procure the Poison. Both join'd together satisfy'd the old *Alonso* of the Guilt of his Wife, whom he heartily hated before, that he was glad of the Opportunity of having a Pretence to use her worse. So never examining further into the matter gives *Don Superbo* four thousand Crowns to buy him some Place, at Court, and gives him Letters of Recommendation to his Friends to add by their Interest to the Money he had given him.

I SHALL not now tell you the Treatment that *Donna Catharina* met from him, to whom he went as soon as he had settled his Affairs at *Madrid*. Let it suffice in short that she far'd worse, than *Eliza* while he getting off with the Prize, return'd to *Madrid*. But fearing some ill Event took the Opportunity of coming hither to *Venice*, with the *Spanish* Ambassador, where our Acquaintance began, and where he has given me a whole History of his Life, for he glories in having the

the Better of the Sex, not only in gaining their Hearts, but in Revenge, or using them ill. Were it not for this Principle, and that extream Opinion of himself, his Merit, and Quality, to which he thinks he may sacrifice both Love, and Friendship the Man might pass among the Fair and the Great.

THE Ladies were both strook with horror on this Account of *Don Superbo* but Love wou'd not let *La Nivelle* give entire Credit to what *Don Feroce* had said, and that by his own Rule, since a Rival is not to be believ'd in his Account of his Rival.

DON Feroce took his leave, and when he was gone *Charlotte* and *La Nivelle* agreed to try *Don Superbo*, and give him an Opportunity of showing his Falshood. The first Opportunity, they had, *Superbo* was admitted, and soon left alone with *Charlotte*, who on purpose cast many favourable Eyes towards him, His own Vanity assur'd him of the Conquest, and made him advance with such Confidence, that he plainly told her his Love had long been for her; that indeed he had had some little Emotions for *La Nivelle*; but that the Moon and Stars might as well contend for Brightness with the Sun, as *Nivelle*, with her Ladyship. Besides there was a Charm in Quality, which heightens all Beauty, and tho'

tho' he knew that *La Nivelle* was a Gentlewoman, yet he never before descended to an Amour on her Level. *Charlotte* having heard as much, as she car'd for, and *La Nivelle* more, than she cou'd bear with Patience and Silence. came out and interrupted his nearer Approaches, which he was just then beginning. She said all, that a Deserted Lady cou'd say; and he in some Confusion ran away and left her to vent her Passion by her self. Nor did I ever see him there all the while we staid at *Venice*.

OUR Abode there, indeed, was not long after this Breach betwixt the Lovers; and our Correspondence too little with the Quality to give me many Observations worth committing to the Press. But being now quite tir'd of the Vices of *Italy*, I long'd till we remov'd to another Scene of Affairs; that I might find whether the Difference of the Vices of the *Tramontani*, and the *Italians*, was as great as that of their Manners: The Result of my Observations, gentle Reader, I shall give you in my Second Part; which will contain my Travels through some other Parts of *Europe*, till my Arrival in *England*, and my Restoration to my pristine State of Humanity; which enabled me to commit to Posterity the Discoveries I have made; which if of any Use
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to the Pleasure, or Benefit of any, I have my Desire. Farewel with a scrap of Old *Latin*, which may make thee, the more easily draw an Advantage from my Book.

Felix quem faciunt aliena Pericula Cautum.

The End of the Second Volume.

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